Barry O'Connor

TURF-FIRE STORIES & FAIRY TALES OF IRELAND.

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Turf-Fire Stories.

PREFACE.

IT has been said that the traditionary lore of Ireland, and all the marvellous legends and tales about the "good people," are going fast from the old land, and that the native humor of the people is not so rich and racy as of old. For my part, however, I am optimist enough to believe differently; for personal observation in the land of the shamrock has convinced me that the people there to-day are just as proud of the fairy-lore of their Motherland as were their ancestors of yore. It matters not whether it be within the snug farm-house, or by the bright turf-fire in the road-side cabin, the traveller and stranger will still find the *Vanithee* of the house, or the aged grandsire, ever ready to regale him with some quaint chronicle of the Pooka, the Leprechaun, the Fetch, or the Banshee, with a wit as sparkling as the streamlets in Irish glens.

Some writers aver that the character of a nation may be learned from its popular songs and ballads; that the mind, the habits, and the morals of a people may be guided by its song writers. Very true; still, I maintain that the traditionary lore of a people is calculated to exert even as great an influence, inasmuch as the legend which is connected with a castle, shrine, or round-tower will live in the memory of the inhabitants of its neighborhood after castle, shrine, and round-tower have become ruins.

And in Ireland one need rarely trudge a mile without beholding some boreen, rath, lake, hill, or mouldering stone to which is attached some humorous tale, or weird legend.

In excuse for some of the defects of the *Turf-fire Stories*, the writer may state that many of them have been hastily written within prescribed limits for various journals; but notwithstanding the limited space allowed, while attempting to portray the Irish peasant, I endeavored as much as possible to avoid caricature, bearing in mind the advice given by Hamlet to the players: that a subject overdone, "though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve."

The American reader may rest assured that the so-called Irish peasant we sometimes see pictured as a compound of idiot and buffoon is simply a creature of the imagination, to be found only in the stage farce or in the prejudiced pages of some anti-Irish magazine.

The greater number of the following sketches are original; the others have been transcribed, and in most cases materially altered, from the musty pages of some

> "Quaint and Curious Volumes of forgotten lore."

In conclusion, it only remains for me to express the hope that the book may be accorded an indulgent reception by the lovers and well-wishers of the Green Isle.

BARRY O'CONNOR.

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His Lordship's Coat.

WELL! Many a lighthearted boy and girl will never forget the sorrows of that terrible sayson. Many a rosy cheek lost its beautiful bloom and withered like the yellow leaves that fall in autumn. The cheering song and the ringing laugh, that used to lift the thatch with joy in the little cabins o' Kilmore, had to give place the same year to the mournful song o' the Keeners who came to wail over the loved ones before they wor laid in their last bed in the green church-yard. It was then you would hear the bitter sob from old and young. Full graves and empty cupboards wor plentiful, while grief and hunger went hand in hand. The big houses o' the quality suffered little or nothing. Famine spread her big wings far and near, but she always conthrived to pass by the strong doors o' the rich; it was the poor alone that felt her deadly touch. The very birds on the trees seemed to warble nothing but sorrowful notes. That was the year of the famine; a cowld chill creeps over me every time I think of it. Many a weary mile I had to travel, for days and weeks, at the risk o' my life, along the wild *Atlantic Coast*, to collect say-weed enough to keep *body and* soul together in the little family it was my duty to support; but say-weed was poor food to live on for seven days in the week, and we soon began to feel the want of proper nourishment; it was then that the famine fever began to spread itself, and once that took howld, it was high time to send for the clergy and prepare for a better world. Though me and mine, through the mercy of Heaven, I am thankful to say, escaped as if by a miracle.

One day, in the hate o' summer, when I was nearly wasted to a shadow, hunting high and low, far and near, trying to earn the price of a crust for the wife and children, a mighty strange thought entered my head.

I took a little hammer along with me from the cabin, and wandered away on a quiet country road, outside the village, till I got within about half a mile of Lord Killwillin's domain, where I spied a big hape o' stones on one side of the road; so I sat down at once under a green hedge, and rattled away with my hammer as busy as a nailer, breakin' the stones into small pieces to pave the roads. I used to earn an odd sixpence at stone-breakin', and mighty hard-earned money it was, I can tell ye. Well, on this particular day I'm speakin' of, I knew that owld Killwillin would soon have to pass me by on his way home to the Castle, for he happened to be dining out with a fox-hunting earl, that came over from England to enjoy himself in Ireland.

Now Lord Killwillin was as big an owld tyrant as you could find from this to himself; he would think no more of crushing a distressed tenant than he would of tossing off his tumbler of punch.

He had a face as red as the setting sun, and a head o' hair as gray as a badger, and a corporation that often put me in mind of an elephant that used to be in the Zoological gardens o' the Phœnix Park.

However, he had one weak point, and that point always got the upper hand of him, after he got through dining on the fat o' the land; when he emptied his bottle o' claret, or sherry, or champagne you would take him for another man entirely, and the poor man that was lucky enough to meet him on his way home in that state never went empty-handed. He had always a gift to bestow while the fit was on him, in the shape of a crown piece or a sovereign, more or less, and as I happened to be the first man in his path, he found me hard at work breakin' the stones as if my very life depended on it.

"Lanty Lanagan," says he, when he got up to where I was workin,' "I see you are hard at work. That's right, my man. Stick to that, and always bear in mind the golden motto that 'By industry we thrive.' If you have no objection, I'll sit down by this cool spring and have a few minutes chat with you. I begin to feel the weight of this overcoat; I thought we were going to have a rainy day, when I started from the Castle."

"No wonder a heavy man like you," says I, "would feel tired, luggin' a murtherin' heavy coat like that over your arm. Sit down there, sir, and rest yourself," says I, pointing to a stone seat beside a clear, bubbling spring that rushed down from the mountain side and through the hedge, making a purty little well on the shady side of the road, where it was covered by the branches of a big tree.

"When he sat down, he wiped the perspiration from his face, and, indeed, his fat cheeks wor so red at the time, I could have lit my pipe again' them.

"Stone breaking is poor employment, Lanty," says he, throwing me his overcoat. "It must be a hard way of earning an honest shilling."

"An honest penny, ye mane," says I; "for, faix, the shillins' are as scarce as good landlords." I thought I'd give him a rap while I had the chance.

"Ah Lanty," says he, "these famine times play tally ho with the best of us, high, low, rich, and poor alike. Take my own case for example. Just one hour ago only, I met my rent collector, and I was expecting that at the very lowest calculation he would be able to hand me over fifteen hundred pounds, and how much do you think I received? Why, a beggarly six hundred."

"From my heart, I pity your Lordship," says I, purtindin' to feel for the owld leech; "but I wish I had a trifle o' your complaint this minit," thought I in my own mind.

"Indeed Lanty, to speak the candid truth, I am losing all heart lately; the good old times have gone, I am afraid, never to return. Why, man, in former years I was able to spend the most of my time in London or Paris, far away from the petty annoyances of my Irish estate, but of late years I've got to be a stupid old 'stay at home.'"

"Troth, sir, if you and the rest o' your class," says I, no way mealy-mouthed about giving him his answer, "that draws your thousands, at the expense o' the poor man's sweat, had only practised the game of stay at home, instead of scatterin' your Irish goold among furriners, you'd have less to answer for this blessed day."

"Your opinion of my class, as you term it, is not a very exalted one," says he.

"Don't ask my opinion of your class, your Lordship, for I have personal reasons for not giving it."

"You are usually a straightforward fellow, Lanty; tell me truly, I shall not be offended, why are you so loth to let me hear your opinion of my class?"

"The answer is simple, your Lordship," says I, "It's a maxim o' mine never to spake ill of a man before his face."

"Lanty," says he, laughing heartily, "I admire your honesty; you have the courage of your convictions, at all events, and I often find that the frieze and flannel of the peasant covers a better heart than the broadcloth of an earl."

"That's a fine sentiment, your Lordship," says I, "but it has very little effect on a man like me, that hasn't tasted a morsel these three days, barrin' some sea-weed."

"Sea-weed," says he, turning up the white of his eyes. "Lanty, my poor fellow, why didn't you apply to me? hand me that coat." When I gave him the coat he pulled from a pocket a big rowl o' bank-notes.

"There," says he, "take that, do something for your little family." What he gave me happened to be a five pound note; he then put the big rowl back into the pocket of the coat, which he threw over his arm and was just turning on his heel to go home, when I said to him, "your Lordship appears to be overheated, and a mile and a half of a dusty road to trudge is too much for a heavy man like you; the walk itself is enough, without luggin' a big coat like that with you; besides, sir, the laste I can do will be to show my gratitude for the note you gave me, so just give me the coat, and I'll carry it for you as far as the domain."

"Lanty," says he, throwing me the coat, "I'll not baulk a good intention; moreover, I always like to travel in agreeable company."

At last we started to go, but before we advanced three paces, I gave a sudden cry of pain, staggered backward, and fell into the stone seat beside the bubbling spring, with his lordship's coat over my arm.

"What ails you, Lanty?" says he.

"Oh, sir, I am afraid it is coming on me again," says I.

"You look faint, sit where you are until I bathe your temples with some spring water."

The next minute he dashed the full of his two hands of the cold water into my face and made me shiver like a Newfoundland dog after a swim.

"I felt it creepin' on me," says I, "and I knew I was in for another attack of it."

"An attack of what?" says he, steppin' back from me.

"I don't wish to frighten your Lordship," says I, "for its' mighty ketchin."

"What?" says he, turnin' paler by degrees. "Tell me, Lanty, my good fellow, what it is that ails you, and perhaps I may be able to send you relief."

"Don't blame me, sir, when I tell you what it is. About five weeks ago, there was a great many o' my neighbors carried away with the same complaint; my turn soon came, but I got over the first attack, and I've had nothing since to keep my strength up but sea-weed; and I'm afraid, sir, this present attack is the fruits of it."

"Why, you unfortunate vagabond," yelled his Lordship, at the same time giving a leap that would have made the fortune of an acrobat, "you're suffering from famine fever."

"I am afeerd so," says I, rising to my feet.

"Keep back, you rascal," says he; "if you advance one inch, I'll shoot you down as I would a rat."

"Here's your Lordship's property," says I, handing him the coat.

Don't come near me! throw the coat into the stream—disinfect it—burn it—fumigate it—never let my eyes light on it again!"

"But what about the rowl o' bank-notes that's in the pocket, your Lordship?"

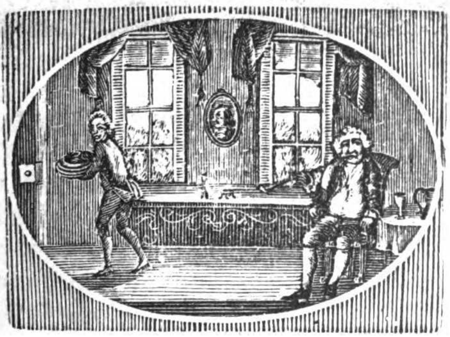
"Keep them yourself," says he; "do as you please with them; if I got all the wealth in Europe I would not touch anything that passed through your contaminated fingers."

With that, sir, he waddled along the road quicker than he ever did before; he used to be subject to the gout, but I think the fright I gave him cured him o' that. I thought I'd die with the laughin' as I watched till he disappeared up the avenue leading to the Castle.

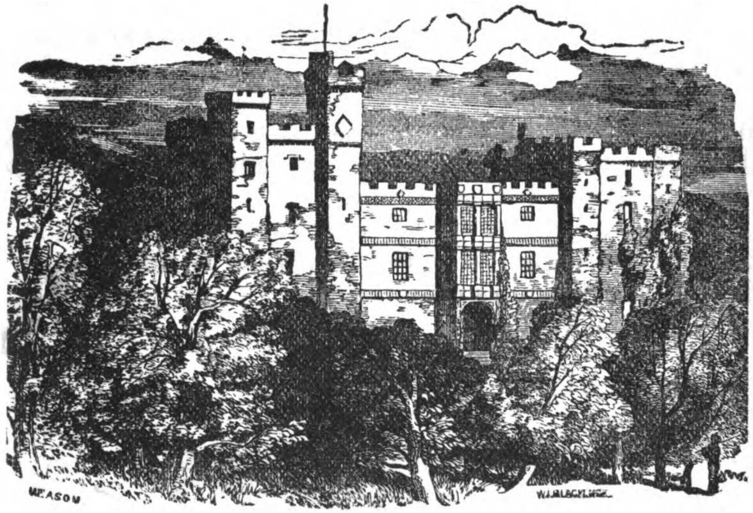
I soon made myself acquainted with the amount of the roll o' notes, and found close upon six hundred pounds. When I remembered that he said I could do as I pleased with it, I lost no time in bringing my wife and children to Dollymount here, and it wasn't long before I bought this little cottage.

I have prospered ever since I left Kilmore. I wrote to Lord Killwillin a short time ago and enclosed a check for six hundred pounds. He returned it, saying "he never liked to spoil sport."

However, sir, I have always considered that my first steppin'-stone to success was when I took possession of his Lordship's coat.



Corney's Fiddle.



CORNEY Cooney, of Ardfinane, was at one time the most comfortable small farmer in the County of Tipperary. Corney was a diligent worker in working hours; no one ever saw him lounging about in idleness when labor was in demand, and, moreover, he was possessed of a true and devoted heplmate. Corney himself was somewhat of a close-fisted fellow, while Peggy, his faithful wife, was generous almost to a fault. The latch of the door was never lifted without a welcome; rich or poor, it was all the same to her. A bite and a sup, given with pride to her equals and with joy to the hungry wayfarer, was ever to be had at her table; a seat by the cheerful chimney-corner, and a smoke of the pipe, and maybe a drop of mountain dew, was always proffered to the weary traveller.

Well, it so happened that year after year Corney's affairs got worse by degrees. At last came the year of the bad harvest; the crops all failed, their last cow died, and put the finishing stroke on poor Corney's perplexities.

Matters had nearly arrived at a desperate state when, one summer's morning, Corney sighed deeply as he took his seat by the side of his wife. "I wondher, Peg acushla, where the next male is to come from? for this is the last mouthful that's left us."

"Corney agra," replied his wife. "Don't be losin' heart like that; health and strength is still left to us; an' sure, if the worst happens, haven't ye the owld fiddle that's hangin' on the wall, an' who knows but it may bring ye good luck."

"Tut, woman alive! said Corney. "If I was to thravel all Ireland, it would bring no more than a guinea at the very most, and how long would that last?"

"And d'ye think it's to sell the fiddle, I mane, Corney? Goodness forbid; indeed, 'twould be a sore day if you wor to part with that owld relic of happy days. You, that could play upon it at one time before the highest o' the land."

"I'm afraid thim pleasant times will never come again, Peg jewel."

"Don't be makin little o' yer talents, Corney; if ye jist thry a chune on it, I'll go bail ye can make it spake as soft an' as sweetly this blessed minit as you did the first day we met at the fair o' Clogheen."

Corney was finally persuaded to take down the fiddle, and after putting it into ship-shape, he immediately took leave of his faithful helpmate, and set out with a light heart, and an empty purse, to try his luck in the lottery of life. Before he had reached the first milestone, he was accosted by a strange looking man.

"The top o' the mornin' to you, Mr. Cooney," said the stranger. "It's beautiful weather for walkin'."

"Grand weather indeed, sir," said Corney, "but though you've called me by name, I haven't the pleasure o' knowin yours."

"Oh, as for that," said the stranger, "I'll go bail you'll know me well enough before you're a day older.

"Well, I hope I'll have raison to be proud o' yer acquaintance, sir, whoever ye are," said Corney.

"If ye only behave like the honest man I take you for, I don't think you'll have cause to repent my friendship," said the stranger; "but what is it takes ye from home, if it's a fair question?"

"An empty pocket, and an empty cupboard," was Corney's reply.

"And why d'ye burdhen yourself with that owld fiddle?"

"I intend to thry an' earn an honest sixpence if I can; it isn't that I'm much of a player, but there was a time when I could howld my own agin any fiddler in the province."

"Thry a chune till I hear ye," said the stranger, "for I'm a bit of a musical critic myself."

"Corney having performed one of his favorite airs, in his best style, asked the stranger, if that was plazin' to his ear."

"Well, if that's what you call music," replied the stranger, "I'll recommend ye to seek some other callin'. Why, man alive, I could knock more harmony out o' the bottom of an owld saucepan in wan minit, than you could squeeze out o' your fiddle in a month o' Sundays; hand me the bow here till I rosin it; there! now take it, an' maybe we'll hear something worth listening to."

Corney was soon sawing away with indefatigable vigor, and at last became perfectly furious; in fact, he was so entranced, that he could scarcely believe it was the same old fiddle!

"By all that's delightful," he exclaimed, "if my darlin' Peg could only hear me now, it would be as good as aitin' and dhrinkin' to her for a month to come; why, milk an' honey couldn't howld a candle to it for sweetness; the great bard of Ireland, Carolan himself, couldn't aquil it. Tell me sir, am I asleep? If I'm only dhramin', don't waken me for the world."

"You're neither sleepin' nor dhramin'," said the stranger; "but if you wish to know the saycret o' your musical skill, I'll enlighten ye; it's all contained in this bit o' magical rosin, and what is more bewitchin' still, it can bring ye goold by the handful if you'll only folly my instructions."

"If I'm not makin' too bowld sir, might I ax ye to break me off a little bit of it, and I'll not forget ye for your kindness."

"No, Corney, for if I bruck it, the charm would lave it entirely; but if you're agreeable, I'll be your thravellin' companion, and we'll share the profits o' the fiddle aquilly between us."

"Very well, sir, it's a bargain, there's my hand on it."

"Now, Corney, take my advice, and never thry to decave me, for if ye do, you'll be a loser in the end. So come along; we'll thravel as far as Lord Jollyboy's; there's to be a big faist at the Castle to-night, and if you show your accomplishment on the fiddle, with a touch o' my rosin, we are sure to reap a rich harvest."

When they arrived at the Castle, they received a kindly welcome from Lord Jollyboy, who lost no time in introducing them to his distinguished guests. "You tell me," said his Lordship, addressing Corney, "that you are a skilled musician."

"The sorra a betther you'd find in Ireland, though it's myself that sez it," replied Corney; "and if the purty ladies and the grand gintlemen I see around me are ready to listen to me, I'll begin this minit and show them what I can do, if it's plazin' to your Lordship."

"Your will is our pleasure," said Jollyboy.

Corney having rubbed his bow with the stranger's rosin, set to and executed with exquisite taste one of his sweetest melodies. The success of his performance electrified the brilliant gathering; they were spellbound.

"Sir," cried Lord Jollyboy, grasping Corney by the hand, "you are indeed a wonderful genius! The power of your music has almost transported me into an ecstasy. Are you a native of this country?"

"I am sir," said Corney, "and I'm proud o' the Green Island that gave me birth. It was in the sweet little village of Ardfinane I was born, an' that's just about wan day's walk from your Lordship's Castle."

"Ireland has reason to be proud of your transcendant talents."

Corney and the stranger were then invited to the banquetting hall, and it need scarcely be added that ample justice was done to the good things spread before them. When they were ready to depart, Lord Jollyboy courteously conducted them as far as the Castle porch. "Take this," said he, placing a purse in Corney's hand; "it contains one hundred guineas; it is but a slight token of my gratitude for the infinite pleasure you have afforded me. Good night, my friends, and may prosperity attend your efforts."

"Be my song," whispered Corney to the stranger as they left the Castle, "a hundred guineas, besides a supper fit for a king, is a mighty good beginning for the owld fiddle, after hangin' idle so long on the cabin wall."

"You may thank my rosin for your good luck," said the stranger.

It was about midnight when they left Castle Jollyboy, and as they did not wish to arrive at the village to which they were bound until day-break, the journey was as slowly performed as possible. Every remarkable object on the way was noticed, and its history minutely detailed by Corney, who still held possession of the purse of guineas.

When the sun rose, many beautiful green spots and hawthorn valleys excited warm bursts of admiration. The morning, indeed, was beautiful, the fields in bloom, and everything cheerful, and the song of the lark threw life and animation over the previous stillness of the country. When they had arrived within sight of Ardfinane Castle they turned off into a deep glen, a little to the left, and Corney, after having seated himself under a white-thorn bush which grew on the banks of a rivulet, began to devise the best means of ridding himself of the stranger's company. "Well my friend," he observed, "I'm mighty thankful to ye for your company, but as I'm now almost within sight o' my little cabin, I don't see why I should be a trouble to you any longer. So I'll bid you good bye, an' good luck an' long life t'ye, for your sarvice to me."

"You may keep your good wishes," remarked the stranger, somewhat dryly; "you may need them more than I do; pay me my price, and its' all I'll throuble you for."

"The price o' what?" asked Corney, with well-feigned simplicity.

"The price o' my rosin, or to spake plainer, pay me over one half o' that hundred guineas."

"D'ye think I'm a gom?"

"No, indeed, you're too much of a fox for that, but you'll find I'm as cute as ye. Now I think we'll both be purty well satisfied with fifty guineas a piece in our pockets; so just give me my share an' let me go, my dacint man."

"I'll give you five guineas, and I think that's payin' you well for your bit o' rosin; so say the word, ye may either take it or lave it."

"Instead o' huxterin' in this manner I'll tell ye what we'll do," said the stranger; "give me the purse, and we'll leave the whole matter to be decided by that poor owld cripple that's restin' himself behind that white-thorn bush; is'nt that fair enough?"

"It is," said Corney, handing him the purse, "and if he decides that five guineas is enough for ye, you'll be contint."

"Agreed," replied the stranger; Corney then looked behind the whitethorn for the cripple alluded to, but no such individual met his gaze; he next turned to address his travelling companion, but the stranger had disappeared. The poor fellow stood absolutely dumb-founded when he discovered that he was alone, and as empty handed as when he had set out to woo Dame Fortune.

"Come back here," he roared; "where are ye hidin' yourself? bring back my goold, ye schamin' rogue. Stop him, the thief o' the world. Stop the robber."

But his cries were unavailing; he was only answered by the voice of the grouse on the hill-sides, the bleating of sheep and lambs in the meadows, the pee-weet of the wheeling lapwing, or the mellow and varied notes of the thrush and black-bird. "It's only a waste o' breath," he continued. "Sure, I might just as well be whistlin' jigs to a mile-stone. O Corney, Corney! Will ye never have a grain o' sinse? This is the fruits o' pickin' up wid strangers, an' tellin' them your mind. What'll I do at all? I can't go back to Peg, the crathur, as poor as when I left her. I know what I'll do. I'll trudge back wid my fiddle to Castle Jollyboy, and who knows but maybe his Lordship will gi' me a scrap o' writin' that will be a passport for me to all the big families in Ireland." Having formed this plan, he lost no time in putting it into execution.

It was near the sunset hour, when he beheld once more the majestic Castle lifting its head and proudly towering above the verdant slope on which it stood.

Corney, on being admitted to the Castle, received a warm welcome from its hospitable owner. "Some good fairy must have sent you hither," said Lord Jollyboy, "for you are just in time, perhaps, to save the life of my only son; he was so enraptured last night by the spell of your charming music, that he has done nothing but rave about it from the time of your departure from the Castle; in fact, he can neither eat, drink, nor sleep; indeed, I feel convinced that one of your sweet strains is the only medicine that can effect a permanent cure. So take your post there, my good friend, and do your best," saying which his lordship placed Corney in a position facing the door of his son's chamber.

"Meelia Murdher!" said Corney, *sotto voce*, "how will I get on without a touch of the magic rosin?"

He had barely uttered this sentence ere his strange travelling companion stood beside him.

"I've not desarted ye yet, Corney," whispered the latter; "give me the bow here till I put the charm in it."

Corney was utterly bewildered; however, he soon regained his selfpossession, and taking the bow from the stranger, he performed in a manner that excelled all his previous efforts, indeed. The youthful invalid was so struck by the singular pathos which Corney evoked from that sweetest and most sorrowful of all melodies, the Irish air of the "Coulin," that he rose from his couch, to the extreme delight of his father, in better health and spirits than he had ever enjoyed before.

Corney and the stranger were lionized for the remainder of the evening. As they were about to leave the Castle, Lord Jollyboy drew Corney aside. "Here," said he, "is a letter of introduction to Sir Horace Desmond; take it, it may be of great service to you. You must also accept this small leather bag."

"What am I to do with the bag, your lordship?" asked Corney.

"Keep it!" said Lord Jollyboy.

"Is there anything as a keep-sake inside to remember ye by? for you're such a warm-hearted gintleman, I would'nt like ever to forget you."

"Yes, when you open it you will find two hundred guineas, as a reward for your service to my son; in fact, I may add that he is, in a great measure, indebted to you for his life."

Corney and the stranger, having bade farewell and "long life" to Lord Jollyboy, started forth, without a moment's delay, for the residence of Sir Horace Desmond, a distance of about thirty miles. Feeling somewhat jaded, after a walk of ten miles, they were compelled to take shelter for the night at a road-side tavern.

"I hope, Corney," said the stranger, after they had finished a hearty supper, "that you'll be more upright in your dalings with me this time than you wor wid the first money you got."

"In truth," replied Corney, "I think the less ye say about that, the better it will be for yourself; you thricked me nately that time, but the next time ye thry to outwit me, you'll have to rise purty early in the mornin'."

"Don't blame me," said the stranger, "blame your own greediness; if ye only acted honestly and above boord, you'd be a richer man this minit by fifty guineas."

"Look now," said Corney, placing the leather bag, with his letter of recommendation, on the table, "there is as good as a fortune in that small bit o' paper, and two hundred guineas besides in that leather bag, so, as foxy an' cute as you are, you see I'm richer now than you by one hundred guineas; so what d'ye think o' that, my fine fellow?"

"I think yer knowledge o' figures is very limited," retorted the stranger; "shure, I could find you a gossoon the height o' my knee that would make up the sum better than that. Let me jog your memory; don't ye see as plain as a pike-staff that, when I get my share o' what's inside that leather bag, you'll be a poorer man, after all, by one hundred guineas, than what I will be."

"Now, d'ye suppose for wan moment," said Corney, "that I'm stupid enough to let ye deludher me wid yer figures an' your book larnin'? No, faix," he added, striking the table with his clenched fist, "and whoever gets a single guinea out of the bag, barrin' I'm willin' to give it, will have to prove himself a better man than I am."

"Corney, my dacint man, I'm afeerd you're too hot timpered entirely for me; we'd never agree as thravellin' companions. See how aisy I take it; now just keep your timper, and we'll have a warm jug o' punch on the head of it, and settle the matter in a quiet, paceable way; this is a nate, cosey room, an' there's a cheerful turf-fire, so we might just as well make ourselves at home, an' not be ballyraggin' aich other in this way. Before I call for the punch, maybe you'd hand me that black pipe from the hob beyant, an' after a few whiffs, I go bail, I'll raison out the case wid a clearer head."

Corney approached the hob, but could find no black pipe, and when he returned to the table he discovered, to his great dismay, that the letter, the leather bag, and the stranger had mysteriously disappeared.

He alarmed the house, but was unable to elicit any information as to the stranger's whereabouts.

At day-break the following morning, after explaining his destitute condition to the worthy inn-keeper, he was permitted to continue his journey to the residence of Sir Horace Desmond.

As soon as he was admitted to the Desmond mansion, he informed Sir Horace of his achievements at Castle Jollyboy, and how he had lost his letter of introduction.

"Your apology is unnecessary," said Sir Horace; "your fame as a wonderful musician reached my ears before your arrival."

Corney was then requested to give an exhibition of his musical skill.

"Whoo! Philaloo, I've put my fut in it this time," muttered Corney, as he made a pretence of searching for his rosin. "I might as well put my head in the lion's mouth at wanst," he continued, "as attimpt to play without a rub o' that thievin' Jackeen's rosin; no matter, as bad as he was, I'd like to see him this minit."

"Your wish is answered," whispered a voice in his ear; Corney turned and beheld the stranger. "Hand me your owld fiddle stick," continued the latter, "before Sir Horace finds out you're an impostor, and mind what I'm sayin', this is the last help you'll get from me or my magic rosin."

The stranger having gone through the mysterious ceremony as on previous occasions, Corney, like Richard III., "was himself again."

His marvellous effusions excited the admiration of Sir Horace and his family for the rest of the evening.

Corney was treated with all the respect and devotion due to a prince; and when he rose to depart, Sir Horace presented him with a mahogany box containing three hundred guineas.

The sun had flung his splendor upon the mountain tops, as Corney arrived within a stone's throw of his little cabin; a thousand birds poured their songs upon the ear; the breeze was up, and the columns of smoke from the farm-houses played, as if in frolic, in the air; the dew of morning lay upon nature like a brilliant veil.

"Now, that I've seen ye safe almost to your own door," said the stranger, "I think it's nearly time ye opened that mahogany box."

"Open the box, is it?" exclaimed Corney.

"Yis; and the sooner you open it, the better for yourself."

"And what will I open it for?"

"To count me out one hundred and fifty guineas; that's what you'll open it for."

"Did'nt ye chate me out o' three hundred guineas, already?"

"No, ye chated yourself, by your own avarice; but I'll not be hard wid you; If you're willin', I'll buy the mahogony box, an' what's inside of it, an' give you a fair price into the bargain."

"And what d'ye call a fair price?"

"This lump o' magical rosin."

"Are ye jokin'? Is it three hundred guineas yer axin' for that?"

"Of course; didn't it cause you to make six hundred guineas?"

"Well, there's no gainsaying that," said Corney; "but the price ye want is so big, I must take a little time to considher."

"If ye hesitate one minit, I'll change my mind. Or if you want a witness to the bargain, just put down the mahogany box on that mossy stone near the spring there, and I'll put the rosin on the lid of it; then turn up that boreen to your left, and call that girl wid the milkin'-pail on her arm, and we'll let her word, yes or no, decide whether I'm fair or dishonest wid ye."

"That's raisonable enough," said Corney, placing the box on the mossy stone, and turning up the boreen in quest of the girl with the milking pail. The object of his search, however, was nowhere to be seen. He retraced his steps to the mossy stone, and the mahogany box was also invisible, and so was the magic rosin; and it is almost needless to add that his strange companion had likewise disappeared.

A cold, sorrowful weight lay upon poor Corney's heart, as he thought of his wretched abode, scarcely knowing how to meet his wife, or break the mortification to her.

"Och, Peggy, a colleen machree, I'm coming back to you," cried he, "without a guinea or a shillin', after all the money I earned since I left you, mavourneen."

Many a harrowing thought and remembrance passed through his mind, as his eye traced the outline of his little cabin in the distance.

He pressed his aching forehead with distraction, as he thought of his hopeless misery; then clasped his hands bitterly, and groaned aloud.

He was now within a few perches of his own door; as he approached it, his heart sank.

He was still slowly advancing, when suddenly he beheld a man, evidently a pauper, taking leave of Peggy, outside the cabin door. In a few moments the beggarman stood face to face with Corney.

"What's wrong with ye, my poor man?" he asked; "your woe-begone face looks as long as your own fiddle."

After Corney had related the cause of his sorrow, the mendicant remarked:

"I see how it is; it's your own narrow, miserly heart, you have to thank for all your throubles an' thrials. Now, I am the man, though you would not think it, to see me in these rags, that gave you three chances to prosper in life; but you were a trifle too cute; all my good nature was thrown away; so, instead of returnin' home to the wife that loves ye with goold galore in your pockets, here you are like a tatthered scare-crow stuck in a cornfield. Go in now to your cabin, with your owld cracked fiddle, an' play away till ye get more sense, an' maybe then you'll be able to know the value o' my bit o' magic rosin."

Saying which, he immediately disappeared.

Corney lifted the latch and entered.

"Why, then, Corney jewel, is it yourself?" exclaimed his wife; "ye gave me a great start, comin' in without knockin' agra, but you're livin' an' well, darling, an' that's wan comfort; oh, but wasn't I the lonely—"

The word was here interrupted by a hearty kiss from his faithful Peg.

Corney's welcome home was indeed a warm one for the first five minutes; but after he had briefly narrated the story of his strange adventures with his mysterious companion, his wife began to heap him with reproaches for his avarice.

"Did ye see an owld beggarman lavin' the cabin a while ago?" she asked.

"I did, Peg, what was he doin' here?"

"I'll tell ye, Corney," she replied, "though you don't desarve it He came here, so he said, to divide the money that was earned wid the help of his magic rosin, and look, Corney, he left me this mahogany box with three hundred bright guineas inside of it."

"Long life to him Peg, he's not the rogue I tuk him to be after all, but jist let me faist my eyes on the goold, my jewel?"

"You may look, Corney, but that's all; I have strict ordhers not to let ye touch or handle it. Siz he to me: 'If the fingers of a miserly man once touches it, every coin will lave ye quicker than you'd be able to count them.'"

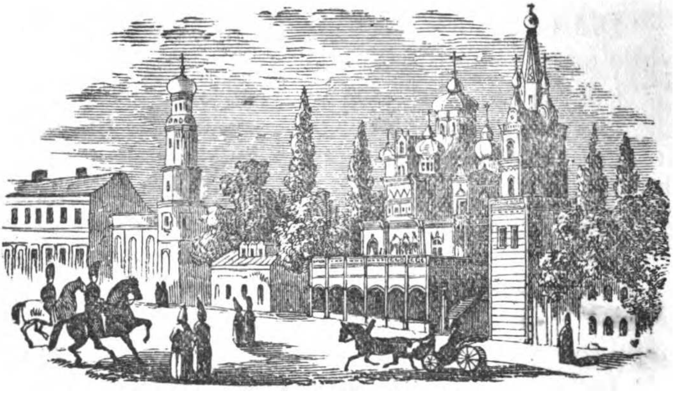
"If that's the case," said Corney, "I wouldn't handle one o' them for a king's ransom."

"I was towld to use them in an honest way for the good o' the family," said his wife: "wid the privilege of allowin' you one guinea every quarther, if you should happen to need it."

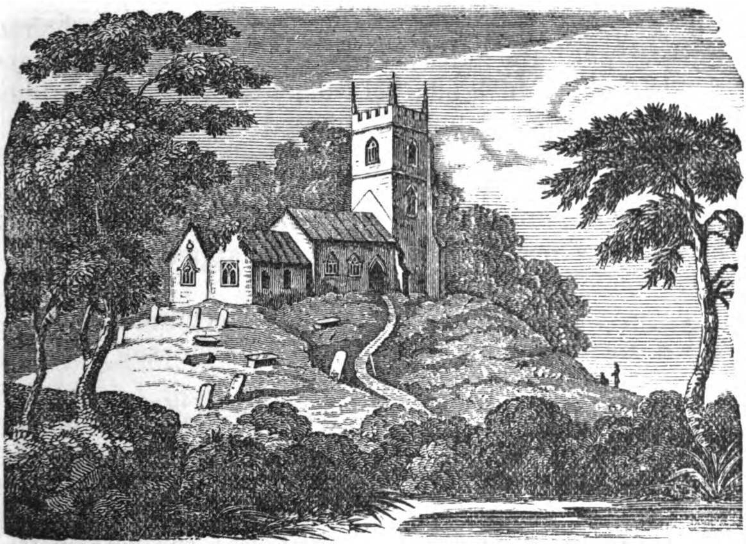
"Do as ye plaze, Peg aroon; obey his orders well, for I know the gintleman, and I know that if you break your word, he'll not forget to keep his."

From that day forward there was not a more contented couple from Ardfinane to Clogheen.

And after some time, the story got abroad, that their prosperity was the work of some good-natured fairy, who had woven the charm of the four-leaved shamrock into the strings of Corney's Fiddle.



Suil-Lebawn.



IT was in the good owld times, long, long ago, that there lived in our island a mighty owld chief, with the true Irish blood coorsin' through every vein. Fin McCool couldn't howld a candle to him: he was the aquil of brave Ollam Fodhla, or King O'Toole, for the matter o' that. The name of this famous chief was Eochy. Indeed, 'tis you might think yourself in the height o' luck if you happened to pass his door, and hear the sound o' the dinner bell; an' such a table! Buck, salmon, an' such glorious wild duck, such sirloins o' beef, an' saddles o' mutton, an' the snipe an' trout, and to end it all, the finest poteen the world could boast of.

But to come to my story: there was a guest wan night, at the Castle, who had crossed the seas from England; he enjoyed the music and the feasting, an' could empty his cruiskeen-lawn with the best o' thim; he seemed to be a jolly owld fellow entirely; his name was Mr. Levawn. He tuk great delight in listenin' to the music o' the harp, the song of the white-haired minstrel, an' the tales of the warrior, about gallant deeds on sea an' land; all this, I say, delighted him, but the glorious poteen enchanted him entirely.

Although he was only an Englishman, who had come over to Ireland on a pleasure thrip to see Killarney, Glandore, Glengarriff, and other purty spots of our surf-beaten Green Isle, he appeared to be no stranger to the mountain dew.

Eochy, the grand owld chief, entertained Mr. Levawn that same night as if he was the son o' some great king.

"Here, Mr. Levawn," said the host, "if I'm not mistaken, I think by the tip o' your nose I may safely call you a jolly owld toper. Bring me a keg o' double-distilled," says he to an attendant, an' lo an' behold you! when it was brought, he put it by the side of Mr. Levawn. "Here, my owld haro," says he, "stick to this till all's blue, an' I'll stand by an' take glass for glass with ye, an' if I don't flure ye I'll forfeit a thousand pounds.

Well, such wonderful dhrinkin' o' the pure essence o' the bog an' barley no one ever witnessed before nor since; troth, I wouldn't like to pay for their dhrinks, for if 'twas scored 'twould make a mint o' money.

Well, sir, sure enough, in the wind up of it owld Levawn, the Sassanagh, found himself stretched full length under Eochy's mahogany, as drunk as Bacthus, where he lay snorin' for the whole blessed night.

Eochy's double-distilled was too overpowerin' for a furriner. When Levawn was roused up, he'd a head on his shoulders as big as the hill o' Howth; he was then towld to hurry himself to join the stag-hunt that mornin'.

"Oh!" says he, "If you have any regard for me, lave me alone for a week."

But Eochy was a chief that never encouraged sloth. "Rouse yourself, Levawn," says he; "take a plunge into Glengarriff Bay, an' I'll go bail, the cool waves o' the Atlantic will make ye as fresh as a daisy; after a day or so, man alive, you'll get used to it, and fall into our ways o' livin', the same as if ye wor born here." At last they hauled him away to the hunt in spite of himself.

Day after day went on like this, when Eochy invited Levawn to stay in the Castle for another fortnight; so he stopped and shared the very best of aitin' an' dhrinkin', till at last, when his head grew better, an' looked more like its natural size—for like his stomach it was big enough at the best o' times—he med up his mind to take his lave; after much coaxin' Eochy consented to Levawn's wish, and the next mornin', at break o' day, the chief was ready to bid him good-mornin'; but before Levawn departed, Eochy med him a great number o' grand presents.

"Here," says the chief, "I give you my best Kerry pony, and it isn't that I say it myself, but you'll not find another to match him in Ireland; an' here," says he, "is my favorite grey-hound, an' I'll wager my honor, that from this to Kenmare there's not another dog that would make game of a hare as quick as him." But, sir, 'twould take me till to-morrow to go over all the beautiful gifts the gallant owld chief gev to Mr. Levawn, and in the end, to prove the generosity of his big heart, he says to his guest:

"Now tell me, owld boy, is there anything else you'd like?"

Now comes the sacret, o' which you'd never guess, if ye puzzled your brain for a week.

You must know the brave Eochy lost an eye in battle by the thrust of a lance. So that, at the time o' my story, he had wan empty socket.

Well, what d'ye think? Why, when the chief asked owld Levawn what else he could present him with, my bowld Levawn, widout bein' mealy-mouthed in the least, what does he do but says to the chief? "*Give me your eye?*" knowing at the same time that it was the only wan the chief had for himself.

That was the Sassanagh's gratitude for the kindness he received from Eochy.

"My eye!" says the chief, growin' red; but he stifled his temper and said: "You may have it, for it must never be said that a chief of our line refused anything to a stranger, even the only eye in his head." He then riz his finger an' was goin' to take out the eye, when a man with a long white beard, reaching to his waist, one o' the sages o' the time, I believe he was, and chief adviser to Eochy, says: "Howld fast, what are you goin' to do?" Then he turned to Levawn and says: "Is this your notion of gratitude after eatin' our beef and mutton, and drinkin' our double-distilled poteen, till you wor unfit to see a hole in a ladder? Now" says he, "my order is that *your* eye be plucked out this moment to fill the empty socket of our beloved chief Eochy."

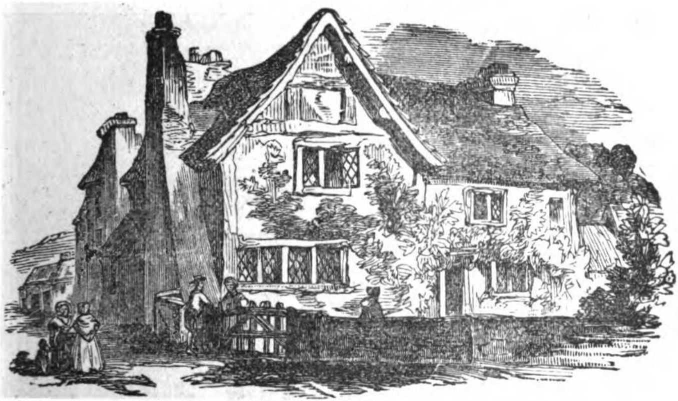
Well, sir, in a jiffey the order was executed, and the gallant Eochy found himself blessed with two eyes. But Levawn, to his great surprise, found himself widout even wan.

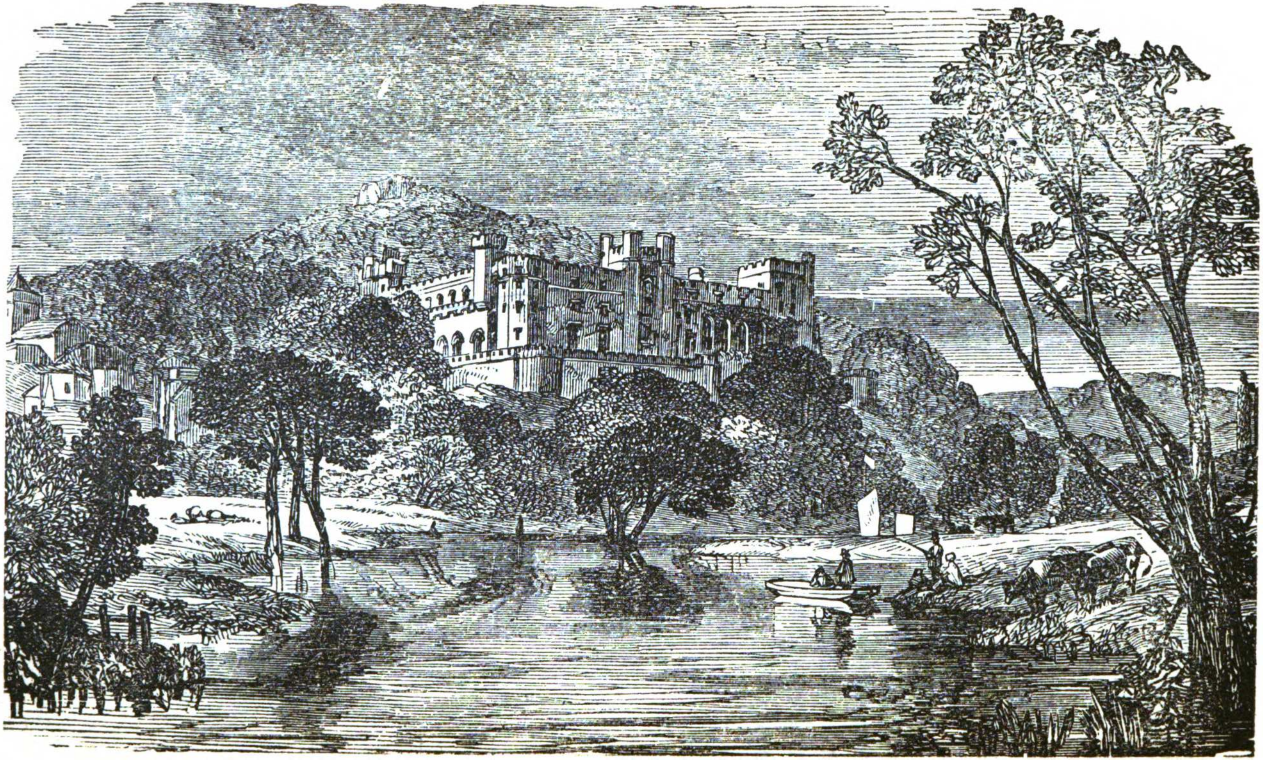
From that lucky day the chieftain was always called *Suil-Levawn*, which manes in English Levawn's eye.

The chief had a long line o' descendants, among them the O'Sullivan Bear. He added glory to the race. He stood for years in his wild mountains, and fought in his lair, like a lion at bay, to the terror of his enemies.

But to conclude my story, the followers o' Eochy wor for tearin' the ungrateful Mr. Levawn alive, but the good chief spared his life; he was packed off, led by a dog, over the mountains.

When the people found him repentant, they supplied him with clothes and food, but his only companion was the dog. When he grew to be owld, the only thing that tormented him, an' made him wish he was dead, was when the young gossoons, to vex him, would cry out as he passed their cabins: "There you go, wid your eye out."





The O'Sheas.

MY lighthearted guide poured forth song, story, and legend, without ceasing.

At last we found ourselves descending the mountain towards a large and cultivated valley. The scene before me was one of those peaceful landscapes of rural beauty, which beam more of soothing influence upon the sorrow-struck heart than the softest voice of consolation. A broad and richly cultivated valley, bounded by mountains whose sides were clothed with deep wood. A stream, whose wayward course watered every portion of the plain, was now seen flowing among the grassy meadows or peeping from the alders that lined the banks. The heavy mist of morning was rolling lazily up the mountain-side; and beneath its gray mantle the rich green of pasture and meadowland was breaking forth, dotted with cattle and sheep.

"D'ye see that owld windmill through the mist beyant?" asked my guide.

"Yes!" was my reply.

"And now look again, sir, and you'll see a big grand house peepin' thro' the trees on the right o' the mill. Well, sir, that's the house o' Bill O'Shea; his brother Phil owns a building exactly like it, about a mile farther on; indeed, the two houses look like twins; you wouldn't know one from the other; I am towld they wor built on the American plan. Well, sir, the same

Bill and Phil, for that's what they're called far and wide, they want nobody to 'Misther' them, although I believe they could buy out half of the shoneens o' landlords in the county.

"Well, what I was goin' to say is this, that there isn't two betther or more charitable men on Irish ground to-day. And d'ye tell me for a fact ye niver heerd o' them?"

Being compelled to confess my ignorance, my good-natured guide proceeded at once to enlighten me.

THE O'SHEA BROTHERS.

Twenty years ago, sir, two shrewder or more industrious bouchaleens than Bill and Phil O'Shea didn't walk the County Kerry. Their father was a small farmer, and before he died, he left them his blessin', with twenty pounds apiece besides, to help them to battle through life. Each o' them had talents above the common run o' poor men; Bill was a janius wid the pen; his curlycues and wonderful flourishes would amaze a counsellor. And Phil was gifted with a powerful use of his penknife; if you only gave him a block o' wood and a sharp knife, he'd shape you out in grand form anything ye'd ax him, from a man on horseback to a steamboat on the say.

When their father was dacently buried, both boys started to invest their little capital in a small farm of five acres each.

Bill's five acres was situated near the village o' Kilmany, and Phil's was close to Kilmore, about three miles apart. But the strangest thing about it, sir, is, that both their landlords happened to be brothers, too, by the name of Mick and Nick Skinacre, and a more notorious pair o' usurers never broke bread.

In the coorse o' time Bill, for he was a fine farmer, put his twenty pounds into his few acres, improved the cabin and the barn, the cowsheds, styes, hedgerows, and drains, till at last the little farm looked so grand that the neighbors round about used to style it the "flower garden o' Kilmany." His brother Phil's farm was just as much admired at Kilmore. The Skinacres wor a pair o' scroogin' misers, and at the time I'm spakin' of, they wor worse than ever, on account of a bank-failure, that happened in the County town, where the Skinacres lost eleven hundred pounds, the savin's o' their life. After that everything they could rap or run was put by to make up for their losses. But they would never trust another penny in a bank, each o' them kept their money, after that, safe in a tin case at the head o' their beds. They lived three miles apart; a mountain pass stood between them, with a half-way house, called the *Fox and Goose*, in the middle of it.

The Skinacres wor as much alike in their methods, as one egg resembles another. If Mick went to visit his brother Nick, he'd always take the mountain pass, not forgettin' to call at the *Fox and Goose*. And if Nick went to see his brother Mick, the mountain pass was sure to be his road, not forgettin' to pay his respects to the half-way house.

It was at this time that the Skinacres noticed the thriving state of their young industrious tenants, Bill and Phil O'Shea. They used to stroll over the farms, casting their evil eyes over the flourishing crops, and, troth, it wasn't long before they formed a plan to clap another ten pounds a year on each little farm, without making the least allowance for all the money Bill and Phil wor continually spendin' in order to make the farms prosper.

You may aisily guess the end of it, sir; at the end of three years the young O'Sheas hadn't a brass farthin' nor a roof over them to call their own, for the notice to quit was sarved on them, and eviction soon followed. That, sir, was how they reaped the reward of their industry!

About one month after they had been plundered o' their howldins', the O'Sheas wor sated in the "*Fox and Goose*," in the middle o' the mountain pass. After emptying a couple o' pints o' porther, Bill says to Phil: "Hannigan, I hear, sails for America, at 4 o'clock in the mornin'?"

"So I'm towld," says Phil.

"I wish we wor fellow travellers wid him," says Bill.

"It would be the happiest moment o' my life," says Phil. "Give me a dhraw out o' that pipe."

"Here, smoke your fill," says his brother, handing him the dhudeen.

"I have a nate plan in my head," says Phil, puffin' the clouds o' tobacco smoke like a limekiln; "Hannigan must be a happy man."

"Indeed," said the other, "he'll have a light heart, to-morrow mornin' at four o'clock, when he steps on the deck o' the ship; but tell me your plan, Phil."

"Would ye like to sail with Hannigan?"

"Nothing would plaze me better, if I had only means o' goin'."

"Well," said Phil, "to make a long story short, just you answer my question, and then I'll tell you my plan. When you wor thrown out on the road side from your little farm by Mick Skinacre, don't you think that you was as much robbed, as you would be if some schemin' shoe-boy came unknown'st to you, an picked your pocket? or, as if some daring rapparee was to meet you alone at night, on a quiet road, and, with a pistol at your head, make you deliver up your purse, and all that was in it?"

"I do," says Bill, "only that Mick Skinacre is, I think, more bare-faced than the highwayman, for he robbed me in the blessed broad light o' day, an' there was no law to stop him."

"Well, I've a plan, Bill, to get 'up sticks' with the Skinacres, to-night."

"Tell me it, Phil."

"You know Bill, as well as I do, where they bank their money?

"Of coorse, in a tin case, that's kept in an owld worm-eaten desk at the head of the bed. I know that's where Mick Skinacre has *my* money this minute."

"And Nick has *my* money in the same fix. Ah, the robbers, they're afeerd to bank it in the town, since the big failure that nearly brought ruin to their doors.

"If I only had howld o' Mick's money box, I'd soon lighten it o' my twenty pounds that the land-robber has hid in it."

"We'll come at that by and by, Bill, if ye only have patience an' listen to me. My plan is to get howld o' both tin cases to-night, and a good pen-knife will do instead of a kay."

"But how are you to get at the boxes, Phil?"

"I'll climb up to Nick's bed-room window, from the cabbage garden."

"And I suppose you'd like me to oblige his brother Mick in the same way?"

"That's it exactly," said Phil, "and we'll take just £20, no more nor no less; twenty pounds from each box. I think that'll help to repair our losses, and then good-bye to the hills and streams of Ireland, and hurroo! for America, at four o'clock in the mornin'."

"That's all very fine," says Bill. "But how will we get the boxes?"

"Lave that to me; landlord, bring me a pen and ink, and two sheets o' paper," said Phil.

"Now," says he, when the things wor brought, "take that pen in your hand, Bill, for you are more accomplished with it than I am, and put down what I dictate."

"What am I to do now?" says Bill, pickin' up the pen.

"Imagine yourself Mick Skinacre, and write in his hand, for you know it well."

"And who will I address?"

"Imagine yourself writing to your brother Nick Skinacre; are ye ready?"

"I am"

"Well, fire away."

"'Dear Nick:

"'Come to me at once, don't lose a minit; I have a bit of a speculation on hand, that must be attended to at once; it may be the manes o' puttin' twenty pounds apiece in our pockets; the party I'm dalin' with, must have the agreement drawn up to-night; he says his time is precious. If you're not here by 8 o'clock the whole plan will be upset. Don't fail to start the minit the gossoon I'm sending claps this into your fist.'"

"'Michael Skinacre.'"

"That's nate," said Bill, finishing the note; "now, what's to go on the other sheet?"

"The same identical words, only this time alter your hand, and write as if you wor Nick."

"Now that we've got so far, Phil, what's the next move?"

"The next thing will be, to get a couple o' bouchals for a penny, or tuppince, and send these notes to their proper address, and we'll offer sixpence to the boy that gets back first; that will help to spur them on, and then, when the Skinacres start out, I know a short cut to Nick's house, and you know as short a one to Mick's place, and after our job's performed Jemmy Lannigan's side-car will whip us off in two two's, and before sunrise to-morrow we'll be ploughin' the briney Atlantic!"

I may tell you, sir, that there was'nt much time lost in getting a couple o' messengers to deliver the notes to the Skinacres; in fact, the whole matter was planned and carried out in less than one hour.

Night was just comin' on, when Mick and Nick, after gettin' the messages, set out to hurry along the mountain pass to visit each other; the twenty pounds mentioned in each message caused the Skinacres to walk at a brisker rate than they ever walked before, and just as the moon was beginning to peep from behind a cloud, my bowld buckoes met each other face to face, exactly forninst the door of the "*Fox and Goose.*"

"Is that you Mick?" "Is that you Nick."?" says the pair o' them, spakin' together.

"I didn't lose a minit after gettin' your message," says Mick.

"I sent you no message," says Nick; but I didn't wait to finish my supper, when the gossoon handed me yours."

"Mine! shure I didn't send any."

"Well, here it is in your own hand," says Nick.

"Here is yours, wid your name at the bottom of it," says Mick.

"I didn't write a scrap this blessed night," says Nick.

"Nor I, neither," says Mick; "but I begin to think some clever schamer has bamboozled the pair of us.

"Whoever he is," says Nick, "he is no gom with his pen."

"Well, Nick, I suppose there's no use o' losin' our temper over it, so step in with me to the "*Fox and Goose,*" and we'll drink a glass apiece on the head of it."

In the meantime, the O'Shea boys had performed their plan to perfection.

After the Skinacres got their drink, they bid good night to one another, and then went their way, each to his own home.

And you may bet your life, sir, they opened their eyes purty wide after examining their tin cases, and finding themselves poorer men by twenty pounds, than before they set out on their wild-goose chase.

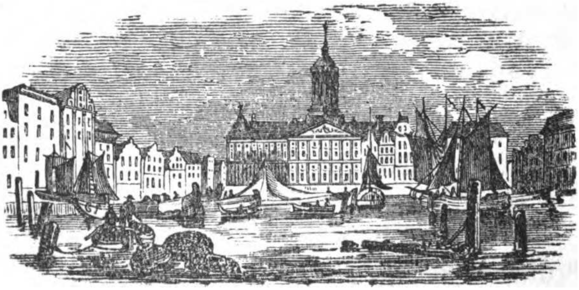
For many a day after the whole affair was published in the "Hue and Cry," with a personal description of Bill and Phil O'Shea.

But the O'Sheas got safely on board a steamer bound for America, the next morning.

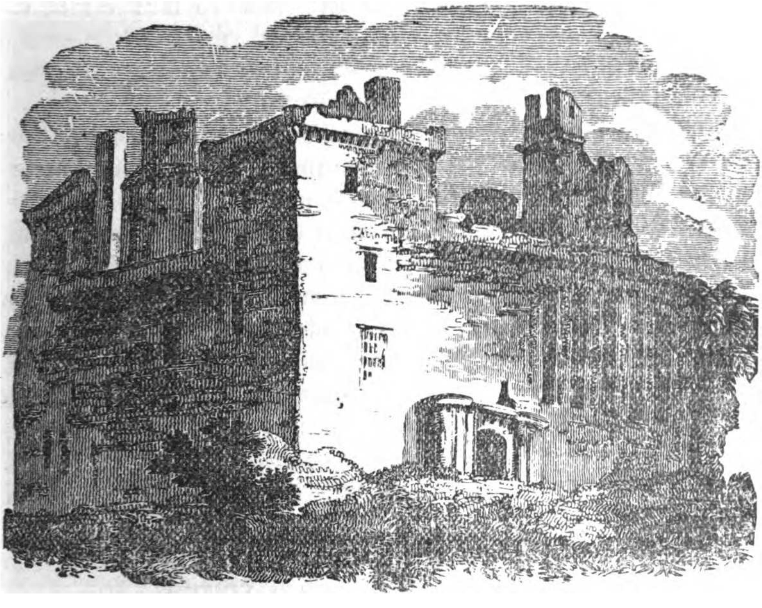
They soon settled down in the United States on a farm, where their industry was better rewarded than it was on the lands o' the Skinacres. In the coorse of about ten years, they were both rich men, and made up their minds to return to Ireland; and when they kem back, invested in hundreds of rich acres. They wor here a long while, before their return was known to the Skinacres.

However, the O'Sheas took it into their heads, one morning, to introduce themselves, after hearin' that Mick and Nick had lost all, and were workin' as farm laborers, wherever they were lucky enough to find a job. Bill and Phil sent for them, and refunded the forty pounds, wid interest, provided they'd move to some distant part of the country.

The Skinacres were overjoyed, and often regretted the shabby tratement they practised in the days gone by on their former tenants, Bill and Phil O'Shea.



Blarney Castle.



There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
O, he never misses
To grow eloquent.
Mahony.

"SHAUN Geary, I'm surprised at your simplicity," said Tom Flynn to his friend during an interval of rest in the hay-field one morning, "you, that's well known to be as brave as a lion in danger, to be so chicken-hearted in love; troth, I always gave you credit for more spirit; what must the beautiful Peggy Mahon think o' your quare behavior?"

"I don't know, faix, but I'm very much afeerd my sheepish bashfulness will play the mischief with me entirely."

"I suppose Peggy knows that you'd like to marry her."

"Well, if I may judge by the looks o' the darlin', I'd say she does, but I'd give the world, if I could, to have her own sweet answer by word o' mouth."

"How can ye reasonably expect an answer, till you ask her first, whether she'll have ye?"

"For a king's ransom, Tom, I couldn't force my lips to spake the word; I've attempted it over and over agin, yes, a hundred times, and just as I thry to throw out a hint about marriage, my conversation drifts all of a sudden into another subject, maybe about the crops, or the weather, or the thrush in the cage, or the honey-suckle, or a hundred other nonsensical little matters, that has little pleasure or consarn for either of us."

"The next time you meet her near the garden wicket, just pluck up courage, and say you're dying for her."

"I wish I could, Tom, but I'm afeerd the words would kill me."

"Kill ye? so much the better; why, man alive, sure that would go to prove the truth o' your dying declaration."

"Ah, don't be laffin' at my misfortunes, Tom avick!"

"Indeed, Shaun, I don't pity you one haporth. You think the girl loves you, and you're sure that you love her; troth, ye must be purty far gone, when ye can't find a word to plade yer own cause."

"That's thrue Tom, but if I'd only the courage to express what's on my mind, I'd be able to spake volumes."

"You sent her a bunch of posies the other day, I believe."

"I did; an' whisper, Tom," said Shaun, taking a scrap of paper from his breast pocket.

"What's that? a ten pound note, is it?"

"No, but though it isn't a bank-note, the same bit o' paper contains notes more valuable in my eye; notes that I intend to warble some fine day in praise o' the beautiful Peggy Mahon."

"As sure as this scythe is in my hand, Shaun, I believe your mind is goin' stravagin'. So ye've tuck to writin' poethry about Peg. Well, I see, if you lack raison, you intend to have rhyme; but let me hear it, anyhow."

"I will, only I hope you wont be humbuggin me about it after. It's a verse or two I composed last night, while takin' a quiet ramble along by Abbeyside, and watchin' the red sun dancin' on the ripplin' waves o' Dungarvan Bay."

"Whew! Shaun, the weather is too broilin' hot to be standin' in this unsheltered spot; we may as well go over to the green ditch on the other side o' the meadow."

"It is mad hot, sure enough," said Shaun, throwing down his rake, after which he and his friend leaped across a small drain that bounded the meadow.

"It's cool an' shady enough here, so now, if you're ready, Shaun, I'll listen to your composition."

"Troth, Tom, I don't think it's much to be proud of," said Shaun, as he cleared his throat, "but such as it is, you're welcome to it;" and in a rich, manly voice, he sung these simple lines:

COLLEEN EVERMORE.

I strayed one evening in July
Down by sweet Abbey-side;
The Angel of my heart was nigh:
I asked her for my bride.

She whispered softly in my ear;
'Oh, Shaun Avick Asthore!
You know I'm yours, and only yours,
Your Colleen evermore."

We married were soon after that.
The chapel stood close by.
The parish priest, good Father Mat,—
Long may he life enjoy—
As he blessed us both and made us one,
Said I, "Peggy Asthore,
Faith, now you're mine, and only mine,
My Colleen evermore."

"More power to you," cried Tom. "Begorra, I didn't think you had that much in ye. A man that can scribble poethry an' give voice to it to boot in such fine style, ought to be able to spake a sinsible word to the Colleen Dhas that loves him."

"I know that, Tom, but what am I to do? I know that every glance o' Peg's blue eye, every smile that plays about her sweet faytures, seems to tell me in language as plain as daylight, that, if I could only bring myself to ask her to say the word, I'd get a favorable answer in return."

"Ah, Shaun, my poor fellow, it's a pity you're so tongue-tied."

"It's a complaint, Tom, I'm afeerd there's no cure for."

"I only know of wan remedy, Shaun, an' if that doesn't cure ye, your case must be a hopeless one."

"Tell me what it is, Avick, and if money can buy it I'll thry the experiment."

"Well, then I'd recommend ye to thravel without delay for the benefit o' your health."

"Thravel? arrah, where would I be thravellin' to?"

"To Blarney Castle, there's where you'll thravel to, and if you're sinsible you'll lose no time, but start at once."

"And what will I be doin' at Blarney Castle?"

"Why, go and rub your lips to the Blarney Stone, and after ye do that, you'll find that the powers o' speech will come as natural as life to ye. You know what the song says about it?"

"On the top o' the wall,
But take care you don't fall,
There's a Stone that contains all the Blarney."

"Troth, Tom, I think I'll follow your counsel, an' I don't know what came over me at all, not to give Blarney a thought before, but it's not too late yet, and when I go home this evenin' I'll prepare myself for a visit to the same Stone, and to-morrow mornin', plaze goodness, I'll pack off by the first train that goes to Cork."

Shaun, aften completing his day's work, returned to his cabin with a lighter heart than he had felt for many a long day; he retired to rest somewhat earlier than usual that night, to dream, no doubt, of the marvelous qualities of the famous Blarney Stone; the next morning he rose with the lark, and after partaking of a hasty repast, put on his holiday garb, and taking with him his polished blackthorn, set out on his osculatory pilgrimage, humming merrily as he proceeded towards the railway station—

" The groves o' Blarney they are so charming,
Down by the purling of sweet silver brooks."

Blarney Castle is about four and a half miles from Cork; it is situated on a rock, and consists of one massive, square tower. This stronghold was erected about the middle of the fifteenth century, by Cormac McCarthy, whose ancestors had been chieftains in Munster, from a period long antecedent to the English invasion. The fate of the once formidable Clan of the McCarthy is similar to that of nearly all the ancient families of Ireland. The descendants in a direct line may be often found working as day laborers, around the ruins of castles where their forefathers had ruled, and in many instances a period of less than two centuries has passed between their grandeur and their degradation. The touching story that is told of the representative of the McCarthy may find its parallel in nearly every barony of Ireland.

A late proprietor of a portion of these forfeited estates observed one evening in his demesne an aged man, stretched at the foot of an old tree, sobbing as though his heart would break. On expressing sympathy, and inquiring the cause of such excessive sorrow, he received this answer:

"I am a McCarthy, once the possessor of that castle and these broad-lands; this tree I planted, and returned to water it with my tears; to-morrow I sail for Spain, where I have been an exile and an outlaw since the revolution; to-night, for the last time, I bid farewell to the place of my birth and the home of my ancestors."

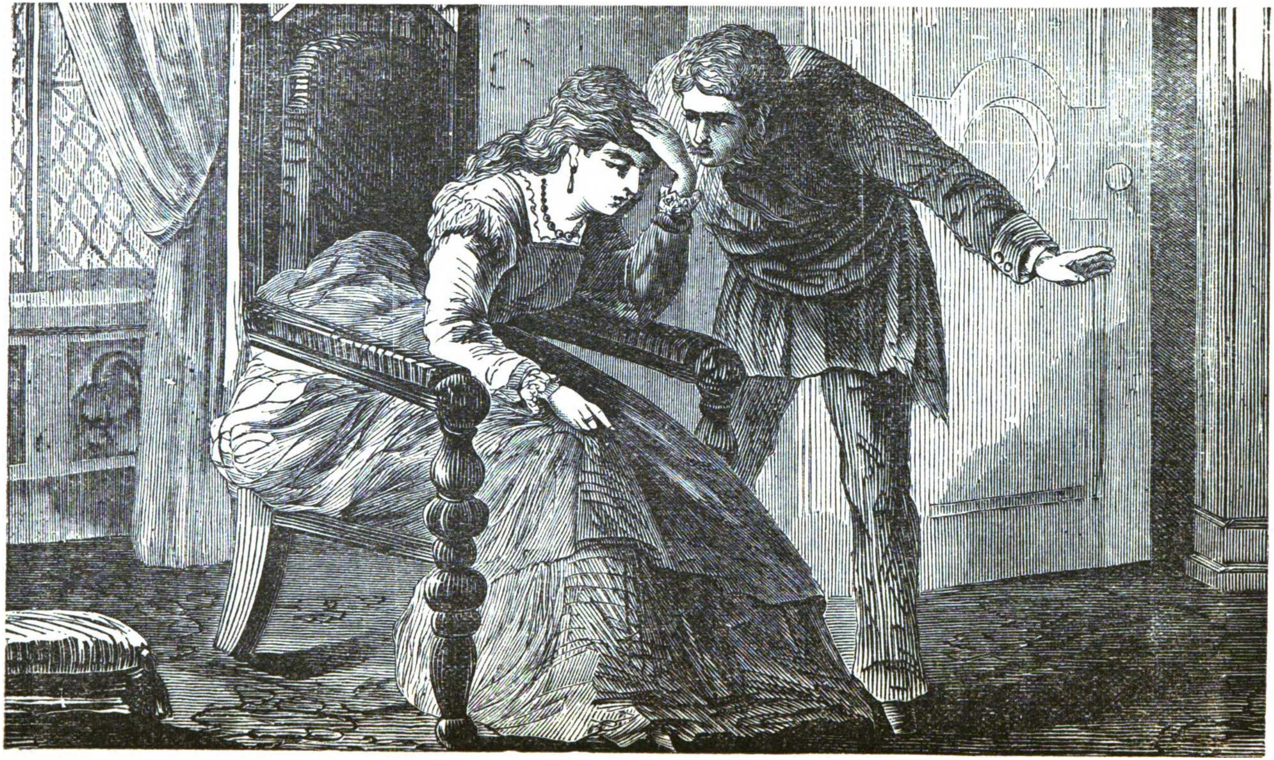
But to return to Shaun, and the mystic stone.

"Whose influence such is,
That attraction it gives all it touches."

In conclusion, however, I shall use Shaun's own words, as nearly as I can remember them.

"Begorra sir," said he, "I must have had a four-leaved Shamrock about me, for good luck seemed to trip me up at nearly every step I tuck. About three o'clock that afternoon, I found myself safe and sound in the beautiful city o' Cork, and as I happened to have goold and silver galore in my pocket at the time, I hired an outside car, and whipped over to Blarney in less than no time; and as soon as I drew up before the public house in the village, what should I see but a dacint party of Americans; some o' them wor my own countrymen, with the laste touch in life o' the Yankee accent. Men that had spent years of exile in the land o' the free beyond the Atlantic, and had just kem back to breathe their native air, and to take, maybe, their last fond peep at the mountains, glens, and rivers of their owld motherland. Well, sir, to make a long story short, the most o' them wor there in Blarney that day, bent on the same mission as myself; and, as good fortune would have it, one o' the party was a native o' my own parish. So, after chattin' over owld times for a while, we refreshed ourselves, and started at once for the Castle; when we got to it, we lost no time in climbing up the spiral staircase, till we found ourselves on the battlements above; and the minit it kem round to my turn to kiss the stone, down they lowered me, head first, from the top o' the wall, which, I am towld, is about one hundred and twenty feet from the ground. Well, sir, when my lips reached the spot, maybe I didn't salute the magical tongue-sweetener with a hearty smack; indeed, then, if you'd believe it, it is wonderful what a mighty pleasant effect the kissin' o' the same celebrated stone had on me. I felt the inspiration at once, and it has stuck to me from that blessed day to this. And when I got home after my pleasant journey, I felt as bold as brass. I next visited Peggy, the darlin' o' my heart, and spoke up like a man, without the laste hesitation, askin' her to name the day when she'd become Mrs. Geary. Well, you know the rest: she soon verified the truth o' the little love song I wrote about her, and became, in reality, my own Colleen evermore.

"And now, sir, if in your travels you should ever chance to stumble across any poor bouchal sufferin' from the complaint that once troubled me, just give him my prescription, for it's a sure cure; and if he but follows it out to the letter, barrin' he's not entirely gone beyond recovery, I'll go bail, he'll never have any cause to regret his pilgrimage to the Blarney Stone.



Clouds and Sunlight.

"KATHLEEN," said Gerald Burke to his young wife, "you now stand for the first time within the walls of my ancestors; you will soon begin to feel at home, and in less than one week you will say that you like Dublin much better than the country. See, the servants are here to welcome us. Cormac, Agatha, you see I have brought you a mistress. Agatha, just show my wife around the house."

"This way, me lady, folly me, if ye plase," said Agatha, as she led her mistress from the room.

Gerald motioned Cormac to remain. Cormac was an old and faithful servant, who had grown gray in the service of the Burke family; he had served them from boyhood. He stood at least six feet in height, and, notwithstanding his age, for he was about sixty-five, he bore himself loftily, and to his full altitude; his shoulders were thrown back, his expansive chest displayed to its greatest breadth, and as he moved, there was the grace of perfect symmetry in every motion.

"Cormac!" "Yes, Mr. Gerald."

"Have you seen my cousin, Arthur Fitzgerald, lately?"

"No, sir," answered Cormac, "an' not makin' you an uncivil answer, I don't care if I never see him, or hear of him neither, for the matter o' that."

"Do you know where he resides at present?"

"His house is in Rathmines."

"Well, Cormac, you must contrive to see him to-day, and request him to come here this evening; you may also tell him of my marriage, I should have mentioned it before, but didn't care about breaking the ill news to him."

"Ill, ill news!" cried Cormac; "what sir? is it with an angel like Kathleen for a wife? You, that ought to be the happiest man in Ireland, musha! how bad ye are wid your ill news!"

"It will be ill news to my cousin Arthur. at all events."

"An' what's the raison o' that?"

"Because he expected me to die early, and make him my heir."

"Oh, the villain!" cried Cormac; "but I'm glad to see ye've turned the tables on him; *die*, indeed, to plaze a vagabone like him; what a gomoluke you'd be! You take my advice, as an owld friend o' the family, and just live as long as ye can, to spite the thief; and so you're bent on seeing him to-day, sir?"

"Yes, Cormac, if possible."

"Very well, Gerald aroon! I'll hunt him up; although, if I had my way, it's the soft ind o' my blackthorn on his back-bone I'd like to be givin' him, instead of a welkim to this house. Watch him well, I warn ye, for the bad drop is in him!" cried the old man as he quitted the apartment.

"Poor, old, faithful Cormac," mused Gerald, "he is not far astray in his estimation of my cousin Arthur. I expect an explosion as soon as he arrives; it is the only anxiety I have in connection with my marriage; for I almost promised him in one of my misanthropic fits to allow my estate to revert to his branch of the family. However, my mind has changed since then

"Gerald," cried Kathleen, as she entered the room, "everything is delightfully arranged; this is a very well ordered house, a place for everything, and everything in its place, but it is so large, so grand, I am afraid my country habits will never become accustomed to the change. We lived so differently at home, you remember."

"That reminds me," said Gerald: "Kathleen, I ought to have spoken to you before, concerning your brother Dominic. I know, love, there has been a vast difference between your education and his. You have been habituated from your earliest years to the usages of society, and to the refinements of conversational life, but it is not so with Dominic, whose only education has been that of the farm-house, and whose manners are those of the field; if he were known to be your brother, he would act as a drag upon you, besides being constantly in a false position himself; my plan, Kathleen, is this: let him be presented to the household as the new steward of our estate."

"Where is Kathleen? where is her husband?" were the words heard at that moment proceeding from a stentorian voice in the hall; a moment later, and Dominic O'Doherty stood beside his sister in the presence of her husband.

"Here I am at length," cried Dominic, "in the mighty City of Dublin; Kathleen aroon, I may thank your husband, my brother-in-law, for this change; he would insist on transplanting me from Tipperary's golden vales to this big forest of stone and mortar. I was nearly losing myself from bewilderment, making my way here. I can't say much for the good breeding of your servants, Gerald. Your hall servant wanted to know who I was, but I soon satisfied him that it was none of his business; faix, I believe the ignoramuses take me to be a sort of servant to my sister and yourself."

"Perhaps it is better they should," said Gerald. "You will take no offense, I am sure, where none is meant. Suppose you represent yourself for a time to be merely what the household has taken you for; don't contradict them; let them believe you to be the steward of the estate. I am perfectly willing, nay, I should be proud to acknowledge you as my brother, but I cannot force society, with its caustic wit, to admire you as much as I do."

"Consider it a bargain," answered Dominic. "Sure, after all, the only thing I care for is the happiness of my sister, and now inform me how your steward must pass away his time."

"You must furnish the stores required for the house and the stable, keep accounts, pay the bills and—he was here interrupted by his cousin, Arthur Fitzgerald, who burst suddenly into the chamber."

"Gerald, is this news true?" asked Arthur.

"It is true that I am married, if you refer to that," replied Gerald.

"You are the first of your name, sir, who ever broke his word."

"I have not broken my word," cried Gerald.

"You have," said Arthur; "you promised never to marry."

"No! You are wrong Arthur. I said it was unlikely I should ever marry, and I promised in that case to make no will, but to suffer my estate to pass to you, my next of kin, and heir-at-law; I have changed my mind, as I had a right to do, and I have summoned you here to present you to my wife."

"If you attempt to introduce your wife to me, I'll insult her to her face. I can tell you, sir," he added, with clenched teeth, "you have not come to the end of this matter." He then rushed frantically from the room.

* * * * * *

On the following evening there was to be a formal reception. Kathleen and Dominic were busily employed in making due preparations. "Kathleen acushla," said Dominic, "I feel as much out of place among these silken, sugar-tongued mortals, as a beetle in a bee-hive; I am afraid I'll get more sting than honey; my gentility is in the rough just at present, we must have it cut and polished by degrees."

"Ah, Dominic," replied Kathleen, "I have no wish to see you changed; only be what you have ever been, my own, true, honest-hearted, simple country brother and friend."

"I am afraid, Kathleen, I am but a cloud over your brightness; for in this genteel society I must keep my sunny side hidden from the world's eye.

Meanwhile, a scene of a totally different character was being enacted in an outer portion of the dwelling. On a moonlit balcony, two masked figures might be seen, cautiously making their way through an open window into the reception room, which was but partially lighted.

"You have secured the gold and silver plate?" whispered one.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Good; the guests even now are preparing to assemble."

"Here is paper and pencil; before we depart, just write what I dictate; are you ready?"

"I am."

"Put down the following:

"Dear Dominic:

"The plate is ours; leave the house as soon as you pick up this note; you will find me at the old hostelry, where we first planned the robbery of your aristocratic brother-in-law."

Having dropped the note where it might be easily perceived, both men proceeded at once towards the window, but on reaching the balcony, they suddenly found themselves in the grasp of a powerfully built man; a terrible struggle ensued; life and death hung on the issue; a heavy bludgeon is uplifted, one crushing blow, and all is still; the masked men have disappeared.

Shortly after, all the guests are attracted to the chamber by the groans of a man on the balcony.

The chamber is quickly illuminated, and the injured man is carried in; one of the party, having picked up the note, hands it to Gerald, who, after having read it aloud, to the unspeakable amazement of the assemblage, turns to Dominic and asks him to explain its meaning.

"O Gerald!" exclaimed Kathleen, "you surely do not suspect my brother Dominic of dishonesty?"

"Gerald Burke," said Dominic; "you are my sister's husband; consequently I must stifle my indignation; reason may serve where anger might fail."

"Whist! Whist! asy," said the wounded man, rising and tottering towards Gerald.

"What, Cormac, my poor fellow, is it you?"

"It is what's left o' me, Misther Gerald, "said the old man, in a voice scarcely above a whisper; "there seems to be a swarm o' little stars winkin' and blinkin' foreninst my two eyes this blessed minit. Oh! my poor head;" he staggered backwards, and dropped into a chair; a glass of wine was brought in by a servant and applied to his lips, after which his words became more coherent.

"I ask your pardon, good people, for disturbin' yez; but the polthogue I got from the rapparee on the balcony has sent my wits stravagin'.

"Where did I leave off? Tell me, for the love o' mercy, where I left off. Ah! I remember me now; didn't I hear some o' ye mintioning the name o' Dominic O'Doherty, in connection with the robbery? you're all in the wrong; I tell yez, if ye whisper one word that would cast a suspicious thought agin' the character o' that honest young man; he is as innocent and as free o' this crime as the child unborn. I'll tell ye, when my mind comes back to me, all about the whole affair."

"Listen, this is how it happened; I scented the robbers in the garden below, and follied them, unbeknownst, up their own rope ladder; they were just after plunderin' the lower room of the gold and silver plate; at first I intended to give the alarm, but the rogues were too quick about their work, and for fear o' lettin them slip through my fingers, I made up my mind to trap them on the balcony, on their way out wid their plunder. I watched every move, an' listened to every whisper, and heard one o' them dictatin' what's on that bit o' paper to get Dominic into a hobble, an' to thry an' make out that you, Gerald, wor linked to the sister of a thief."

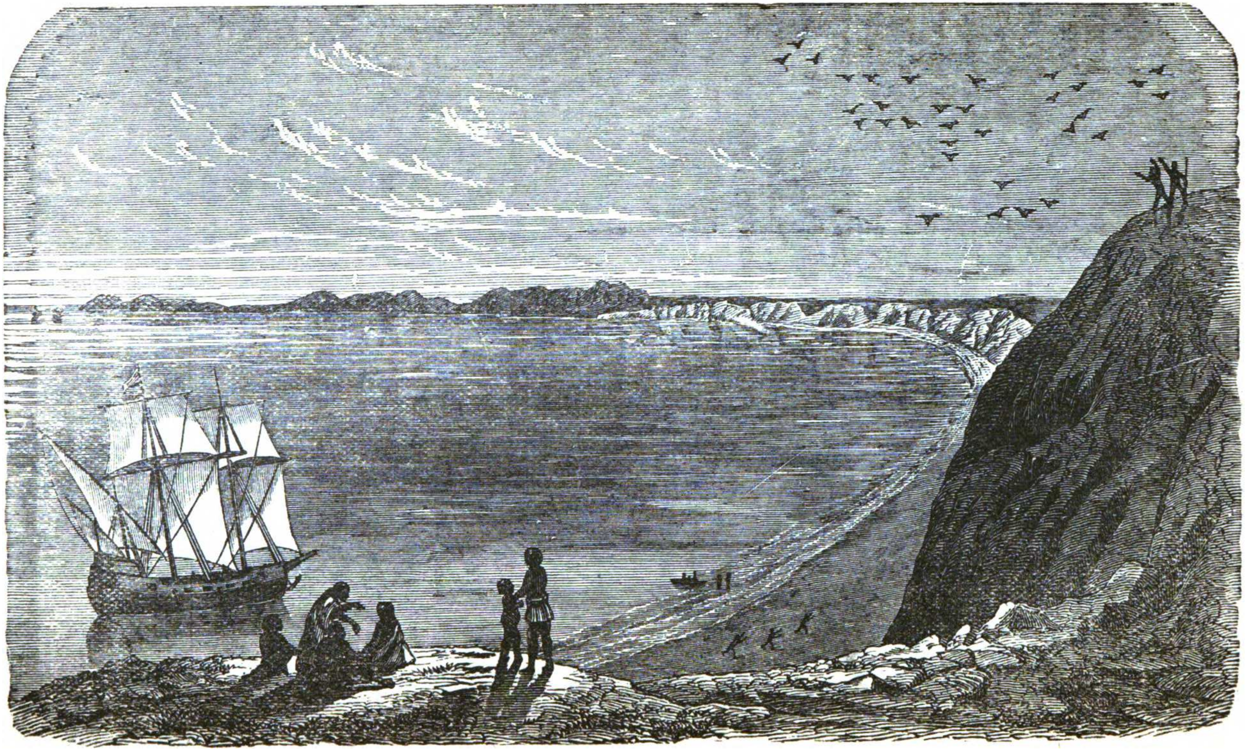
"Did you recognize the rascal, Cormac?" inquired Gerald.

"I did, sir; the chief schamer was your own cousin, Arthur Fitzgerald; the other is as well known to the peelers as Nelson's Pillar; they'd tell you his character at the Four Courts, for it was no other than that gallus bird, Bartle Grady. I towld you sir, your cousin Arthur had the bad drop in him, an' you see now how it had to come out."

"Kathleen, Dominic, can you ever forgive me?" asked Gerald.

"Think no more of it, Gerald," said his wife.

"Faith, Gerald," said Dominic; "I must confess, the last half hour looked mighty black for me, yet believe me, I almost bless the vanished clouds, whose blackness makes more beautiful the sun-light of this hour."



Knock Fierna.

To the hills of MacLir, to Creevroe's height,
To Tara, the glory of Erin,
To the fairy palace that glances bright
On the peak of the blue Cnocfeerin,
I vainly hied: I went west and east,
Travelled seaward and shoreward—
But thus was I greeted, at field and at feast,
Thy way lies onward and forward.
Mangan.

"IN the grand owld times, sir, when Ireland had her own kings," said my good-natured historian, "Knock Fierna, or the hill o' the fairies, had a Castle wid a windy in it for every blessed day o' the year. It's the highest mountain in the County o' Limerick, and there's a well on the top of it, that can be seen to this day; many a wondherful story is towld about the same enchanted well, and if it only had the gift o' speech to spake for itself, it could relate some marvellous things, I dare say. It is said that a mighty treasure-house was discovered by a brave bit of a gossoon, that found an opening low down in the well, one fine summer's night many years ago. As the story goes, he was led into a beautiful castle, and the door-keeper, that stands ready to welcome every visitor, is said to be an owld man with a long gray beard, that nearly touches his feet; he is known by all that spake of him, as "the gray man," an' it is said, he is often to be seen on moonlight nights, wandherin' along the borders of a lake, near the small village of Killimicat, and that lies between Knock Fierna and the river Shannon. It happened on one fine summer's evenin', that a few gossoons from Killimicat wor divartin' themselves up the mountain sides, and afther tirin' themselves out wid the day's sport, and as the sun was beginnin' to set, they sat down beside the well to amuse each other wid story tellin'. One o' the boys, Nick Geraghty, a big raw-boned lump of a fellow, wid a wicked eye and a spiteful tongue, towld a tale that nearly frightened the wits out o' the rest o' them, but the boy he thried to frighten most was little Phadrig Brannagan, a wake, dhawnee crature, not much bigger than a ferrit, the only son o' the poor widda Brannagan. And more betoken, the big savage Nick Geraghty had a grudge agin little Phadrig, and all bekase Phadrig exposed Nick's father, near and far; and the reason was, ye see, Nick's father was a bailiff on his Lordship's estate, and without rhyme or raison had poor Phadrig's mother turned off the little green patch o' land she was born on, for they say the vagabone had his coveteous eye on the widda's cozey cabin, and wanted it for himself, and with the help o' the agent, another black villain, he got the widda an' her son out of it, and all unbeknownst to his Lordship of the Castle, who doesn't know half the misery some of his poor tenantry have to suffer, on account of his agents and bailiffs.

Well, sir, one o' the stories towld by the boys was about the wondherful treasures to be found by whoever was bowld enough to explore the enchanted well. Nick Geraghty said that if he could see "the gray old man" o' the fairy castle, and get his consint, he wouldn't be the laste afeerd to go down the well an' thry his fortune.

Little Phadrig Brannagan said that if he was sure o' gettin' all the goold in the univarse, it wouldn't tempt him to risk his life. "My poor mother," says he, "finds it hard enough as it is, to keep her head above wather; what would become of her at all, at all, if anything was to happen me, the only prop she has to support her owld age?"

Well, wid that Nick Geraghty gev a roar of a horse laugh at little Phadrig's expense.

"An' faix, a purty prop ye are, my little midge," siz he; "that's the little rogue, boys, that went round about villifyin' my dacint father."

"I only towld the truth about your father," siz Phadrig; "didn't he turn my mother out of her little cabin, that he coveted for himself?"

"Take care it's not worse wid you and your mother before you're much owlder," siz Geraghty.

"Take care what ye say," siz little Phadrig; "for I'll spake up in defince o' my mother while I've a spark o' life in my body."

"Luk at the strut o' the little dwarf," siz Geraghty. "He's as proud as punch."

"I'm no prouder than an honest mother's son ought to be," siz little Phadrig; "I'd feel very little pride, in troth, if I was the son of an owld time-sarvin' bailiff."

Well, sir, after he spoke them words, big Geraghty drew out and struck him a heavy blow of his ugly fist, that stretched little Phadrig on the broad of his back, an' 'twasn't long before the blood began to flow from his nose, mouth, and ears. His companions began to be afeerd and thought the life was out o' him entirely, but he was a hardy little crathur, he got over it in a jiffey, and was again as lively as a salmon; he kept quiet after that, and didn't open his mouth, but there was a look in his eye that spoke volumes.

At last one o' the gossoons, that went down the mountain before the scrimmage began, was seen makin' his way up to the well again, wid a big coil o' rope on his showlder. "I got this," siz he, "from my father's haggart (hay-yard). There's over fifty fut o' rope in it, so here goes to measure the depth o' the fairy well."

With that he lowered it into the well, but, faix, it didn't seem to reach the bottom of it.

"It's long enough, I'll go bail, for any one that's darin' enough to go down and pay a visit to the gray man. Now, boys, which o' ye will be the first to go in search o' the treasure?"

"Why, you, of coorse," siz little Phadrig.

"Is it me," siz Geraghty, changin' color.

"Yes, you, who else? aren't ye the biggest among us? An' if your courage is aquil to your size, you'll be the first to go down the well."

"Me, indeed!" siz Geraghty. "What an omadhawn I'd be!"

"Is it showin' the white feather ye'll be, after all yer brave talk a while ago?" siz Phadrig.

"Boys, don't mind the little Spidogue," roared Geraghty; "doesn't it only stand to raison that the lightest among us should make the first trial?

"Now I did think first o' drawin' lots, but that would be hardly fair, for it might come to my own turn to be the first, and as I happen to be the biggest o' the crowd, who knows but the rope, which doesn't appear to be over-strong, might break, and then what would yez do? My advice is, an' I think you'll all agree that 'tis the fairest to let the smallest gossoon among us go first." With that he fastened one end of the rope around the waist of little Phadrig and had him over into the well before any one could stop him.

"Phadrig is the fittest to explore the well," siz he, lowering him down deeper and deeper; "he's as light as a straw, an' if he only lives to come back an' tell us all about "the gray man," I'll give ye my word, boys, I'll be the next to go down by the same rope."

Some of Geraghty's companions tried to persuade him to hoist Phadrig up again; but it was no use, he was a black villain, and they thought it dangerous to meddle with him.

Poor little Phadrig's wake voice could now be heard from below, cryin': "Let me up, let me up, think o' my poor mother, that has no one to purtect her!" His cries got waker, and waker, the lower he went down. And after he was low enough, Geraghty tied what rope was left around the trunk of an owld withered three It was after sunset by this time, and the boys all scattered themselves, not knowin' what to say or do about the matter; they wor all afeerd o' being blamed for Phadrig's disappearance. So they didn't lose a minit till they got safe into the village o' Killimicat.

Nick Geraghty stood by the well long after the others went away; sometimes he would peep down an' cry out, "did ye meet 'the gray man' yet?" but the only answer he'd get was his own echo; then he would tug at the rope, but it was aised of its burden; he would next pull it up, but there was no sign o' little Phadrig on the end of it; the moon then appeared, like a piece o' bright silver comin' out of an inky cloud; 'twas then Geraghty peeped into the well again, an' roared like a big mad bull, callin' on Phadrig, but the only sound he could hear in the shape of an answer was his own coorse voice. He then turned as pale as a sheet an' began to see, when it was too late, what a serious thing it was to play wid the life of a fellow-crature; so, when he found he could do no more, he dropped the rope into the well again, and made his way, wid a long face and a troubled mind, down the side o' Knock Fierna, and into the village o' Killimicat.

Poor little Phadrig's mother, you may believe, didn't get much rest or sleep that night. She sat by the cabin-windy, waitin' to hear his footsteps. Sometimes she would go up to the end o' the boreen and take a long look as far as she could stretch her eyes in the moonlight, but everything was as still an' quiet as the grave.

At last midnight kem, but still no sign of Phadrig, who was the apple of his mothers eye. Sometimes she relieved her mind by thinkin' he might have strayed off to a fair or market in some o' the big neighborin' towns. In this way she counted every hour o' the livelong night, till at last she spied the sun peepin' over the blue peaks o' Knock Fierna. Then the poor woman got alarmed entirely, an' towld every neighbor she met about the sorrow she was in over her darling little Phadrig. Well, 'twas surprisin' how soon the news spread; wildfire couldn't howld a candle to it; in less time than I'm tellin' ye it was on every lip in Killimicat about the sudden disappearance o' little Phadrig Brannagan.

The hunt was up at once. Even Nick Geraghty purtinded to be as anxious as any one about finding him, when, lo and behold, what should he spy, or what should he see, d'ye think, trudging down the mountain-pass, an' singin' as merry as a lark, and every pocket he had bulged out with goolden guineas, but my bowld little Phadrig himself.

"Phadrig avick," siz Geraghty, "I'm mighty glad to see ye alive."

"Tisn't your fault that I'm livin'," siz little Phadrig.

"I didn't mane ye any harm last night," siz Geraghty.

"You didn't mane me any good, ye mane," siz Phadrig.

"'Twas only meant as a joke," siz Geraghty.

"Well, if it was, you had your laugh last night; and I have mine this mornin', for I have goold enough, thanks to 'the gray man,' to make me and my mother comfortable for life," siz Phadrig.

"I'm plazed to hear it," siz Geraghty.

"If you're plazed," siz Phradrig, "you've altered greatly since yesterday, when you hit me that polthogue."

"Forget and forgive," siz Geraghty, "an' tell me how you fared with 'the gray man.'"

"We'll say no more about it," siz Phadrig, "for after all I may thank you for my good luck. Well, then you must know that when I got to the bottom o' the well, I touched a goolden knob in the wall forninst me. And the moment I did, would you believe me, Geraghty, a big door flew open, and there stood 'the gray man' ready to welkim me, with a smile on his face like a sunbame, and maybe he didn't show me all the beauties 'o the place; he whipped me from the ground and tuck me in his arms, an' thravelled with the speed 'o thought over both say and land.

"'Where are ye takin' me,' siz I, gettin' frightened.

"'Onward and forward,' siz he, and with that he pointed out to me from the edge 'o the wather a goolden, fairy-like palace standin' out on one o' the highest peaks of the Knock Fierna.

"'An' where are ye goin wid me now,' I axed him agin.

"'Onward an' forward,' siz he; that was the only answer I could get from him. He then tuck me inside the grand palace, an' med me feel at home wid kings, queens, and royal bards; oh, and if ye heerd the music, and such dancin', and the songs, you'd say ye never heerd the like before. And if you wor to see the kingly banquet, an' me aitin' and dhrinkin' the fat o' the land, ye'd be astonished. When I got my fill of everything I med bowld to ax 'the gray man' where the treasure was kept.

"'Onward and forward,' siz he, takin' me up in his arms agin, an' bringin' me into a big, fine room packed from floor to ceilin' wid goold; and when he got through stuffin' my pockets wid guineas, I axed him once more where I was to go.

"'Onward and forward,' siz the gray man.

"An' I declar eto ye, Geraghty, before I knew where I was, I found myself safe at the top o' the well. And now I must hurry over to Killimicat to bring joy to the heart o' my poor mother."

"Well, that flogs all I ever heard of," siz Geraghty to himself, when he was left alone; "I must pay a visit to "the gray man" at wanst; if a little bit of a hop o' my thumb like Phadrig can go down the well and bring up goold enough to make him independent for life, I don't see why a big brawny fellow like me shouldn't be able to do the same; and away he scampered up Knock Fierna, and never stopped till he got to the fairy-well, where he found the rope in its place around the trunk o' the tree. He lost no time, but lowered himself down the well as aisy as he could, expectin' every minit to come in sight o' "the gray man." In a few minits he was free o' the rope, for it hung so loose that a child could pull it up again. And some o' the gossoons that passed by the spot did dhraw it up out o' curiosity, but there was no sign of Nick Geraghty at the end of it. Well, sir, that day passed over, and Geraghty didn't make his appearance in Killimicat. The next day was the same, and before night-fall his father had the country scoured to find him, but no tale or tidings was heard regardin' him, till at last little Phadrig spoke up and towld o' the good fortune he had down the enchanted well, and hinted that, maybe, Geraghty was gone on the same errand. Well, in less than wan hour such a crowd of people from different parishes was never seen climbing Knock Fierna before nor since. When Geraghty's father, the owld bailiff, reached the fairy-well, he poked his head down as far as it would go, an' roared wid all his might, callin' on his son; after all was quiet, a feeble groan was heard comin' up from the bottom.

"He's alive! he's alive," cried the bailiff; "my darlin' Nick is still to the fore; for the love o' mercy, some o' ye howld fast to the rope and lower me down aisy, and maybe I'll be in time to save my boy's life."

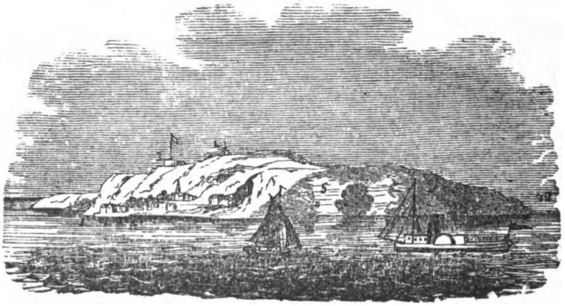
With that a few stout men grabbed the rope and lowered the bailiff till he got to the end of his journey, and then the rope hung just as loose as before; in a few seconds, however, they felt a jerk, which was to be the signal for pulling him up agin, and, bedad, 'twas no aisy matter, for now the weight was double what it was before; but the bailiff had the most work to do, for his son was so wake and helpless, that he had to bear the weight of him with his right arm, while he clung with his left hand to the rope. And a more pitiful object it would be hard to look on, than Nick Geraghty when he was lifted out o' the well; he couldn't stand on his legs, but fell like a lump o' stone as soon as he got the fresh air.

It appears that in lowering himself down he was in such a hurry to find "the gray man," that he dropped too soon and broke both his legs. He was so very badly hurt, that he couldn't stir a step to save his own life; and what with livin' forty-eight hours without bite or sup, you may be sure he was more dead than alive. He got over the hunger, however, but the use of his legs was gone forever, and from that day on he had to limp on crutches. And, indeed, there were few that knew his character sorry for him.

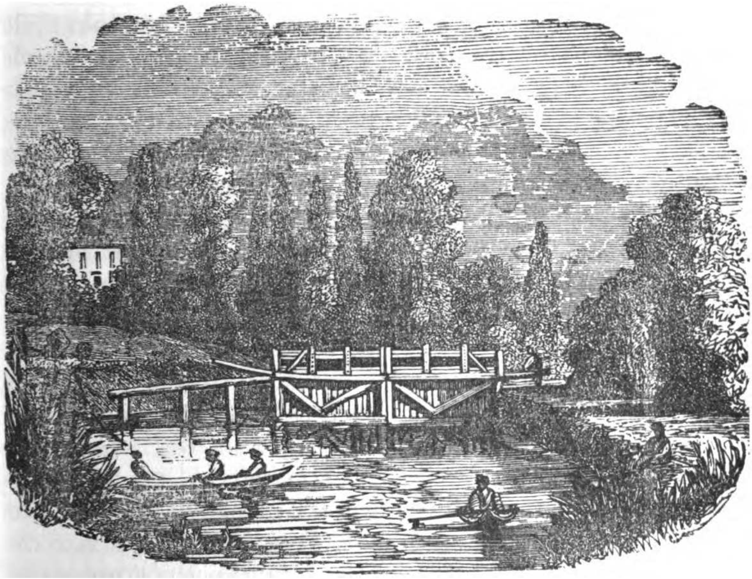
Phadrig got more prosperous day by day, after his visit to the well, and himself and his mother lived in peace and comfort ever after.

And now, sir, if it doesn't spoil my story, I'll let you into the sacret of how he got his treasure.

One o' the boys that was lookin' on when the big savage Geraghty forced little Phadrig down the well, happened to be the son of his Lordship's lodge-keeper o' the Castle; and when the boy got home, his conscience troubled him so much, that he up and towld his mother all about Geraghty's doin's at the well. His mother then gave the alarm at once to his Lordship, who just happened then to come home after a five years' absence in Paris. Well, his Lordship and a few other of his rollickin' friends set out, with lighted lanterns and rope-ladders, for the fairy-well; and when they arrived at the top o' Knock Fierna, it wasn't long before they had little Phadrig safe out o' the owld dhry well. And, to make a long story short, they brought him to the Castle and kep' him there for the night, and next mornin' filled his pockets wid guineas, and planned out the story, which he towld Geraghty about "the gray man;" and 'twasn't long before his Lordship gev the bailiff notice to quit, after hearing of his shameful behavior to poor Phadrig's mother. The owld woman was restored to her cabin, wid a life-long lase and no rent to pay. And for years after, sir, if any o' the gossoons wanted to vex Nick Geraghty, they had only to inquire how much treasure he got from "the gray man o' Knock Fierna."



Grassy Hollow.



ON the right bank of the river Suir, within a convanient distance o' the city o' Watherford, a good many years ago, yes, I'll go bail, more than you'd be able to count on your fingers an' toes, there lived in a snug cabin as happy a couple as you could see in a day's walk; and that same continted pair was Andy Coogan and his wife Mag. Andy was the owner of a little boat, and between fishin' and farmin', for he held an acre o' purty fair land, he conthrived to make both ends meet, so that he was never known to go to bed supperless. Hail, rain, or shine, Andy niver let a day slip over his head, widout goin' to the little nook on the river's bank, which wasn't more than a hop step an' a lep from the cabin. This same nook sarved Andy for a boat-house, for it was big enough to howld himself an' the skiff, and plenty o' room to spare; but the few neighbors that wor scattered round about had another name for the little green-covered nook, and that name was "the Grassy Hollow."

One fine evenin' in May, an' more be token, it happened to be the first day o' that beautiful month o' flowers, Mag went down to the water-side to watch for Andy's return, for the very mornin' of that day he got up wid the lark, an' was off wid his boat, before the dew was off the grass. Mag knew that with a long day's fishin' Andy would come back with a good appetite, an' so, like an industrious, lovin' wife, she had a fine supper waitin' on the hob for him in the cabin. She was no sooner down by the river than she spied Andy in his boat, rowin' away like a good fellow; in a jiffy the little skiff was rubbin' her sides agin' a small cove which Andy always used as a landin' place; an' the next minit two big baskets o' fish were lifted out; the fish was carried up as far as the boat house, or "the Grassy Hollow," as it was called, after which Andy and Mag went back for the boat, and after some tuggin an' luggin, they managed to get it safe and sound into "the Grassy Hollow," where it was fastened to a hasp in a wooden post that was put there by Andy for that particular purpose.

"Now Andy, avick," says Mag, "we'll carry in the fish, an' troth, a fine load you've brought; you've had grand luck to-day; but come in at wanst, for the supper is waitin' for you."

"'Pon me word, 'twon't wait much longer if I can help it," says Andy; "for I'm as hungry as an ostrich, so we'll be trudgin' in the name o' goodness."

They started to go, but before they walked three steps Andy turned back.

"Wait awhile, Mag," says he, "I forgot something."

With that he tuk out three o' the fishes an' went back to "the Grassy Hollow," where he put them on a small ledge o' moss-covered rock, forninst the boat. Mag stood watchin' every move, and opened her eyes wid wonder at Andy's strange behavior.

"What d'ye mane by lavin' them three fishes behind you," says she.

"Bekase it's the wish o' the good May Fairy," says Andy.

"Save us from harm! is your senses lavin' ye?" says she.

"Tare o' war," says Andy; "I never seen the likes o' you; ye want to know everything."

"An' who has a better right?" says Mag.

"No wan," says Andy; "so we'll dhrop the discoorse."

"We'll not dhrop it till you tell me why them three beautiful fishes are left behind," says Mag.

"Beautiful! why as to their value, I wouldn't give a puff o' tobacco smoke; besides, there's plenty more where they kem from. Yes, faix, there's as good fish in the Suir as ever was cotch," says Andy.

"That's no answer to my question," says Mag. "Who is this good May Fairy you spoke of, that has such a wish for the three fishes."

"You bate Bannagher, for pryin' into sacrets, Mag; so listen," says he, "and I'll tell ye what I never told a livin' bein' before. Them three fishes will be a safeguard for the May Fairy agin' the white shark, that appears three times in the year in these wathers."

"D'ye often see this May Fairy?" says Mag.

"Not often; very few have that privilege; howsomever, as this is the first of May, it's wan o' the few days she can be called on by them that doesn't forget to present his May gift. Would you like to see her?"

"I would, Andy, if she's a good fairy."

"She's a picture to look at, an' as good as she's beautiful," says Andy.

"But now I'll give the signal," says he, spakin' at the same time at the mouth o' "the Grassy Hollow," in a soft voice, this rhyme:

"I've brought ye the fishes
Fresh caught from the say;
All I ask is good wishes,
Sweet Fairy of May."

Well, at that minit a flood o' moonlight fell in streams over "the Grassy Hollow," and the May Fairy stood in the middle, and a purtier fairy, I'm towld, couldn't be seen in Ireland, than the same bright fairy. At the sight of her Mag began to tremble and shake like a lafe.

"Don't be in dread," says the fairy; "your husband has kept his promise to the May Fairy, and I never forget a kind action; come with me."

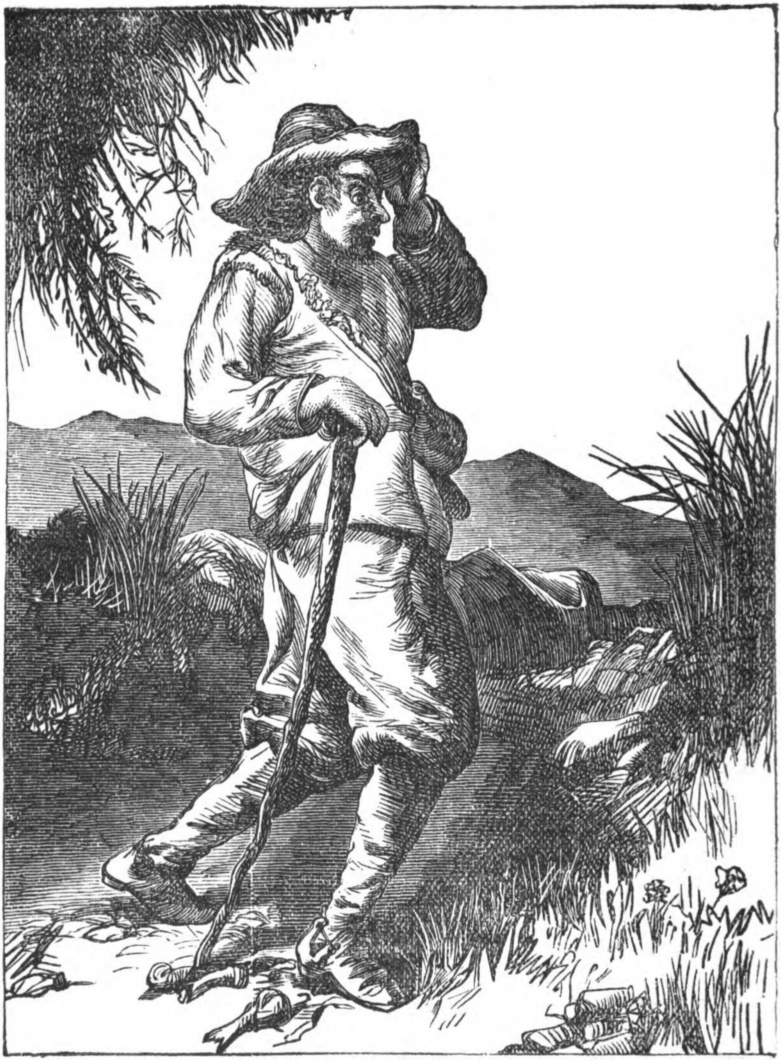
An' she took up the gift from the moss-covered ledge, and carried them in her delicate hands, as she led the way through a pleasant, shady grove, a spot which Andy or Mag never remembered to have seen before; an' at the end o' the grove was a lovely little house, built of leaves, moss, rushes, and brambles. The door and windows, and even the roof and chimney wor all formed out o' the same material. There was no stone, or wood, or straw in the making of it; and all the sweet posies you could mention was seen to grow inside and outside: *inside* on the ceilin', on the flure, on the walls, and on the windows. You could faist your eyes for a week on the variety o' flowers. *Outside* was the same: back, front, sides, roof, and chimney.

Troth, if you wor in need of a nosegay for your buttonhole, you wouldn't have to travel far, if ye happened to be near the habitation o' the May Fairy.

As soon as she entered her little green palace, she at wanst took down from a leafy shelf two flower-pots, med out o' the greenest holly, ivy, and moss combined. Out o' one o' the flower pots grew the purest lilies ever seen, and out o' the other a bloomin' red rose.

"Listen," says she; "though I am a fairy, I have no power to give you wealth or grandeur, but maybe I can give what will plaze ye just as well; here is a flower apiece for you. I'll give you the lily, " says she to Mag, "and to you the rose," says she to Andy. "Keep them in your own home, sprinkle them with fresh spring-water, on the first May-day of each year. Three drops on each flower will preserve them until the first May-day of the next year. If you obey me, I can promise what is of more avail than earthly riches, and that is health, contentment, and long years. "An' now farewell!" says she. "Remember to sprinkle the lily and rose, as I told you, and they will never wither, neither will your love for one another fade, nor will want ever cross your door-step."

Andy and Mag went home wid lighter hearts, an' before sittin' down to supper got some pure spring water an' sprinkled the lily and rose. Both lived to see their light-hearted grandchildren sittin' around their fireside, an' while he lived, he never forgot to put his May day gift on the moss-covered ledge o' "the Grassy Hollow."



The Sumachaun.

Ulick Regan was looked upon as the civilest-spoken and mildest mannered boy in Carrick-Beg; he had a kind word for everybody, man, woman, or child, and if any o' the roguish gossoons ever played him a scurvy trick, he'd no more think o' gettin' vexed over it, than he would o' flyin' over the top o' Slieve-na-mon; and because he was so asy goin', some thought him half witted; so, he was nick-named the Sumachaun. Ulick was the only support of a poor widow, and, indeed, he hadn't the strength to do a dale o' work, still, he was very willin' and did his best; but all the poor fellow could do was hardly sufficient to keep the pot bilin'.

So that one bright mornin' in the month o' June he got downhearted entirely, and med up his mind to do what he often threatened to do before, and that was to set out and seek his fortune.

"Mother," says he, "my mind's med up."

"What for? Ulick, ahagor?" says his mother.

"What I towld ye about yesterday."

"Oh! my gra-bawn, are ye in airnest?"

"I am, mother."

"And when, darlin'?"

"This blessed mornin'; I've delayed too long; it makes my heart bleed to see an empty cupboard, an' the mother that reared me, in want, while there's plenty in the land; so as I can't earn a livin' here, the world's wide, an' I mane to go where I'll be able to get enough to keep you comfortable in your owld age."

"Oh! Ulick, core o' my heart, my only one, and must we part like this? Can't ye wait a while longer, alanna? and who knows but the times might mend."

"Don't fret, mammy," says Ulick; "it'll not be long before I'm back, so give me your blessin' in the name o' goodness, and then throw your owld shoe afther me for good luck."

After gettin' his mother's blessin' he was soon on the high road; he walked the whole day, and a scorchin' hot day it was. The sun was just sinkin' behind the peaks o' Slieve-na-mon, when he got to a farm-house, where he stopped; the farmer gave him a good supper and bed for the night.

The farmer and his family wor dacent, charitable people; but there was one among them, a little dark-eyed Spidogue, a cripple, that was kept there more out o' pity for his misfortune than for any good that was in him; he had a great halt in his gait and was called Limpin' Looram.

Well, sir, this bucko used to throw cowld water on every sport an' pastime that went on; he was full of impish thricks; the farmer himself, that was so kind to him, didn't escape his roguery; even wid the childhren, if he was playin' a game at pins and buttons wid them, he'd be chatin' the whole time, and he'd laugh till ye'd think he'd go into fits, tellin' how he sowld an owld horse at the fair for a young one, and how he sowld layers o' bad butther undher the good, and how he sowld musty eggs for fresh ones.

So I can tell ye, when Ulick started for the road next day, he left the house with a mighty poor opinion o' Limpin' Looram

Ulick managed purty well all that day, for he had a couple o' griddle cakes wid a lump of butther, and plenty of good spring wather along the road.

Late in the evenin' he came to a common, and in the middle o' the common was a big pile o' gray stones, overgrown with furze bushes, and brambles, an' the like; as soon as he got up to the pile o' stones, he was glad and surprised at the same time to see a dwellin'-house, a cow-house, a goat-house, and a pig-stye, all scooped out o' the rock, and the cows wor goin' to the byre, an' goats into their house, because it was late in the evenin'.

Ulick then med his way to the dwellin'-house, where a very comely owld woman was leaning over the half door, watchin' the pigs that wor feedin' outside. Ulick bid her the time o' the evenin', and she returned the compliment, and towld him if he wished for a night's rest, he was welkim.

Ulick was thankful, so he went in an' sat down with a good appetite and enjoyed a hearty male; after supper he was offered fair wages, if he'd stop an' look after the live stock an' the little plot o' potatoes an' corn that was sown.

So he agreed to thry a quarther, and he never spent three pleasanter months in his life before; he looked afther twelve goats, and the sheep, an' all the cattle, reaped the little plot o' corn, and weeded the potato drills.

His mistress an' himself never had one cross word; at last his quarther came to an end, an' he made up his mind to pay a visit to his mother, an' he was offered the chance to come back for another quarther if he liked.

" Here's the wages I'll give ye," says she, handin' him an owld sieve with several holes worn in it, big enough to put two o' your fingers through.

" Don't use it," says she, " till you're safe at home in your mother's house, then throw a fist full of oats into it, an' shake it over the table three times."

Ulick knew the woman had a good heart, an' took away the sieve as contented as if he got twenty pounds.

On his way home, he stopped at the farmer's house as before, and he was asked ever so many questions, chiefly about his wages; and he was such a simple-minded boy that the least child in the house was able to place the *comether* on him, so he towld them the only wages he received for his quarther was the owld worn-out sieve.

"Och, but your'e the big Sumachaun," says Limpin' Looram. "Bring it up to the table here till we have a peep at it."

"Bring me a fistful of oats," says Ulick; the oats was brought, which he put into the sieve; he then gave it three rattlin' shakes, when, lo and behold! what should fall out of it but a shower o' yellow guineas, enough, faix, to cover the table.

Well, man alive! The childher wor delighted, an' the farmer and his wife didn't know what to think of it. But Limpin' Looram had his little ferrit eyes fixed on Ulick for the rest o' the evenin', for he watched every movement when the sieve was shook. Ulick thought that three shakes was enough for one night, so he sweeps every guinea into his hat, an' makes a present of them to the farmer's wife in return for her kindness to him.

All paid the highest respect to him for the rest o' the night, barrin' the cripple Limpin' Looram; he was such a bitther pill, he could never forgive any one he thought to be cleverer than himself; he had a wicked twinkle in his eye, as much as to say: "I'll outwit ye yet, my fine fellow, as smart as ye think yourself."

When Ulick felt drowsy he asked to be allowed to sleep in the barn, but the farmer would not hear o' that; they gev him the best feather bed in the house, an' for fear o' losin' the owld sieve, it was put undher his pillow for safe-keepin'.

After breakfast the next mornin' they filled his pockets with warm griddle cakes an' fresh butther, an' he set off once more, with a light heart, for his mother's house.

When he got home his mother was so overjoyed, she could hardly find words to spake; however, when the welkim and kissing was over, she says:

"Ulick, asthore, did ye bring anything home with ye?"

"Indeed, I did mother, here's an owld sieve that'll make our fortunes."

"A sieve, is it Ulick? Musha, what great value would there be in a sieve, dear, if it was the best in Ireland?"

"You'll see, mother, afther I put a fist full of oats in it." Well, he got some oats and put a handful into the sieve, shook it three times as he was towld, but this time the oats all kem out through the big holes, but sorrow sign of a guinea; poor Ulick shook away at the sieve till he was black in the face, but wasn't a farthin' the richer for it.

"Ulick, my poor fellow," says his mother, "you wor simple before you went to thravel, an' you're not much wiser afther it."

"Mother," says Ulick, "I was thricked, but I'll thry my fortune again."

Off he went on his travels, and put up once more at the farm-house, where he towld how the sieve refused to work for him at his mother's. The farmer and his wife felt surprised, for they wor honest people, an' wanted to pay him back every guinea; but Ulick had too much honor, once he med a present, to take it back again.

The next day he returned to his owld misthress an' towld her what had happened to him.

"Why didn't you take my advice," says she, "an' not thry the sieve till you got home. The sieve at your mother's is not the one I gave you."

"Oh!" said Ulick. "And d'ye think the people that lodged an' fed me would be guilty o' such a mane act?"

"No help for misfortune, Ulick," says she; "so go to work, an' we'll see what luck's in store for ye the next quarther."

He worked away, and the cows, and sheep, and goats were plazed to see him again, for he was always kind to them, an' the owld lady at the end of the next quarther popped him off once more to his mother.

"Here," says she, "is a pepper-box; don't use it till you get home, an' then take it by the handle and hit the table three times with it, an' say, 'Pepper-box, wait on the people.' An' if you're not astonished, I'm not spakin' to you."

Ulick was on the road home again, and called at the farm-house for a night's lodgin', an' took care for a long time not to show his threasure; but they gave him no peace, till at last he was forced to show the pepper-box, an' 'twas then, Limpin' Looram began to grin at him, an' ridicule him to his heart's content. Even the childher began to take poor Ulick for a rale Sumachaun, when they heard that he worked three months for a shabby little pepper-box.

He was gettin' such a heart scaldin', that, at last, out of bravery, he hit the table three times with his gift, sayin': "Pepper-box, wait on the people."

Well, in one minit the table wasl oaded with every luxury, in the shape of aitin' an' dhrinkin'; with goold an' silver plates, jugs and bowls; every delicacy you could think of was spread before them.

Ulick made them all set to, an' ait their fill; after supper he made the woman o' the house put the goold an' silver vessels in her own cupboard. He got the same feather-bed to sleep on, an' left his pepper box on a chair near the head o' his bed.

The next day, when he got home, his mother laughed at him, when she found the pepper-box would do no more for him than the sieve.

For the third time he set out, and when he got to the farm-house, an' towld them his throuble, the farmer nor his wife couldn't account for it, but offered to give him the gold and silver vessels to carry home, but Ulick was too proud to take them; so he went back in low spirits to his owld misthress, undher the bushy rocks.

"Ulick," says she, "I'm afeerd I can do nothing for you, nor for any one else that can't say *no*, nor stand a jest; I have only one more gift left, an' that's not much. Such as it is, you're welkim to it. It's this owld blackthorn, and whenever ye say, 'Stick, bate the rogue,' you'll see something you didn't expect. Now go, you're always welkim to come back to me, but I'll give you no more wondherful presents; I'll give you just five pounds a quarther, as long as you stay here; but first go back and try your luck once more."

Ulick got lodgin' at the farmer's that night, but tuk no care to hide his stick. Limpin' Looram had his evil eye on it, an' tuk it in his fist to examine it, but could find nothing to praise in it; he said there wasn't weight enough in it to kill a good-sized fly, indeed, none o' the family appeared to set much value on it.

"Well," says Ulick, "I showed yez the vartue o' my other gifts; so I can't do less than show yez the vartue o' this. 'Stick, bate the rogue.'"

Whoo! powdhers o' war! the words wor no sooner out of his mouth, than the blackthorn slipped through his fingers as lively as a fresh-caught eel, an' began skelpin' away at the back-bone o' Limpin' Looram, an' the cripple was as lively on his pins as the stick, for up he darts like a sky-rocket, an' the stick afther him, weltin' away at his legs an' arms, till he had him like a jumpin'-jack hoppin' around the room like a duck round a daisy; at last out flies the cripple through the open door, an' the stick still leatherin' away at him without mercy; an' the whole house all the while lookin' on, at last they nearly go into convulsions wid the laughin' at the antics cut by the magical stick. Back comes poor Looram, wid Ulick's sieve in his hand, and gives it to its owner.

"Oh! stop this murdherin' stick," says he, "for I haven't a whole bone in my skin."

"Stick, will that do?" says Ulick.

But the stick paid no heed to the question, but kept up a continual shower o' blows on Looram's body, harder an' quicker than before.

"Oh, Ulick, Ulick, avick, stop it," cried the cripple, roarin' like a bull, at the same time pulling out the precious pepper-box from his pocket and giving it to Ulick. "Murdher alive!" says he, "will ye stop it before I'm a corpse?"

Well, sir, when the stolen gifts were restored, the stick stopped like a shot at Ulick's biddin'.

His mother was delighted, when he got home that night, after she witnessed the vartue of each gift. He got married shortly afther, and used to ride in his own coach, with his family beside him, an' you may be sure that after his rise in the world none of his boyish acquaintances was ever bowld enough to call him by his owld nickname o' the Sumachaun.

Her Gra Bawn.

"Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the strangers' heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made;
But tho' their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic's foam,
With true men, like you men,
Their spirit's still at home.
Irish Ballad.

DANNY Connelly was a bright-eyed, yellow-haired boy of fourteen; he was the main support of his widowed mother; they occupied rooms in an old-fashioned, overcrowded tenement-house east of Third Avenue.

Danny was employed in an uptown factory situated near the East River, and received four dollars a week for making himself generally useful.

He was possessed of a cheerful disposition, was willing, obliging, and attended to his duties, so that in the course of a very short time the light-hearted Irish boy had won for himself the esteem of most of his fellow-workers. At the period of which we write, Danny and his mother were but six months in the country. A more dutiful son to a mother never breathed; in fact, he was his doting mother's Gra Bawn—or, white-haired darling, as she fondly termed him in her native tongue. Notwithstanding their improved circumstances in the free land of their adoption, the mountains, streams, and vales of their own green island were stamped so indelibly on their memory, that they would frequently and touchingly refer to their old home beyond the seas, with its whitewashed walls, and mantle of fragrant honeysuckle, and from which, owing to the ruthlessness of Irish landlordism, they had been mercilessly ejected.

Danny had received a fair education in the national school of his native parish, in the County Mayo. He was an ardent lover of the poetry of his fatherland, and when in a thoughtful mood would sometimes show that he had a strain of the Muse in him. He had been but a few months in the city of New York when he recited the following offshoot of his youthful fancy to his loving mother, and a more willing or appreciative auditor he could not have chosen.

WHERE THE HONEYSUCKLES TWINED.

"Oh, Danny, jewel! in spite o' me
  My thoughts keep flyin' back
To our little cot in sweet Mayo,
  Which long has gone to wrack."
Och mother, I'm the same myself,
  'Twill never leave my mind,
That little whitewashed cottage
  Where the honeysuckles twined.

"I thought when in America
  We'd soon get reconciled
To this big land o' freedom,
  When fortune on us smiled:
Yet I'd not accept a palace,
  Tho' with diamonds it was lined,
For that little whitewashed cottage
  Where the honeysuckles twined."

"Och, Danny, my own gra bawn," exclaimed his mother, "but that is beautiful, and all out o' your own head, too, mavourneen. Well, well, think o' that; troth, Danny, I may well be proud of you. Sure, I can shut my eyes while I listen to you, and see the purty cottage you were born in as it looked before your poor father left us for a better world. Yes, indeed, jewel, there's hardly a blade o' grass that grew within miles of it that doesn't rise up before me, lookin' just as green this blessed minit as in the pleasant summer days that have passed. Tell me, dear, did ye mention in your poetry any more o' the lovely owld spots?"

"I did, mother. Just listen awhile, and I'll let you hear all I've scribbled about them."

"I'm thinking of the round tower,
We'll never see again—
The mountain stream, the fairy rath,
The ruin by the glen;
The ivy-covered abbey gray,
Where relics are enshrined,
Near the little whitewashed cottage
Where the honeysuckles twined.

"No more we'll tread that green spot
Where my father is at rest,
Beside the parish chapel,
With the turf above his breast.
But in dreams, my darling mother,
There myself I often find,
'Tis a stone's throw from that cottage
Where the honeysuckles twined."

One Monday morning, about a fortnight subsequent to the interview which took place between mother and son, as described above, Danny Connelly happened to oversleep himself. The reason of this was that his mother, who on the previous night had entertained a few friends, forgot to set the small alarm clock, which she was in the habit of placing on a table near the head of her son's bed after he had retired for the night. This simple omission caused Danny to sleep an hour beyond his customary time.

"Dear me, was there ever such a stupid owld woman!" she cried, as she bustled about the room. "Wisha, then, it's the first time I ever missed winding the clock before. Your breakfast is ready, my gra bawn, but I'm afeerd 'tis too late. Whist! Yes, 'tis too late, avick! for there goes the factory whistle."

"Don't be exciting yourself, mother," said Danny. "I'll have to lose a quarter, and go to work at 9 o'clock. I'm sure, the foreman wont say a word to me, for it will be the first time I've lost since I went to the factory."

"Troth, Danny, jewel, I am sorry now we sat up so late last night listenin' to owld Hester Hennessy's stories about the Banshee, an' good people, for I was troubled the whole night, with some mighty quare drames."

"And what did you drame about, mother?"

"About your father, rest his soul. I thought I could see him standin' on the little stone bridge over the stream, forninst the owld castle, and the moonlight appeared to fall upon the clear water, till it began to look for all the world like a golden foot-path across the stream from one bank to the other. There was a bluish mist around the figure of your father; his face was pale and mournful looking. He spoke, but his voice was as soft and tender as a woman's.

"Oh, Danny, my gra bawn! if I live to be as owld as the hills, I can never forget the sound of it; every word he spoke went straight to the core o' my heart. 'Mary,' says he to me, 'look after poor Danny; he is the only living tie you have left to console you in this world; watch over him well, machree, for there is great danger hanging over the darling boy's head.' I then tried to ask him the meaning of his words, but I wasn't able to move or spake a single word, for the mist and the moonlight and the bridge and the stream all disappeared with your father's spirit. It was then, Danny, that I started from my sleep, all of a sudden, an' heard your voice callin' me."

"Don't worry yourself about idle drames, mother."

"I won't, avick; but I wish to goodness, Danny, you had an easier situation, for I don't half like the thought of lettin' you go to that factory; 'tis such a dangerous place, an' if anything was to happen ye, my own gra bawn, I'd never be able to lift my head again."

"Is that what you're afraid of? then you needn't have the least anxiety on my account, for I believe there's no more danger in the factory, when one keeps his eyes open, than there is under this very roof. But, plaze goodness, I'll soon be big enough for a better place, where I'll be able to get more money, so that I can keep you snug and comfortable for the rest of your days."

"Ah, Danny, darling!" she exclaimed, "its me that should be the proud an' happy mother, and so I am, for no woman was ever blessed with a more thoughtful and dutiful son."

"That'll do, mother," said Danny, rising from the breakfast table and putting on his cap. "Whenever you begin to soother me like that I always think it's about time to be goin'. So mind yourself, mother darlin', until I see you again at dinner time. Good morning."

"Good mornin', my own gra bawn," said his mother, kissing him as he stood on the threshold of the door; and may your guardian angel watch over you and keep you safe from hurt or harm."

On reaching the factory Danny approached his foreman, who happened to be at the grindstone, sharpening a chisel, as the boy advanced. The foreman, who, by his tottering gait, appeared to be under the influence of liquor, turned from the grindstone, after putting an edge on the chisel, when suddenly he stumbled against a large bar of iron, and was in an attitude of falling head foremost towards the ponderous machinery, which was then in motion, when the quick eye of Danny realized at a glance the full extent of the danger, and without a single moment's hesitation, rushed at once to his assistance. In doing so, however, he overlooked the perilous situation in which he was about to thrust himself.

Having placed himself between the falling man and the wheels of the deadly machinery, he grasped the foreman firmly around the waist and succeeded, after a superhuman effort, in throwing him fully a yard beyond the reach of danger.

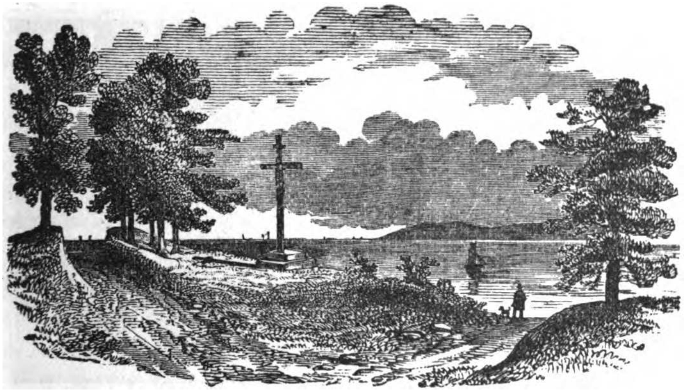
The foreman fell heavily to the ground—his life was saved—but oh! at what a terrible sacrifice.

In his heroic endeavor to save the life of a fellow-being, the lion-hearted Irish boy had exhausted his own strength. Breathless and excited, he reeled backward, and in an instant later was past all human help. His blouse was caught in the dreaded machinery. He was carried aloft—a fearful cry attracted the foreman and a group of the factory hands to the fatal spot. Danny's mangled form was immediately drawn out from between the belt and the wheel of the death-dealing machinery, and the fair-haired boy, who but a few moments before had parted from his idolized mother in the flower of youth and vigor, was now as cold and rigid as a block of marble.

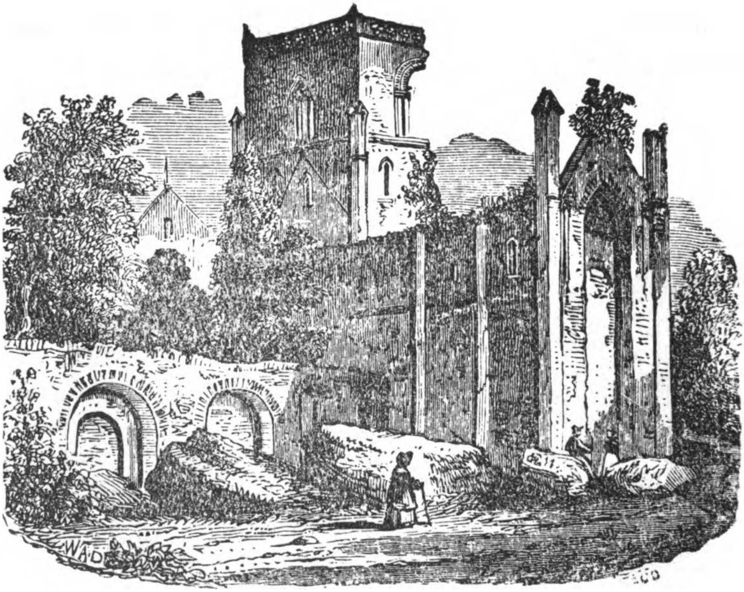
Every effort was made by the friends and relatives of the bereaved mother to soothe and console her in her desolation, but without effect. The parish priest, assisted by his flock, succeeded in raising for the heart-broken woman a large sum of money, and the factory owners presented her with a check for $500; but of what use was money to her now, since the pulse of her heart was gone?

"If I had all the goold in America," she would sorrowfully exclaim, "I could never lift up my head again. Sure, I towld the darlin' that, on the very last mornin' of his life, an' see how truly it has come to pass. No, I'll never again lift up my head, for my heart is lyin' in the cowld sod beside him."

No earthly wealth could compensate her for the loss she had sustained. She looked about in vain for her beloved Danny. Night and day his name was never out of her mouth. At the expiration of six months she at length found rest, far away from the verdant mountains of Mayo, in the grave that contained her own gra bawn.



The Hag's Bed.



"O ! how beauteous to roam by old Funcheon's green side,
When the azure skies mirror their hues in its tide,
And dwell on the charms that rapture the sight,
Like visions of Edenland, radiant and bright."—*Geary.*

The picturesque village of Glanworth is pleasantly situated on the swift-flowing Funcheon, in the County of Cork, about four miles from the town of Fermoy. The Funcheon is noted for its excellent salmon and trout. In a weird, lonely spot, a short distance from the river, is a celebrated rock, called the Hag's Bed. The legend is, that a certain old hag of fortune-telling proclivities had intrusted to her care from the day of its birth a lovely child, the scion of a noble house. According to tradition, she was in the habit of placing the child in the hollow of a goodly-sized rock on the verge of the Funcheon; the indented rock, it is supposed, was utilized for the babe in lieu of a cradle.

It happened one day that the fortune-teller left the child, whom she cherished with even more than a mother's love, in peaceful slumber, as she thought, while she went to gather some herbs along the river banks. But alas! when she returned, she discovered to her horror that the cradle-rock was empty. The darling babe, the apple of her eye, as she termed it, had found a grave beneath the shining waters of the Funcheon.

After the grief-stricken woman's outburst of lamentation had subsided, she was suddenly seized with a fit of uncontrollable fury, under the influence of which she tore the cradle-rock from its sandy bed as though it were a mere pebble, and with a mighty effort, which must indeed have been superhuman, flung it to the very spot where it can be seen to this day, which, we believe, is fully a mile from where she stood when she threw it.

We have been told that no boy or girl of Glanworth could ever be prevailed upon to pass the Hag's Bed after night-fall, with but one exception. Daniel the Broguemaker, as he was called, is said to have succeeded in passing safely through the ordeal of a nocturnal visit to the Hag's lonely abode. Daniel, who stood about five feet one in his stockings, was a sturdy, industrious little man. He was born, as he was wont to remark with a certain degree of pardonable pride, "under the three big trees o' Glanworth." This sweet spot was to him the flower-garden of Munster. Next to the three big trees it was Daniel's delight to expatiate upon the peculiar beauties of his beloved native stream. Nor is this so much to be wondered at, for the poet Spenser, in the seventh book of the "Fairy Queen," thus makes reference to the rapid Funcheon:

"So now her waves pass through a pleasant plain,
Till the Faunchin she herself do wed,
And both confined themselves in one fair river spread."

Daniel was the boot and shoe-maker of the village, but in plying his trade he did not confine himself to Glanworth—he was a frequent attendant with his stock at the "big market" of Fermoy. Each Saturday throughout the year is market-day at Fermoy, but the last Saturday of every month is known as the "big market."

And thither, with his kish-load of brogues strapped to his back like a knapsack, Daniel might be seen wending his way and humming a ditty of his own composition, the chorus of which was in substance as follows:

"Oh, the brightest place in Ireland
A sporting for to go,
For fun, delight, and element,
Is the Fermoy races, oh."

"How did I happen to visit the Hag's Bed after midnight?" he would say, when requested to relate the particulars of his adventure. "Oh," he would continue, after having indulged in a few whiffs of his well-seasoned pipe, "sure, it was only like a drame, after all, but, begorra, I must candidly admit there was a substantial reality at the end of it. As you know already, I'm a native o' Glanworth, the purtiest spot in the county. Yes, indeed, I first opened my eyes to the blessed light of day near the three big trees o' Glanworth, and I'm prouder of it than if I was born in the palace of a king. 'Tis true, I'm always hailed by the boys as Daniel, the brogue-maker, but I'm not ashamed o' my callin', for at the time I'm spakin' of there wasn't a pair o' feet from Glanworth to Fermoy that I didn't know the size of. Yes, in troth, I had customers comin' to me from Ballyhooly, from Labacally, and even from the Kilworth Hills.

"Of course, I am only a little man, but I'll go bail that when it comes to a pinch I have as much courage as many a bigger carbogue, that stands twice my height. But, as I said before, I knew the size of every fut in the surrounding parishes; that is, barrin' the feet o' Jemmy the Fool, as he was called, an' the reason o' that was, poor Jemmy was never known to wear shoes—he always travelled barefooted. He was as fleet as the wind, and could outrun the fastest mail coach, and a fine, handsome, well-built man he was. He stood exactly six feet two inches. He was welkim at the table or fireside of rich or poor; but though he was wake in the mind, poor fellow, he had a proud, independent spirit; he would never lift his hat to a rich man, or call him by his title. Young Edmund Burke Roche, who was afterward Lord Fermoy, was greatly attached to him, and often would have him sittin' beside him at his own table when he dined.

"Still, Jemmy would never cringe to him as a superior, but whenever they happened to meet his only words would be, 'Good morrow, Rochey.' Jemmy, though as bowld as a lion, had one wakeness—he couldn't bear to meet the shadow of a man after dark. If he chanced to be in Fermoy when night came on, sooner than face the road to Ballyhooly, where he lived in a cabin with his mother, he would wait till 12 o'clock, when he knew the road would be still and lonesome, and if he happened to hear a foot-fall on the road he would cry like a frightened child and dart in behind the hedges or climb to the top of the nearest tree, where he would often stay till daylight. But I'm wandherin' from my subject.

"One 'big market' day I was lucky enough to get rid of a whole kish-load o' brogues before half the day was over, and when my kish was empty I went over to settle with Joyce, the leather-merchant, where I was in the habit o' gettin' my stock on credit. In the coorse of my conversation at Joyce's I got talkin' about the boat-race that was soon to come off between the crew of Ballyhooly, that was patronized by the Listowels, and the Fermoy crew, that was backed by the Joyces. More betoken, young Master Joyce was away at that time, makin' preparations for the match. Well, at first I was strongly prejudiced in favor o' the Ballyhooly boys, on Lady Listowel's account, for a warmer-hearted woman, or a kinder one to the poor, never lived.

"But a brave tumbler or two of Joyce's nate punch changed my inclination in favor o' the Fermoy boys. When I got outside, the first friend I met was James Madden, and before we got as far as the Fermoy bridge, up comes young Master Joyce. After discoorsin' about things in general I got in with two or three owld cronies, and back we went into the town. Well, the fact is, that after payin' our respects to a few public houses in our rambles I began to feel purty light-spirited. I felt so gay at the time, that I tuck no notice of a shower o' rain that fell and ruined my new Glanworth hat. When I put it on that mornin' it was as black as jet, but begorra! after the shower it turned the color o' London smoke. I was never a man that was given to drink, but before I left Fermoy that evenin' I got a flask full o' mountain-dew to take home with me for a night-cap, and off I started, by way of

Castle Hyde graveyard, to avoid passin' the Hag's Bed; but no sooner did I reach the ivy walls of the owld buryin' ground than I heard a loud voice comin' from the top of a tall tree and callin' me by name.

"'Daniel! Daniel! Daniel!' says the voice.

"Begorra, that was enough for me; for, though I'm naturally a man of nerve, something came over me that made me tremble like an aspen lafe, and the next minit I fell down as flat as a flounder by the churchyard wall. How long I lay there I never knew, but when I came to my senses a tall man was standin' over me—the moonlight showed me his face at the time—and who should the man be but poor, simple-minded Jemmy. And when I looked up at him he tuck a fright an' scampered off like a hare along the road to Ballyhooly. When I was alone I revived myself with a few drops from the flask, and felt as brave as Mars—so much so, that I turned back an' faced the road that was a terror to the bowldest man in the county; and when I'd feel my spirits sinkin' I'd just put my lips to the flask, so that I could feel my courage risin' with every drop I tuck. To make a long story short, in less than an hour I found myself straight forninst the lonesome rock called the Hag's Bed.

"And as soon as my feet touched the ground within a yard o' the rock, a wrinkled, white-haired woman, with a pair of eyes shinin' like rowlin' diamonds, stood before me, and says to me: 'Who are you that has the courage to pass my abode at this time o' night?'

"After tellin' her my name, she inquired where I was born. 'Near the big trees o' Glanworth, ma'am,' says I. That answer seemed to plaze her. So she says to me again: 'Are you hungry, Daniel?' 'I am, ma'am,' says I. 'As hungry as an ostrich, for sorrow a morsel o' food I tasted since I set out from Glanworth this mornin'.'

"'But I see, Daniel,' says she, 'that you've tasted that which will prove your ruin unless you shun it as you would a plague.' I knew by that she was hinting at the mountain-dew. 'I'll take your advice,' says I, 'and from this blessed minit I'll never taste another drop.'

"'If you but live up to that promise you'll niver have cause to repent it,' says she, and after that she spread before me on the rock a banquet that an emperor might be proud of; but it would take me too long to describe the good things she prepared for me, so I'll bring my story to an end in as few words as I can. After biddin' me good night she says to me: 'Daniel, I'd like to reward you for your bravery. Would you like a trout or a salmon to take home with you?'

"'A salmon, ma'am,' says I, 'would be acceptable.'

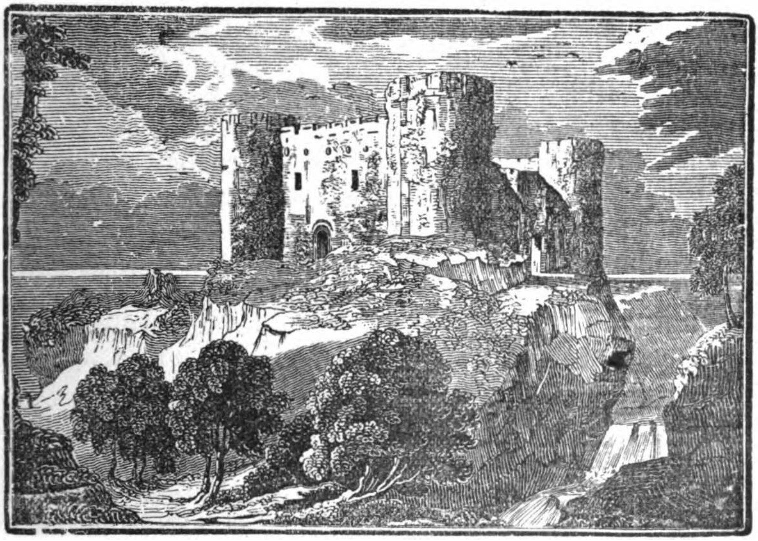
"'That's not a sufficient reward,' says she. 'I have it in my power to make you ketch a whale.'

"And before I could thank her I found myself floatin' on the Blackwater, but, begorra, what surprised me most was when I was forced to struggle for my life in the weir o' Fermoy with a big monster of a whale. So, instead o' ketchin' the whale, I learned to my sorrow that it was the whale that caught me.

"At last my strength gave out and I felt myself sinkin' under the waters. I knew no more until I awoke the next mornin' and found myself lyin' under the three big trees o' Glanworth, and there was my brogue-kish beside me. I looked into it, and what should I spy but a fine salmon, nearly as big as myself, that I bought at a bargain at the Fermoy market. It was brought over to Glanworth that mornin' on a donkey-car, and the driver, by way of a joke, left it beside me where I was lyin' under the three big trees o' Glanworth. No matter, I brought it into the house with me, and we had salmon enough to ait for a month after.

"Ever since that time, whenever I happen to meet with any o' the Fermoy boys, 'tis humbuggin' me they do be about the whale I caught after my visit to the Hag's Bed."

The Gold Seeker.



“By the boys of the village,
He often was fooled;
For, asleep or awake,
He was dreaming of goold.”—*Irish Ballad.*

IS it true? Troth it is, sir, just as true as that you're now saited forninst my fireside. 'Tis true I am an owlder man to-day than I was when the sportin' boys around used to be callin' me the goold-seeker. Yes, indeed, faix, that's the name they gave me, Danyeen, the Goold Seeker.

But light your pipe and make yourself comfortable, and I'll try and make it all as clear to you as I can. At the time I'm goin' to spake about, I didn't stick to one callin' alone. I was what some call Jack-of-all-trades. Besides a purty thatched cottage, I held four acres of as rich a piece of land as could be found near the green banks o' the Funcheon, and that's sayin' a great dale.

I was not only a farmer in a small way, but a hard-workin' shoemaker to boot, and in my leisure moments, when I wasn't cultivating my mind, I would make it my business to go out on my four acres and cultivate the cabbages. And finer cabbage—though I say it myself—you wouldn't see in a day's walk. Although I was an industrious man, I had one strong wakeness that stuck to me for a long while, though I got cured of it at last. That wakeness was a longing desire to dig for some o' the treasures which were supposed to be buried in the earth near some o' the owld ruined castles, especially the big Castle of Carrickabrick at Fermoy, that stands not far from the brink of a high rock overlooking the Blackwater.

Many a time in my boyish days did I make up my mind to get a pickaxe and spade and climb the high rock from the river-side, but something or other would whisper to me, sayin': "Danyeen, agra, don't attempt it for the world, if you value your life."

But in spite o' the warnin' I tuck courage at last and undertook the perilous exploit. And this is how it happened: One fine Summer's mornin' I made up my mind to pay a visit to the Fermoy market, and more betoken, it chanced to be a patthern day, when the boys and girls in their Sunday clothes, from the different parishes for miles around, were sure to be there. So I harnessed Ned the donkey to the car and set out with a load o' beautiful cabbages to earn an honest penny in the market. After driving at a spanking pace I got to Milk-market lane in Fermoy in about an hour's time, and just as I drew up before the door o' Clancy's public house, who should salute me but my owld friend, Pat Howe, who was returnin' that very mornin' from London.

The first words he spoke to me as soon as we'd exchanged greetings were:

"Danyeen, avick, I had a mighty curious drame last night."

"What did ye drame?" says I.

"I was dramin'," says he, "that I dug up a crock o' goold from under a white stone near the foot of Carrickabrick Castle."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when I stumbled against another croney o' mine, one Maurteen Cox. After giving me a hearty shake of the hand, he says to me:

"Last night I'd the strangest drame o' my life. I thought I found a mine o' yallow goold under a round white stone beside the Carrickabrick Castle."

"D'ye tell me that for a fact?" says I, not lettin' on that Pat Howe was after tellin' me of his drames, and in nearly the same words. Pat then threw me a knowing wink, as much as to say:

"Danyeen, don't be lettin' the cat out o' the bag."

Well, sir, before I had time to collect my wits I got a thwack on the shoulder from Young Dennehy, who was related to the owner o' the paper-mill. When I turned round he'd a smile on his face so bright that you might light your pipe with it.

"Danyeen, my boy," says he, "I experienced the pleasantest drame last night that a man could wish for. I fancied that I was the discoverer of a rale California goold mine, and where should it be but under a round white stone by Carrickabrick Castle. I then began to dig, and after ten minutes' hard work, what should meet my gaze but a big crock of goolden guineas."

"Are ye in earnest?" says I; but before I could spake another word Maurteen Cox gave me a quiet nudge in the ribs as a hint to keep my own counsel. So I shut my mouth an' kept as dumb as an oysther consarnin' the three wonderful drames, but for the life o' me I couldn't banish the idea from my mind, for they say it's lucky to drame three times about finding goold. Well, sir, with that I left Ned, the donkey, with the carload o' cabbages, outside, while I went into Clancy's public house with my three friends, and after we had a couple o' pints each of Beamish an' Crawford's porther, I promised Pat Howe to introduce him the next day to a friend o' mine at Glenabo' Cottage, and after takin' a parting drink with the landlord we left the house; but lo, and behold! when I got outside, neither Ned, the donkey, nor the car, nor a single head o' cabbage was to be seen.

I looked up and down Milk-market lane, but I might as well be lookin' for a needle in a bundle o' hay; but at last I was informed by the baker's boy that used to supply me with fine fresh rowls, that the donkey and car was dhriven to the pound for obstructing the public highway, for ye must know that that was the law in thim days—an' the owner o' the saized property, whoever he or she might be, was compelled to pay a small fine before their property was restored. For a wonder, I was short o' cash at the time, but Pat Howe, with his usual good nature, kem to my assistance, and clapped the required sum into my hand, and it wasn't long before I had the imprisoned cabbages released from durance vile; but I was surprised when I missed three o' the biggest heads, that I had carefully put on the top for show, and grand heads they were, for if they weighed an ounce I declare to you this minit they weighed 14 pounds apiece.

However, I bore my loss with the resignation of a philosopher, an' took my accustomed stand on Milk-market lane, an' to tell the truth, the prospects o' the market couldn't be brisker than on that very day. So, after my stock was entirely sowld, an' the cash safely in my pocket, I made my way to Mrs. Bowler's bakery, where I bought a loaf o' bread, and then called in at the dairy, where I sat down with a quart o' new milk and a pat o' fresh butter before me, and enjoyed a hearty male fit for an alderman.

While I was aitin' away, I began to cogitate to myself about the strange drames of the buried treasure near Carrickabrick Castle. "Begorra," says I to myself at last, "I'll visit the Castle this very night an' see the end of it, even if I have to risk my life in the attempt."

The resolution was no sooner made than I quitted the dairy, but when I got outside, Ned, the donkey, was nowhere to be found; that was the second time he disappeared from me in the one day. I searched high and low, but sorrow sign of him could I see. I was just giving up the hunt for him, when I was towld by a man from Tallow that if I wished to recover him I'd have to trudge over to the pound again. "Wish'd, then, ye thievin' donkey," says I to myself, "if this goes on much longer, all my profits will be spent in payin' fines." I had him released, however, an' put him up for the night at a respectable house of entertainment for man and baste, and then made up my mind to visit Carrickabrick Castle. So, without broachin' a word to any one, I went in search of a pick, spade, an' lanthern. From Milk-market lane I walked straight down the Mill road; after crossin' the first field I was soon within view of the owld paper mill, and after pickin' my steps over the plank that crossed the mill-race, as good luck would have it, the first livin' crature I met was young Jemmy Madden, a clever boy, that knew every hole an' corner o' the mill.

When I towld him what I wanted he lost no time in hunting up the necessary implements, an' in less than five minits I had a spade and pickaxe, a stable lanthern, and a coil of rope. The reason I tuck the rope was because I had to climb a rock by the Blackwater, about thirty feet high, before gettin' on a level with the castle grounds. Well, sir, back I went to the field with my mining tools under my arm, sayin' nothin', but smokin' my pipe and studyin' the stars until I got to the big rock overlookin' the river. I then tied the implements together, an' tuck the other end o' the rope in my hand and made my way up the best way I could. Some o' the footholds wor as slippery as glass, but I kept a tight howld by the crevices, for I knew that by one false move I'd be smashed to atoms. When I landed safe at the top o' the rock I pulled up the rope and untied the tools. I then sat down near the edge o' the rock to ketch my breath, when all at once my eye tuck in at a single glance the charmin' scene spread out before me.

There was the beautiful summer moon dancin' on the face o' the Blackwater. I could also see her bright bames fallin' over the glorious fields' o' yallow grain, and from the ruined castle behind my back I could hear the noise o' the bat, the owl, an' the jackdaws, that were goin' to roost for the night in the nooks and crannies o' the broken walls. Then I thought I could hear the strangest music comin' from the purty green grove, but I found out that it was only the light summer winds singin' their way through the trees. At last I rose up, lighted my lanthern, and set out like another Columbus on my voyage of discovery around the castle ruins. After gropin' my way for a few minits, what dy'e think tripped me up, but the round white stone mentioned in the quare drames o' my three friends. There it was, as plain as a pike-staff, beside a bit o' brushwood within about a yard o' Carrickabrick Castle.

So, without losin' a minit, I threw off my coat and to work I went. After diggin' for awhile my pick kem in contact with a substance that didn't seem to be as hard as a rock nor as soft as a sponge either. If you could see me that moment you'd be astonished, for I lepped sky-high, I was so full o' joy at the thought o' my good luck. When I kem to myself I threw away the pick an' began to shovel the loose soil from around the crock, as I thought it, but begorra, sir, 'twas only a common owld butther tub covered over at the top with musty owld newspapers. "Now for my goolden discovery," says I to myself as I tore off the paper cover. By the light o' the moon, an' my lanthern as well, I then took a peep at the precious treasure I thought was goin' to make a man o' me for life.

"What does this mane, at all?" says I. "I was always of the opinion that goold was yallow, but if my eyes doesn't decave me the contints of this tub has a greenish hue." It was then I put down my hands an' lifted up what the butther tub contained, an' what dy'e think I found for my trouble? Why, sir, nothing less than the three big heads o' cabbage that were taken out o' my car on Milk-market lane that very same mornin'.

'Twas then I began to find out I was the victim of a hoax. So I left the mining implements to take care o' themselves, showldered the butther tub with its cargo o' cabbages, left the castle by a short cut, an' after gettin' my donkey an' car, went straight home by way o' the Balinafana' road. In the coorse of a few days the whole sacret laked out. The three drames—the takin' o' the cabbages, and the poundin' o' the donkey—was nately planned that mornin' by Pat Howe and his friends Cox an' Dennehy; an' now you have the whole of it, for 'twas on account of that night's adventure that I got the name o' the Goold-Seeker.

Outwitted.

PEERY Costigan and his brother Ned lived in a certain part of Ireland which shall be nameless. They were bailiffs, and in their unpopular calling, by their ingenuity in serving writs, had won for themselves an unenviable notoriety. Their disguises were so numerous, and their plans so craftily arranged, that they usually succeeded in cases where nineteen out of twenty of the despicable fraternity to which they belonged would most certainly have failed. Their success was so great, indeed, that in the course of a few years they had amassed quite a considerable sum of filthy lucre; but the risk they ran was so great that they would often discuss between themselves the advisability of retiring from their profession and migrating to some other part of Ireland, where they could settle down and live peaceably for the remainder of their lives under an assumed name.

In fact, their services had at length proved so useful to the rackrenter and the absentee that they were enabled to command their own terms, and would never undertake a case under fifty pounds. Whenever an agrarian agitation occurs in Ireland it is not at all unusual—as many of our Irish readers will admit—to hear of the Dublin Castle authorities ordering the removal of the police from one district to another, just when they have been long enough in one locality to make themselves acquainted with its state and condition. At the period of which we are writing many fruitless attempts had been made to "serve" Redmund O'Daly, the resident magistrate of Bally——.

O'Daly was a man highly esteemed by his tenantry, for although he was steeped to the lips in debt and difficulty, he was never known to exact arrears from the distressed.

His creditors were so numerous that several efforts were made to serve him with writs as well as to arrest him. Indeed, so often was he threatened by the law-officers of the Crown that he gave the strictest orders to his faithful servant, Matt Coogan, to allow no man near the house unless he was known, with the exception of the police, whose uniform was a sufficient passport for their admittance to the lodge.

While O'Daly was in this dilemma it happened that the lifeless body of a bailiff was picked up near the strand by some fishermen; and as the bailiff was supposed to have been foully dealt with, many a hard-working, honest peasant boy had to sleep behind prison bars.

One evening nearly dusk a policeman, accompanied by a person who was evidently a prisoner, made his appearance and knocked at the door of O'Daly's residence.

O'Daly, on hearing the knock, immediately notified his servant, Matt Coogan, to be on his guard.

"Niver fear, sir," said Matt, as he opened the window somewhat cautiously, "when they sarve a paper on you, sir, without my knowledge, I'm thinking they'll have to ketch a weasel asleep. What d'ye want, Mister Policeman?" he asked, poking his head out of the window.

"I want Mr. O'Daly to back a warrant," answered the policeman. "It's about the bailiff's murdher, and I have a presner here on suspicion."

O'Daly, overhearing what was said, sent Matt back to tell the policeman to stand on the hall steps with the prisoner fast in custody, for he declared that there was no knowing but that the policeman himself might have been taken in, and the supposed murderer nothing but a rascally bailiff in disguise.

The policeman said that, as he was a mere stranger in the district, he had not been aware of Mr. O'Daly's dread of the bailiffs, but he pledged himself that he would not allow the prisoner to approach. O'Daly, having been thus reassured, came to the window.

"You're Misther Redmund O'Daly, the magistrate, I believe," said the policeman, giving a respectful salute.

"I am," replied Daly.

"Well, your worship," said the other, "the prisoner in my charge seems to correspond exactly to the description in "*the Hue and Cry*" of the bailiff's alleged murderer; an' I wish your worship to back a warrant, for I think we've nabbed the man we're lookin' for."

"You are one of the new policemen, I presume," said O'Daly.

"Yes, your worship. We only arrived in Bally— to-day, and, of coorse, as you happen to be the nearest magistrate, I felt in jooty bound to call on you."

"You did right," said O'Daly; "but, as for your prisoner, watch him well. You don't know what he may be. Here, Coogan, go and guard the prisoner for the policeman, and I'll back the warrant."

The prisoner appeared to be utterly dumbfounded when seized by Matt Coogan.

"Musha, then Matt, and is it you that's goin' to make a presner o' me too. Man alive, where's your uniform?" he cried. This was a staggerer for Coogan, for in the prisoner he recognized an old and valued friend.

"Blue murdher," he exclaimed, "an' is it my owld crony Mick Brannagan that's the presner? You, that wouldn't have the heart to kill a sparrow, much less a writ-sarvin' owld bailiff!"

"Yes, indeed, Matt; that big bosthoon of a new polisman dragged me away from the plough in the field, where I was sweatin' like a bull, thryin' to earn an honest crust, declarin' he had a warrant for my arrest. Ye see, this is the fruits o' the Coercion act as they call it. I'm a suspect, and indeed, 'tis a wondher he had dacincy to ax his worship to sign a warrant, for they can clap any one in jail, if we only look crooked." Meanwhile the policeman had approached the window, and after a few words on the all-absorbing topic of the murdered bailiff, with which he seemed to have been well acquainted, he handed up the warrant to O'Daly.

"That's the writ, your worship, a true copy, and here's the original. You're jooly sarved."

The words were no sooner spoken than the bogus policeman bounded down the avenue with the speed of a deer toward the lodge and immediately disappeared.

"It's Peery Costigan, the bailiff, as sure as I'm a livin' sinner," cried Matt, "and he's sarved the master with his dirty bit o' parchment in spite of all the care I tuk to guard him. Niver fear, but I'll be a match for the same Peery wan o' these days, as cute a fox as he thinks himself."

About one month after the foregoing piece of strategy had been so skilfully executed by the wily Peery, a wandering mountebank strolled into the town of Bally—, carrying a card-table, on which lay a pack of greasy cards, which he shuffled with great dexterity, challenging the country boys, as they came around him—for it happened to be the market-day—to try their luck for any sum from sixpence to a pound. A shrewd-looking countryman put down a shilling, and having cut for deal won it.

The game commenced, and it happened for some time that the countryman had fortune at his fingers' ends; he won almost every game, and from a shilling it rose to five shillings a game. When the owner of the table stopped and said he would play no more, the countryman insisted that he should go on. The bystanders supported the countryman, and with great reluctance the mountebank resumed the play. The countryman, already confident in his own run of luck, increased the stakes, but in the course of a little time fortune, as she frequently does, shifted to the other side. The countryman now became desperate, doubled the stakes, lost his coolness, and, of course, the natural result was, he lost his luck; in short, he was soon cleaned out. But so ungovernable became his temper, under the change of fortune, that on finding all his money gone—somewhat about ten pounds—he raised his fist and knocked the mountebank down.

Now it happened that there were a couple of policemen looking on all the while, but before they had time to interfere, the countryman struck his opponent three or four blows, by which the unfortunate mountebank was very severely cut, so much so, indeed, that the blood was flowing in torrents from his mouth and nose. The bystanders to a man were in sympathy with the countryman, for they believed him to have been wofully gulled by the expert manipulator of the cards.

The mountebank's table was torn to fragments, his cards flung into the street, and but for the timely interference of the police he would have been roughly handled. On seeing the policeman he immediately charged his brutal assailant and requested to be brought before a magistrate.

The policeman, having witnessed the assault, could not refuse to take the countryman in charge, and in consequence both were brought to the nearest magistrate, which, of course, was Redmund O'Daly.

"Mulligan," said O'Daly to the policeman, whom he happened to know by name, "you know my situation and must know how I've been tricked by affairs of this nature before. Keep those two men outside till I hear the whole circumstance."

"It's a gambling affair, your Worship," said Mulligan.

"Who is the plaintiff?" inquired O'Daly from the window.

"I am, sir," cried the mountebank.

"What is your charge?"

"What is my charge? look at my face, an 'twill spake for itself—look at my head an' my cut lip; look at my poor nose—this schamin' vagabone, your Worship, won my money till he left me with but five shillin's. I then wanted to stop, but he threatened to bate me if I wouldn't play on. So I played again and won. It was then he got mad and began to skull-drag an' abuse me till he disfigured my beauty, as you see, sir."

"What have you to say to this?" said O'Daly, addressing the countryman.

"It was foul play o' the chatin' rogue," answered the countryman, as he continued, with a shrug: "Can ye deny it, ye swindlin' sleveen, that you renagued the ace o' hearts to my five fingers?"

"I deny it," roared the mountebank; "'tis your own case you're tellin'."

"Didn't I win the last thrick?" cried the countryman, "when you wor down for 25 shillin's, with my Brian the Bowld?"

"Don't believe him, your Worship," said the mountebank; "he hadn't such a card in his hand."

"It's the truth I'm tellin', your Honor," shouted the countryman. "I had Brian the Bowld in my hand, an' can prove it before any judge in Ireland Yes, sir, that was the card I had—Brian the Bowld."

"What do you mean, my good fellow," asked O'Daly, "when you say you had Brian the Bold?"

"Brian the Bowld, sir," replied the countryman, "was an ancient Irish king. Brian Boroo was his name. Well, your honor, the noble Brian circumvented the Danes at the great battle o' Clontarf, and after batin' them into smithereens dhruv them into the river Tolka. Indeed, sir, if you should ever chance to read it, you'll find it one of the grandest pages in Irish history. But if you wish to see his picture, sir —an', troth, a purty wan it is, and as natural as life, and I can tell by the twinkle o' your eye that you're no bad judge o' such things when they're well done, and this wan, though I say it myself, couldn't be nater if it kem from the hands o' one o' the owld masters—but you can judge for yourself. There, sir, take it in your own honest hand and give me your opinion of it. That's Brian the Bowld," he added, after he had placed a printed paper in the hands of O'Daly. "You'll find it a true copy—this is the original. Come, Ned," he cried to the supposed mountebank; "stir yourself, the horses are waitin' for us outside."

And before O'Daly had time to realize the trick, the scheming bailiffs dashed down the hall steps, but ere they had reached the lodge they found themselves surrounded by half a dozen sturdy farm laborers, with Matt Coogan at their head.

"Ha! ha! my buckoes; I've bagged my game at last," exclaimed Matt. "I knew I wasn't far out when I spied yez in the market place a while ago; so I've come prepared to give ye both a warm reception; —here, boys," he added, addressing the farm hands, "take this rope and give them enough of it, an' who knows but they'll save the county a big expense by hanging themselves with it. Fasten them tight on one horse's back, and I'll mount the other and superintend the good work."

Matt's orders were no sooner given than acted upon by his trusty lieutenants. In a very few moments the brothers Costigan were firmly strapped to one of their own animals. Coogan occupied the saddle of the other, and, with whip in hand, rode up and down, giving directions to the farm hands, which were followed out to the letter. The bailiffs, who were tied back to back, found themselves utterly helpless and unable to offer the slightest resistance. At length, Matt having applied his whip somewhat vigorously to the flanks of his enemies' steed, the animal started off at a spanking pace, and was soon flying down glen and rocky pass, over stile and moorland, with the redoubtable Matt Coogan following in hot pursuit, until at last the bailiff's horse was compelled to stop short, almost buried to the neck in a soft bog.

"An' there I left the pair o' thievin' pilgarlics," remarked Matt, "up to their chins, until nearly nightfall, when, out o' charity, I tuk a few o' the tenanthry with me and dug them out, and a purty sight they looked, both men and baste."

All we have to add, is, that Redmund O'Daly, after a few prosperous seasons, was enabled to set himself straight with his creditors.

The celebrity of the Costigan brothers made the province rather too hot to hold them. Consequently, for the good of their own health, and the neighborhood in general, they were obliged, with their ill-earned gains, to migrate to certain parts unknown.

The Highest Penny.

LITTLE Mickey Hickey was a soft, harmless, innocent bouchal, that anybody could impose upon, yet he was of such a cheerful disposition, that no matter how often he was tricked, he would never lose his temper. He was his mother's only child, an' she felt as proud of him as if he was a born prince, and a more dutiful son to a mother couldn't be found from Cork to the Giant's Causeway than the same little Mickey Hickey. They had only a half acre to live on, and they wor compelled to work late an' early to make both ends meet. Of coorse, they had their little annoyances to put up with, the same as the rest of us, but whatever trials came over them, it never appeared to interfere with their naturally happy and contented minds. They wor always the picture o' good health, and no matter what calamity might threaten them, they would never allow it to disturb their rest at night.

One bright mornin' in June, Mrs. Hickey sent her son to the Market o' Kilfinane to sell a basket of eggs, as she happened to be a few shillin's short that day in the rent, an' indeed she had a crabbed owld hunks of a landlord to dale with. If a tenant happened to be one shillin' behind hand he'd think no more o' throwin' a whole family out on the roadside, bag an' baggage, than he would of sittin' down to his breakfast.

"Ask half a guinea for them, Mickey, agra," says his mother; "if you can't get that, why, sooner than have any cross words over them, you may let them go for a song."

Well, when he got to the market place, he stood there nearly an hour before any bidders showed their noses. At last one says, "I'll give you five shillin's for them. Ye may take it or lave it."

"No," says Mick. "Half a guinea is the price, if you're willin' to give that you may take them."

"Then I'm afeerd, my fine fellow, if you stick out for that price you'll have to take them back wid ye to Glenbrohane, where ye came from."

"I'll give you seven shillin's," says another.

"I can't sell them for that," says Mickey, "an' sooner than have any more cross-hacklin' over them I'll give them away for an owld song."

"Then I'm your man," said a dhawny bit of a gossoon not the height of my knee, an' away he started to sing just as sprithely as ye plaze:

"There was a little bird,
A merry little bird,
And a merry little bird was he;

He sang his little song
All the summer day long
On the branch of a sycamore tree."

"Troth, then, you're the man for my money," says Mickey. And what should he do, d'ye think, but hand over the basket of eggs to the little rogue that was only humbuggin' him, and away he whips home to his mother in Glenbrohane as quick as he could thrudge.

"Mickey, allanna," says his mother, after hearin' of his unprofitable bargain, "I don't want to get vexed with you. What you did, I suppose, you thought was for the best; but try, darlin', an' keep your eyes open the next time."

Another mornin' he was sent off with a fine rowl o' fresh butther.

"Whatever you do, Mickey," says his mother, "don't let that rowl o' beautiful butther under three and sixpence, for I'm sorely pressed for money."

"Never fear, mother dear, I'll not let it go under the price ye tell me."

He wasn't many minutes in the market place when a customer walked over to him.

"What's the price of your butther, young man?" says he.

"Three an' sixpence, sir," says Mickey.

"I think half a crown ought to pay ye well enough for it," says the man.

"No, sir;" says Mickey, "I got ordhers from my mother not to let it go under three an' sixpence."

"This gom is as green as a leek," says the other to himself; for he was what you might call a Jackeen, an' too sharp entirely for little Mickey. "So your mother bid ye not to let it go under three an' sixpence?"

"That's just exactly what she towld me, sir, and I niver disobeyed her yet."

"I think I can bridge a way for you over that difficulty," says the Jackeen, an' with that he slips a half-crown piece in the palm of his left hand, an' puts a shilling on the face of it. "There's three and a six," says he, holdin' the money down as low as he could raich. "Now do you howld the butther up as high as your showldher an' put it over into my right hand, then we'll cry quits, an' consider the bargain saled."

Of coorse, Mickey, the poor innocent craythur, didn't suspect any double dalin', for he judged every one to be as honest as himself. So he did as the rogue towld him, an' handed over the butther.

"Now," says the Jackeen, after puttin' the three an' sixpence back into his pocket, "I'll be biddin' ye good mornin'. I am proud o' my bargain, an' whenever you have any more butter to sell at the same price, you'll always find a customer in me, for I'm mighty fond o' dalin' with business people like you, that knows what's what." With that the thief stuck his tongue in his cheek and went off with the butter, laffin' in his sleeve.

"Come back here a minit," says Mickey, callin' after him.

"Well, what can I do for ye," says the Jackeen, turnin' an' tryin' to look serious.

"What am I to say to my mother. I got strict orders not to let the butter go under three an' sixpence."

"Well, ain't ye after fulfillin' your ordhers like a jootiful son? Ye did'nt give it to me undher, but over, the money, for wasn't my hand down as low as I could possibly howld it, when you handed me the butther over the money?"

"Oh, I see what ye mane now," says Mickey, "an' my mind is aisier."

He then made his way back to Glenbrohane with pockets just as light as when he left the cabin that mornin.'

When his mother heard how he was chated out o' the butther by the sly Jackeen, wan would naturally imagine that she would fly into a rage, and scold an' bate him. But she did nothing of the sort; instead o' giving him the stick as some mothers do, she raisoned with him mildly an' softly, an' cautioned him to be on his guard the next time.

A short time after that she had a fine fat goose ready for him to take to Kilfinane market. Before setting out she says to him: "Mickey, my gra bawn, we wor never so pinched for money before. The goose you're takin' to market is worth seven shillin's at the very lowest calculation, so try your best, my jewel, to get the highest penny in the market for it." When he left Glenbrohane it was a glorious mornin'; the sun was just then beginnin' to light up the ridge o' the mountains; the birds were singin' on the hedges, and the strame that was runnin' over the rocks in a little valley joined in the chorus, an' mighty purty music it was to listen to in the early part of a summer's morning.

But Mickey Hickey didn't loiter a dale to enjoy the beauty o' the scene. His thoughts were too much occupied with the goose he had to dispose of for the highest penny in the market.

He wasn't a great while in Kilfinane before he had dozens comin' to admire the goose. The bids offered for it varied from half a crown to six shillin's; however, he refused all offers an' stuck out manfully for the higest penny, accordin' to his mother's directions.

"Will ye let it go for six an' six?" says one bidder that had no notion o' buyin' it.

"I'll not part wid it, as I said before, till I get the highest penny in the market."

"Then I'll accommodate ye," says a shrewd-lookin' man, goin' over to a hay-stack that stood forninst the market-house, an' takin' a very high ladder that was restin' against it. After settin' the ladder to suit himself he climbed up to the top rung an' tuck from his pocket a common copper penny.

"I think," says he, lookin' down at Mickey from where he stood, "that this is about the highest penny in the market at the present moment, an' I dare any wan to gainsay it."

"There's no disputin' it," says Mickey; "so come down, my dacint man, for the goose is honestly yours."

"And the highest penny belongs to you," says the other, comin' down the ladder an' payin' Mickey his price.

"It was just about an hour before sunset as he found himself more than half the distance on his way' back to Glenbrohane; he was feelin' mighty proud wid himself bekaise he got the highest penny—that goes to show how simple the craythur was. Well, all of a sudden he heard a cry comin' from over a little stone-bridge that was to his right; it was like a moan. So, thinkin' it might be somebody in the water, he went over the bridge, and what should he spy, leanin' on a staff for support near a furze bush, but a poor, wrinkled owld woman, nearly bent to the ground with age. She had a very wrinkled face, long white hair, and an owld tattherd red cloak down to her heels, an' beside her was an ass with a car-load o' brush, wood, an' plants, an' the like—for it appears she was what some people call an herbalist, for she knew the virtue of every plant that grew. They say she could extract medicines from the herbs she gathered that 'ud cure every complaint under the sun.

Little Mickey soon found out that the cause of her moanin' was that she was too feeble to lade the ass over the bridge; so he went to work an' had both the owld woman an' the car across in no time. The sun was just sinkin' behind the hills, and he was biddin' good-bye to the poor crature, after puttin' her on the right road to her cabin, when she said to him:

"Mickey, ahagur, I know you well, an' your mother, too, an' a better woman never drew the breath o' life in this country than the same woman. In troth, agra, I was an owld woman when both your parents were little children. Many's the night's shelther an' the males' mait by the warm fireside I got from them, when I was badly in need, which I can never forget. My time is nearly at an end in this weary world, and I'd like to prove my gratitude to your mother for her kind charity to me, before I draw my last breath. Tell me, jewel, is it from Kilfinane you wor comin' when you heard me cry?"

"It was, my poor woman," says Mickey. "I was on my way home after sellin' a goose at the fair."

"I hope you got a dacint price for it, avick."

"I got the highest penny in the market; an' here it is," says he, showin' it with as much consait as if it was a guinea.

"Ochone! then isn't it a wicked world," says she, after lookin' at the penny; "to think they'd impose upon a soft, innocent boy in this manner. Mickey, agra, I'll give ye more than the full value o' this if ye wish to take it, dear."

"You may keep it," says he, "for I know you're a poor woman in the need of it; an' I know when I tell my mother who I gave it to she'll not be vexed with me."

"You must have its value before you go home," says she, takin' an owld potato sack out o' the car.

She then tuck from the sack a gray, worsted stockin' that was darned here an' there in about a hundred different places with all colors.

"Give this stockin' to your mother, an' tell her it's a keepsake from poor Oonah Casey, that used to be called the fairy woman. Take it, an' may luck an' grace attend you an' your mother as long as ye live."

After seein' the owld woman safe to her little dwellin'-place near a rock at the foot of a hill, Mickey could see the light o' the moon showin' itself on the face o' the trout stream. So he slung the stockin' over his shoulder, whistled a lively tune, stepped out briskly, an' was soon snug in his mother's cabin. After tellin' her all about how he got the highest penny, his mother said she was proud to find him growin' so knowledgeable. "But I made a purchase," says he. "On my way home I gave the price o' the goose for this owld stockin'."

"What did ye want it for, darlin', haven't ye two pair o' new ones, an' I'm just after darnin' the heels o' your owld ones."

"I bought it out o' charity, mother, from a poor owld cripple o' a woman. She says she knew you when you wor a child. Her name is Oonah Casey."

"Oonah Casey, d'ye tell me so? Indeed, I do know her well, poor ould woman; she passed many a night under this roof when we wor better off. She had a great knowledge o' physic, an' cured rich an' poor, an' 'twas reported she made a dale o' money by her skill, but never seemed any the richer for it."

"She said, mother, that you wor to open the stockin' an' keep what you'd find in it."

Well, sir, as soon as the string was cut that tied the top o' the stockin', what should rowl about the cabin floor but a shower o' yellow guineas.

You may take it for granted there was no fear consarnin' the rent after that, for they wor able to build a new cabin on a nate piece o' land of their own. So you see, little Mickey, as simple as he was thought, showed wisdom in his obedience to his mother and in his charity to the distressed. It was, indeed, a lucky day for him when he went accordin' to his mother's directions an' sowld the fat goose for the highest penny.

The Fairy's Purse.

The story I am going to tell you is one I never towld before, for the simple reason that it didn't exactly happen to myself, but to an uncle o' mine, one Andy Mullowney, whom I heard tell it at a bonfire in Carrick. My uncle was thought to be a soft-headed poor man, but for all that he'd know a silver shillin' from a brass button as well as the cleverest of us. The boys nicknamed him the Kithogue, because he could only use his left hand by raisons of havin' no power in his right one.

On the night o' the bonfire some one axed him to tell how the accident happened that crippled his right arm, and as well as I can call it to mind this is how he explained it:—

"I was as big a simpleton in my day as the best o' ye," siz my uncle, "and to crown my folly, I fell in love with wan Norah Daly, a comely colleen who lived within four fields o' my own cabin. Norah was as poor as a church-mouse, and to make matters worse, I was a dale poorer myself.

"Wan sunny mornin' I was sittin' near the owld limekiln, forninst the Fairy Mount, and was thinkin' to myself:

"'Oh, if wan o' the good people that goes hoppin' about when the moon shines was to know the poor condition I'm in, I think he wouldn't refuse to lend me a purse-full o' yellow goold!"

"I thought this, an' not a word in the world did I spake, when I heard a hammer rappin' at the soles of my brogues.

"'Melia, murder! what's this, at all?' siz I to myself.

"'Don't ye see what it is?' siz a voice like a thrumpet under my feet. 'And if you don't take your big brogue off the ant-hole I'm thryin' to come out of, maybe 'twill be worse for your corns.'

"'I ax yer pardon, whoever you are,' siz I, movin' my fut to another part of the field. When, what should I spy comin' out of a hole in the grass, but a dawny bit of a gintleman, not the size of a farthin' candle, with a little cocked hat, a red coat and breeches, and a pair o' red boots.

"I had my spade stickin' upright in the ground before me, an' the little chap was no sooner out o' the hole than he began to climb as nimble as a monkey up the spade; an' when he got to the handle he sat himself down straddle-legged on it, as if it was a horse, an' takin' a little pipe out of his pocket, he put it in his mouth and began smokin' away like a good fellow—every blast came from him you'd think was a big hay-rick on fire. After nearly blindin' me with smoke, he said, as he fixed his little fiery eyes on me:

"'Good morrow and better luck to ye, Andy Mulowney.'

"'Good morrow, kindly,' siz I.

"After takin' a few whiffs more he fixed his little eyes on me again.

"'You wished for something a while ago, Andy?' siz he.

"'I did,' siz I. 'If it's not displeasin' to ye, I wished for the loan of a fairy's purse for a few hours.'

"'I admire your impudence,' siz he. 'So then, nothing less than a fairy's purse will answer ye? Well, suppose, now, Andy, I was to lend ye mine. What would you give me in return for it?'

"'All I can give you,' sez I, 'is my hand and word to return it again.'

"'I don't value your word a pepper-corn,' sez he, 'but will you give me your hand?'

"'Yes,' sez I. 'I'll give you my hand that I'll return the purse to ye.'

"'Maybe you'd never be able to return it,' sez he, 'but you promise to give me your hand on it.'

"'I didn't think at the time what the cute little rogue was dhrivin' at. So siz I! 'Be this an' be that, if ye lend me the purse for three hours, I'll give you my hand.' When I gave that pledge his little eyes glistened like two stars on a frosty night. He jumped up, put his pipe in his pocket, clapped his hands to his ribs, and gave a 'Ho! ho!' of a laugh, so hearty that he fell off the spade handle into a fit. I was goin' to lift him from the ground quiet an' asey, when the little schamer looked up at me, and siz he:

"'You have given me your hand, and here is the purse for ye; though it's little. I'm thinkin' you'll have to brag about it.'

"'Where is the purse?' siz I.

"'Here,' siz he; 'pull this red boot off my right leg. That's the purse I'm goin' to give ye.'

"'I've had many a purse in my time,' siz I, 'but never had wan med out of a leprechaun's boot before.'

"'Keep a still tongue in your head,' siz he, 'an' pull away at the boot.'

"When he said that, I began to lug at the boot, an' maybe the little boyo didn't screech 'murher' when I lifted him clane off the ground and shook him out of it, as if it was a red-hot-coal I was handlin'. I looked to see if he was hurt, but sorrow a bit o' the little spidogue could I see. I had the purse, however, an' a mighty small wan it was. So, to thry if it was any use, I put my finger into it an' found in the bottom a sparklin' goold half-guinea. I took it out an' put it in my waistcoat pocket I sarched the boot again, an' fished up another. 'If this goes on for three hours, I'll be as rich as a goold mine,' siz I, 'an' then maybe I wont have the grandest weddin'. So, I'll just whip over to Carrick-on-Suir and buy my weddin' suit from Mulrooney the tailor.' With that I threw down my spade, left my work, med my way into Carrick, and went straight to Mulrooney's shop. He happened to be behind the counter, so I ordered him to fit me at wanst with ten suits o' clothes, an' to send to Norah Daly the makings of as many cloaks, gowns, an' whatever was becoming to a rich man's wife.

"'Arrah then, where is the money to come from?' siz Mulrooney.

"'Here's the money!' siz I, spreadin' out a fist full o' half-guineas on the table before him.

Instead o' thankin' me, he looked as sharp as a needle at the goold, an' then axed me, 'was I losin' me senses?'

"'Not a bit,' siz I, 'but I see you're astonished at the sight o' the goold, but there's plenty more where that kem from.'

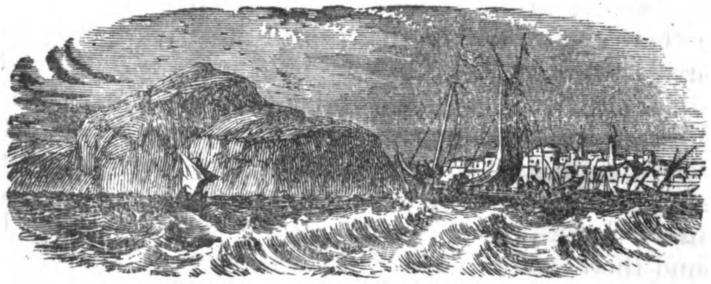
"'Maybe so,' siz Mulrooney, grinnin' from ear to ear. 'I'm sorry to tell ye, Andy Mulowney, you'll get none o' my goods for such goold as that.'

"'If that's the case,' siz I, pickin' up the coins, "'I can take my ordher where I'll be trated with civility, for there's more tailors than wan in Carrick.' I then hurried off to another shop, an' I thought the tailor was goin' to kick me out when I showed him my half-guinea pieces, so I went to a third, and was towld if I ever entered his doors again to humbug him, he'd set the dogs after me. A fourth said I was as mad as a hatter; a fifth towld me I was a robber. At last I found there wasn't a tailor in Carrick would have any dalin' with me for love or money.

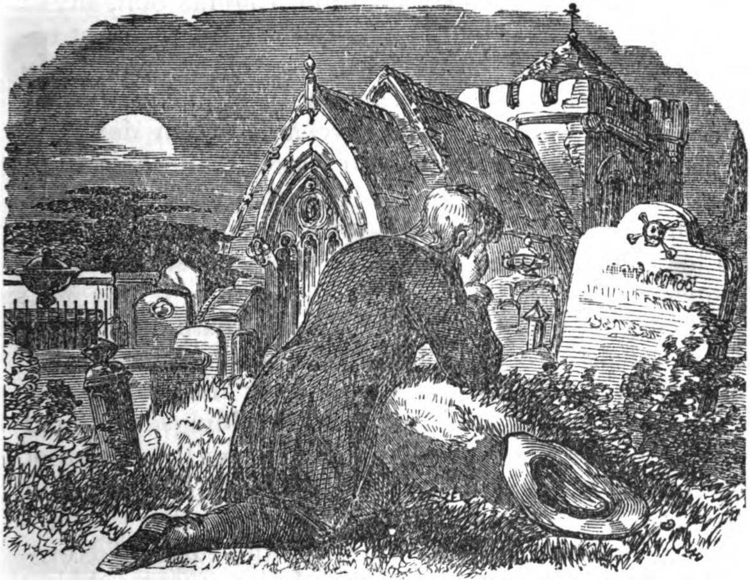
"'Faix,' siz I to myself, 'if they all refuse to take my goold I am no richer than I was before I got the fairy's purse. So I'll go back an' get all the half-guineas I can out o' the little chap's boot, and pack off to Dublin, or some other dacent place, where I can get what I want for it, an' no questions axed.' I then went back to the field, and pulled out half-guinea after half-guinea, till I had a big hape before me. While I was dazzlin' my eyes at the sight of it, I felt a terrible pain in my arm, and at that minit the purse was snapped out o' my hand by the little red thief o' the world himself.

"'You gave me your hand, Andy Mullowney,' siz he. 'We're now even, an' take my word for it, you're the biggest gom that ever stood in two shoes.'

"With that he struck me a polthogue on the thumb of my right hand that knocked me into a trance, an' when I kem to my senses I found beside me where I had left the half-guineas a hape o' cherry stones. I thried with my right hand to pick them up, but found my arm as useless by my side as if it didn't belong to me. To add to my trouble, Norah Daly was married a few months after to a well-to-do farmer. I never could handle a spade from that day to this, an' that was the only reward I got for takin' a loan o' the fairy's purse."



The Angelus.



Those evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.—*Moore.*

WHO will say that there is not something touchingly poetical in the subject of bells?

Chateaubriand, describing their use in calling worshippers to prayer, says:

"Let bells, then, call the faithful together, for the voice of man is not sufficiently pure to summon penitence, innocence, and misfortune at the foot of the altar. Among the savages of America, when supplicants approach the door of the cabin, it is the child that belongs to it that ushers the distressed stranger into the habitation of his father. So, if the use of bells were forbidden us, a child should be chosen to call us to the house of the Lord."

Another writer, referring to the Angelus bell, says: "The sound of the bell is among the most pleasant reminders of our affiliation with our fellow-men. We have often been told, and can testify in our own case, that there is nothing more agreeable when detained on board a vessel waiting high water, than the sound of the Angelus bell from the church in the distance. Its tones tell us of one faith, on sea as on land, and we are led to join in the prayers of those we soon expect to meet."

Trim, the county-town of East Meath, is distant about twenty-two miles from Dublin; it is pleasantly situated on the Boyne. In the vicinity are the remains of several castellated and monastic buildings, the most remarkable of which are Trim Castle, on the banks of the river, and the Abbey founded by St. Patrick, and afterwards built by De Lacy, Lord of Meath.

About half a mile from Trim are the ruins of Newtown Abbey, forming a grand and picturesque object. The ancient castle of the De Lacys, once the proudest pile in Meath, is now a mass of ruins, and recalls forcibly the memory of its days of almost regal splendor. My present design, however, is not to expatiate upon the architectural beauties of Erin's ancient structures, but briefly to sketch the sorrowfulness which may sometimes spring from the more recent ruins of mud-walled, straw-thatched Irish homesteads.

About a mile and a half from the famous ruins already alluded to stood a low line of cottages. The land in this neighborhood was noted for its wealth-producing fertility, in the shape of abundant harvests. But ruin and desolation were soon to follow.

Cattle-raising was considered by the agent of the absentee landlord to be of much more importance than the raising of large families. Of course, the result of this was that notices to quit were scattered broadcast. To those who understand the feeling of an Irish tenant for the bit of land and the little cot where he first drew breath, the scene of an Irish eviction is calculated to have a most depressing and heart-chilling effect.

It is pretty generally admitted that there is not a race of people in the world so affectionately attached to their native soil as the Irish. Even when driven from their homes, so strong is their love for the old spot that they will linger for days and weeks near the beloved scenes of their earliest recollections. Their green meadows, the dark mountains, and the glorious torrents that gush from them is a passion which they carry with them into exile. And many have been known to pine away in secret after their native hills, until, the malady becoming apparent unfortunately too late, they sought once more the green fields and valleys among which they had spent their youth, just in time to lay down their pale cheeks and rest in their their native clay forever, those hearts which absence and separation from the very soil had broken.

It was a calm and sunny September evening. The air was mild and balmy. A narrow lane, or boreen, branched off from the high road, which led to the row of cottages referred to. Over this boreen was a leafy canopy. The elevated inclosures of the path were tangled by a profusion of wild flowers, such as the purple fox-glove, with its fairy-like caps, and the sparkling leaves and knotty twistings of sly robin, run-the-hedge, mingled with the tasseled meadow, and sweet broad-leaved dock. Huddled up at the stump of an aged thorn, a few yards down the boreen, was a pale-faced woman with a babe at her breast and a five-year-old boy by her side.

"Mammy, don't be cryin'," said the little fellow. "Come back, my father maybe will be lookin' for you. Come Mammy, and have another peep at the owld cabin before the roof's taken off wid their crow-bars."

"No, Phadrig, dear; we'll stay where we are, for I know the very sight of it would kill me."

"Where will we sleep to-night, Mammy?"

"Heaven alone knows, avourneen."

"You're not well, mother. Your face looks as pale as a sheet."

"I'm greatly afraid, Phadrig, I'll never get the better of the shock I got when the peelers and bailiffs came this morning to turn us out of the old cottage where you and the infant at my breast were born. Why, darling, your father and his father and grandfather before him first saw the light there. Ochone, Ned Brady, pulse o' my heart," she sobbed. "'Tis you that was ever and always the good husband to me, and it's little I ever thought I'd live to see the hour when your little home would be destroyed before our eyes in the broad open day."

"Mammy, you'll soon die if you fret this way, an' then who'll take care o' me and my little sister?"

"Ah, Phadrig, my poor child, if it wasn't for your sake and the baby here, and your father, I'd sooner die than live, for what is life without a home—but come," she continued, as she pressed the infant to her bosom, "we'll take a farewell look at the old home that is now lost to us forever."

A turn in the road brought them opposite to what had been a nesting of three or four cottages. The greater number had been dispossessed of their inmates. The one farthest off was the present scene of eviction.

Two men were busied in unroofing the small dwelling, while two others looked prepared to meet any outbreak on the part of the late tenant or his friends. There was the usual scene of confusion. Yet it was plain to see that the ejectment had been served upon a cottage surrounded by many comforts.

"Here's poor Mary Brady," was the cry, as the young wife and mother approached, with little Phadrig still by her side.

"May kind heaven," exclaimed an old woman, "look down an' comfort you this day, Mary, allanna! 'tis you must have the heavy heart."

Mary indeed looked very pale and fragile. She tottered forward and was just saved from falling by her elderly friend, who took the babe from her arms and placed the mother as tenderly as she could in an old-fashioned arm chair, which had been thrown out from the cottage.

"Take care o' my darling infant," she gasped, with her hand closely pressed against her side as if in pain, while tears flowed down her cheeks.

"Ned Brady," observed a member of the constabulary, who appeared to be superintending the work of eviction, "has no one but himself to blame; why didn't he take no for an answer when the lease of his cabin dropped. Why did he try to keep possession in spite o' the law? You see, he has to suffer for it at last—an' sorra mend him—'tis his own fault."

"What's that ye say?" cried a strong though haggard-looking man, advancing as the crowd to whom he had been speaking opened and made way for him; "and is it you, Sergeant O'Donovan, that tells me 'twas my own fault to defend my own home from the plunderer? Such talk does very little credit to the name you bear. If you had a single drop o' manly blood in your veins, 'tis not disgracin' the name o' O'Donovan you'd be by wearin' a peeler's jacket.

Why, look at Joe Ryan. Look at Tim Gallagher. Look at Hugh McGarry. They flung their British uniforms into the bogs and took leg-bail from the counthry sooner than have any hand in the dirty work that you're doin' to-day. You know well enough, Sergeant O'Donovan, that I was born under that roof which you and your murdherin' gang have this day destroyed. My father and grandfather held the bit o' land, and we paid for it at the highest and to the last penny."

"Troth, that's true Ned," murmured his friends. "And why is it the notices to quit are sent around so plentiful on the estate? I'll tell ye. 'Tis because the agent wants the land to be cleared of men, that it may be used for grazin' purposes to fatten four-footed bastes.'

"Don't you know, Ned Brady," said the sergeant, "that the gentleman's land is his own, and if he'd rather feed cattle for the market than have the place broke up into little farms, isn't it his own business an' not yours? Hasn't he a right to do what he likes with his own?"

"No," exclaimed Brady, firmly planting his foot on the ground; "no man has a right to say to another, 'Go out and starve.' If it's a tenant's duty to pay, it should be a landlord's duty to protect."

Two women were comforting Ned Brady's wife in the best way they could, and another was busied in adjusting a bed on a small car. Ned, who was not aware till then of his wife's illness, rushed over to where she was supported in the arm chair. "What's the matter with ye, Mary, asthore? You're lookin' very pale, jewel; it's nothing serious, is it Mary?" he asked. "I am afraid, Ned, mavoureen," she answered, "that 'twill soon be all over with your poor Mary. Send some one for Father Costello." An old woman, on hearing her request, departed immediately and proceeded in the direction of the chapel, the spire of which crowned a little hill about a quarter of a mile distant, and was distinctly visible from the scene of the eviction. "Oh, if they'd only let me die within the old cabin," whispered Mary to her husband, "I'd feel happier."

"Don't spake o' that, my own bright love," exclaimed Ned. "Mary, my pride, don't spake o' death."

"Where's Phadrig and our blessed infant?" she asked.

"Here, safe, beside you, Mary, darlin'."

"Is Father Costello comin'?"

"Yes, darlin'. I see him comin' up the road as fast as his horse can carry him. But spake, machree. What's amiss, Mary? Can't you answer me? Some one fetch a dhrop of wather; she has fainted. Don't ye know me, Mary? Don't you know your own Ned?"

He received no reply. The silence was only disturbed by the prolonged whistle of a distant blackbird.

Father Costello, however, arrived in time to find her restored to consciousness. He lost no time in consoling the dying woman, and after he had administered the last rites of her religion she appeared to be perfectly tranquil and resigned.

"Ned, dear," she whispered, "take care o' the little darlings that will soon be motherless."

She then nestled her head on her husband's breast as a child would have done on it's mother's bosom. At this moment the bells of a distant monastery were tolling for evening prayer.

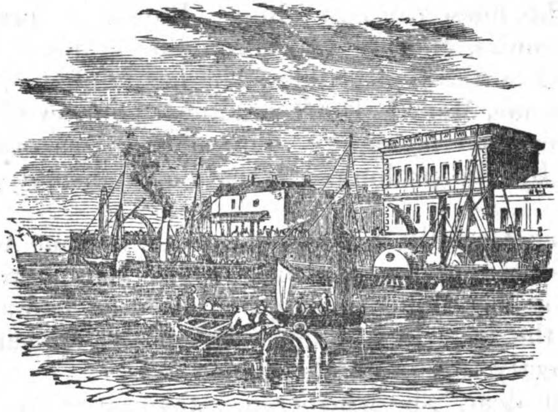
"What bells are those?" asked the dying woman.

"They are ringing the Angelus," solemnly replied the priest.

Every head was bowed, every knee was bent, every voice offered up the beautiful prayer of the Angelus in poor Mary Brady's behalf; even the men who had been so busy in the work of demolition paused and took part in the ceremony.

"Look," suddenly exclaimed Ned Brady, "I feel as if her breath had passed right into my heart's core." She was cold on his bosom.

The bells were still tolling; it was a requiem which they rang, for the soul of Mary Brady had taken its flight to a brighter world ere the deep-toned vibrations of the Angelus bells had ceased.



The Magic Clover.

"I'll seek a four-leaved Shamrock in all the fairy dells,
And if I find the charmed leaves, oh, how I'll weave my spells!"—*Lover.*

THE three-leaved Shamrock, as we are all aware, is the national emblem of Ireland, but the symbol of bright omens has four leaves, the finding of which, like that of a horse-shoe, is supposed to be the precursor of good fortune. In fact, should you be lucky enough to possess it, the rascally impostor who would have the temerity to practise his wily schemes upon you will inevitably find himself most woefully checkmated—for while the deceiver imagines he is palavering you to your heart's content, you will be enabled by the power of the charmed clover to see the thin veil, which for a time had obscured his infamy, lifted as it were, with a touch of the enchanter's wand, until you behold him as he really is in all his base deformity.

Many years ago a noted mountebank, who was considered at the time to be an expert conjurer, appeared one day at a cattle-fair in an important town in the south of Ireland, accompanied by his factotum—a notorious thimble-rigger. After having pitched their tent upon the fair-ground, the conjurer's assistant began without a moment's delay to manipulate the big drum, occasionally alternated by the clashing of cymbals.

It was a custom of the mountebank to practise a few of his sleight-of-hand tricks outside of his tent, so as to attract a crowd before the beginning of his regular performances.

On this occasion, as soon as the people began to assemble, he took from his wagon a wicker basket, which he immediately uncovered, when to the surprise of the spectators a black game-cock flew out of it and alighted on the shoulders of the conjurer. After crowing for a few seconds it left the showman's shoulders and was next seen perched upon the thatched roof of a roadside cabin, which stood a few feet away from the conjurer's tent. The crowd advanced toward the house as if impelled by some unseen force. Man, woman, and child appeared as if wonder-stricken.

The spectators with serious aspect averred that they could see the mysterious game-cock stalking along the edge of the roof with a tremendous log of oak, or ash, I have forgotten which, attached to his bill. Everyone marvelled at the strange sight, and those who stood near the roof lost no time in getting from under the mighty beam.

"Musha, then," said a young girl who was taking home an armful of grass to her cow, "what in the name o' fortune makes yez stand with your mouths open that way an' wearin' such wry faces, instead o' amusin' yourselves an' bein' merry at the fair? One 'ud think, to judge by your looks, that some big calamity was goin' to overtake ye? What does it all mean, tell me?"

"Tut, girl," said one; "don't ye see the wondher?"

"What wondher?" asked the girl.

"Why, beyant on the roof o' Jack Donohoe's cabin."

"I see nothing to wondher at on the roof o' the cabin."

"Are ye blind, girl? Can't ye see what the wondherful bird is carryin' on his bill?"

"Well, what d'ye see on its bill that's so wondherful after all?" inquired the girl.

"Why, a log o' timber, o' coorse," was the response; "an', faix, the same big log 'ud tax a pair o' brewer's horses to dhrag along."

"Wisha, then, dear knows," said the girl. "It's the asiest thing in life to make some stare; 'deed I think yez must all be seein' double to-day; maybe it's what yez tuck at the fair that's overcomin' ye, or maybe it's the hate o' the sun. I know for my own part—an' I'm sure my eyesight is good enough—I can see nothing in the wonderful bird's bill but a straw, an' if that's what yez are calling a heavy burden to carry I'm greatly afeerd your heads must be all turnin' light. Why, a weeshy bit of a robin 'ud carry far more than that an' think nothin' at all about it." The crafty mountebank, having overheard the girl's remarks, came at once to the conclusion that she knew too much for him, or, to use his own words:

"This cute girl knows enough, an' more than enough, to 'quare my pitch' in this fair, an' I'd give any money to stop her mouth; for if she should by hook or crook sell the pass on me, my little thraps will be scattered an' meself torn into babby-rags."

"My little colleen," said he, addressing the girl, "that's a purty armful o' grass ye've got."

"D'ye think so, sir? It's only a thrifle I'm bringing home for the cow."

"I wish, then, ye'd gi' me a mouthful of it for my horse over there. Luk at him; the poor baste is nearly starved, for I didn't have a chance to give him a feed since I kem to the fair."

"If that's the truth," replied the girl, "I'm sorry for the poor animal. So, if ye wish, sir, you're welkim to the grass, for the cow can wait awhile; besides, there's plenty more where I gathered this."

"Thank ye, my jewel," said the conjurer; "there's a ticket for your kindness. You can see the whole show free of charge."

No sooner had the girl parted with the bundle of grass than her eyes became fixed upon the thatched roof, where the strange performance which had so mystified the crowd was still being enacted. She appeared for a moment as if spellbound; then, starting back a step or two, as if apprehensive of some approaching danger, she cried out, as she waved her hand excitedly towards the roof:

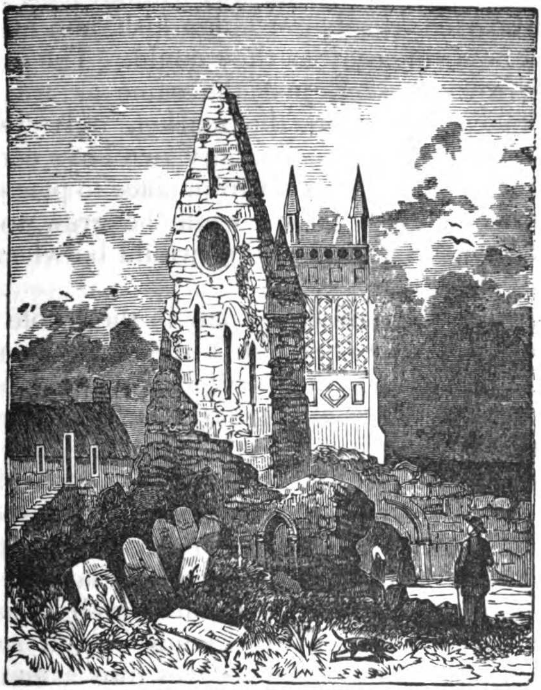
"Look, look! Och, 'tis true then, 'tis true. Stand from under the log or you'll be crushed to atoms. Will you not heed me—don't you all see—the bird's bill will never be able to howld such a mighty piece o' timber. Stand aside, I tell you, if you value your lives! Are you all takin' lave o' your senses, that you can't see the risk you are runnin'? Why d'ye all gather so close to the roof? See! See!" she continued hysterically; "didn't I warn you; 'tis fallin'—I towld you it would—'tis fallin'. Look there! Ha! ha! I knew it—'tis fall——."

Before she could complete the sentence she fell to the ground unconscious. She was, however, very soon taken care of by a few of her friends who happened to be at the fair, and, when sufficiently restored, was conducted in safety to her home.

The cause of her sudden transition can be satisfactorily accounted for—to those at least who have implicit faith in the mystic influence of the four-leaved shamrock. My explanation, then, is simply this: In the handful of grass, so carefully secured by the showman, under pretense of providing provender for his horse, was concealed the priceless talisman, by the power of which the girl's eyes were opened to the conjuror's deception when she first saw the exhibition on the house top.

The unseen charm in the bundle of grass, was, of course, the magic clover.

Owney's Kish.



OWNEY Loorman, or Owney o' the Kish, as he was called, was a poor cripple that lost both his legs in the wars abroad—at least, so I'm towld, for I hadn't the pleasure o' knowin' him, and for the very simple raison that he was lyin' pacefully at rest with his ancestors in the little abbey church-yard of this same County Monaghan, many a year before I was born.

They tell me he was a dwindled, care-worn little man, though I hear that before he put on a red jacket an' joined the enemies of his country to bate the furriners, he was as fine a young man as you'd meet in a day's walk. But when he came back to his native parish, he had to travel about to earn a crust, like 'Billy in the Bowl.' As he was without legs, some of his kind-hearted friends got him a kish, and fitted him into it as nate an' cosey as they could. The kish was a wicker-work basket, just the same as we use at present to carry turf to the market, only 'twas cut down to his own size, so that any two boys could lay howld of it and give him a lift from place to place whenever he needed it. After a while he grew to be as proud of his little kish as a king would be when saited on his royal throne.

There wasn't a market or a fair in the whole County Monaghan that Owney didn't attend, an' he used to make whips o' money, they say, wherever he went, for he was a good player o' the clarionet, and, moreover, he was a bit of a conjurer into the bargain. But all the money he got went as fast as he earned it, for he had a good many owld cronies that helped him spend it. He had no thought or care for a rainy day; so the upshot was that when he died he didn't lave a shillin' behind him. But as he was purty well thought of when livin', a party of his friends—about seven o' them, I believe—formed themselves into a committee an' put their heads together to collect money enough among the well-to-do people round about to pay the expenses of buryin'—an' indeed, it wasn't very long before they gathered a mighty snug sum.

Poor Owney, when alive, was a sort of Shaughraun in his way, an' had no home that he could call his own. So there was a good-natured farmer that gave the use of his out-house to fit up and do all the honor they could to him before takin' him away to the abbey church-yard. Well, sir, all that could be done for money was done at the wake in the out-house to celebrate the sorrowful occasion. The wake was kept up for two nights, and about nine o'clock on the second night all o' the callers that had any distance to go tuk their lave and went away to their different homes, so that long before midnight the out-house was cleared of all but the seven committee-men. After a while a man named Andy McGee, the spokesman of the committtee, starts up all of a sudden, an' says he:

"Boys, we were lavish enough in spendin' the money we got to do the dacint thing to poor Owney Looram, that's lyin' there in his little kish before us; but in spite of all the honor we intended to pay him it never struck me until this very minit that we forgot the main point."

"An' what did we forget, Andy?" says one.

"Why, we forgot to ordher a coffin for poor Owney," says he. Well, sir, then .there was a hubbub in airnest—for, to spake the truth, they wor so much occupied with story-tellin' an' smokin', an' takin' a sup now an' then to lift the weight from their hearts, that not one o' them gave the matter a thought, until Andy put them in mind of it; but 'twas too late then, for all the money was spent in gettin' the outhouse into shipshape for the different callers that dropped in to see the last o' poor Owney. At last the spokesman went round with the hat among them, but all they could scrape together was five shillings.

"This will never do," says he; "five shillings will go nowhere—besides, poor Owney was so greatly deformed since he lost his legs in the wars, that he would require a coffin made specially to ordher, an' that, of course, would cost a bigger penny than a ready-made one.

"Now, if the news o' this gets whispered about the country to-morrow—how we squandered the money an' forgot the chief object for which it was collected—every man of us will be exposed whenever we show our nose.

"Now, boys," says he, "there's just one way to escape this, if yez agree to my proposal—"

"And what way is that Andy?" says the committee-men.

"It's this," says the spokesman, "that we get a cloth an' cover the top o' the kish, an' then carry poor Owney away to the Abbey church-yard, an' lay him at rest just as he is, without disturbin' him—no one will be the wiser—and he'll be every bit as well off as if he left the wealth of Lord Rosmore behind him."

When Andy was done spakin', his plan was put to a vote and carried without a single word of opposition. So away they started with the kish for the abbey church-yard, which was about two miles off. When they got a mile on the road they stopped in front o' McNeary's public house, where they agreed to go in an' spend the five shillin's they had left, for the night was raw and cowld, an', of coorse, they thought a drop o' punch would cheer them up an' make them better able for the work they had to perform.

Outside o' the house there was a stone-sait, where the poor beggar and the footsore, weary traveller were in the habit o' sittin' down of a warm day to rest their limbs. So they put down poor Owney's kish on the stone-sait, and in they went to wet their whistle.

Now it happened, strange enough, that on the same night there was a young couple after gettin' married in a neighboring town, an curiously enough, they had to take the same road as the buryin' party, for the bridegroom was takin' his young wife home to his own farm, which was a mile beyond the Abbey church-yard and where they intended to celebrate their weddin';—both husband and wife had their own friends, and a pleasant, jovial party they were. Well, when they got up forninst McNeary's, nothing should do them but to go in an' honor the landlord with their presence. And it happened that they were carryin' a kish with them, too. So down they laid it on the stone-sait, an' the next minit they were all sittin' beside a blazin' turf-fire in McNeary's kitchen.

"The shine was purty well taken out o' the five shillin's o' the buryin' party by the time the weddin' party arrived. So the foreman o' the committee stood up, an' says he, 'boys, it's a dark night outside. We've a good mile to go. So I think we betther be thravelin'. So with that they left the public house, tuck up the kish, and started on their melancholy mission. In a quarter of an hour's time they got to the Abbey church-yard, where they found a spade and began to dig. After takin' turns apiece at the work, they soon had a restin' place for poor Owney's remains.

"Now," says Andy, when everything was ready, "one of you give me a hand with the kish." With that one o' the committee went over, and in puttin' his hand down to the kish, what should he put it in on, but the neck of a bottle stickin' up through a hole in the cover.

"Powdhers o' war! What's this?" siz he, throwin' aside the cover o' the kish, an' dhrawin' out a quart bottle o' sperrits.

"Meulia murdher! Look at this!" roared the spokesman, howldin' up a piece o' bridal cake, about the weight of a smoothin' iron.

"Are we bewitched?" cried another, takin' out a package that held about three pounds o' tay.

"Are we in fairy-land?" says another, layin' howld to a tremenduous rowl o' Limerick twist tibakky.

"If this is a dhrame," siz another, bringing out a second quart bottle, "I hope it will continue for a month."

"Poor Owney was a clever conjurer when alive," says the spokesman, "but, sure, it can't be possible that he's playin' thricks upon us now."

Well, sir, when they found out their big mistake in carryin' away the weddin' party's kish instead of Owney's, you'd think they'd go into kinks. Every man o' them was nearly splittin' his sides wid the laffin! Dickens, such a night's divarsion ever they had in all their born days; an' faix, it wasn't behowldin' to two quart bottles they wor when they began to overhaul the kish. Well, I needn't tell ye, they enjoyed themselves, an' sorrow man o' them budged from the spot till the sun was splittin' the trees the next mornin'.

But, troth, it was a different story the weddin' party had to tell after biddin' McNeary good night an' quittin' the public house They wor no sooner outside than one of the bridegroom's friends goes over to the Stone-sait an' whips up the kish, and after hoistin' it on his showlders away they began to thrudge for the farm-house, where they intended to make merry over the weddin'; but before they walked a dozen yards on the road the man that was carryin' the kish had to stop an' put down his load by the hedge-side in ordher to ketch his breath. "By my song," says he, wipin' the sweat that was teemin' from his forehead, "this kish has lost nothin' in weight since we stopped at the public house. Troth, it feels as heavy as a load of pavin' stones."

"Bedad, you're right," says another o' the party, takin' howld of it—and faix, 'twas as much as he could do to lift it.

"Maybe some rapparee has been playin' thricks on us while our backs was turned," says the bridegroom, an' as he spoke two or three o' them stooped down and dragged off the cloth cover, so as to examine the contents o' the kish. At that moment the moon happened to be purty bright, and as its yellow bames fell upon the pale faytures o' poor Owney every one o' the weddin' party stood speechless, with their eyes wide open; sorrow such a fright ever they got in their lives before.

It was more than a minnit before one o' them could open their mouths to spake a syllable.

"Murdher in Irish, what can this mane, at all?" says the bridegroom. "I thought poor Owney was under the sod in the abbey church-yard. This must be some conjuring thrick, for I subscribed five shillings to the collection for the buryin' funds the other day. Troth, if this is intended for a joke I'll make it a sorry one for the thief, whoever he is, that planned it."

However, sir, to make a long story short, they all went back again to McNeary's, and the cause o' the mistake was very soon made as clear as daylight.

After that they had a drink on the head of it, an' many a hearty laugh went round at the young couple's expense.

The next day, to make amends, a new coffin was ordhered, an' poor Owney was buried dacintly in the abbey church-yard.

And on that very same night the weddin' faist was kept up at the bridegroom's house—lashin's of invitations were sent out. The spokesman of the committee and his friends got invited among the rest. I don't think there was ever such a merry weddin' party gathered together before or since, and you may be sure it wasn't long before the story got abroad about how the materials for the weddin' supper was carried off in mistake for poor Owney's kish.

The Turf Cutters.

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
  Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by every wile
  That's justified by honor.
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
  Not for a train attendant:
But for the glorious privilege
  Of being independent.—*Burns.*

MATT Cassidy and Bryan Hogan were turf cutters. Matt had a large family; he was a self-reliant, hard-working man. Bryan was a sort of dreamer, a ne'er-do-well, in fact. They lived in a small hamlet in the County of Kildare, adjacent to the bog of Allen. The bog of Allen commences at Robertstown, in the county of Kildare, twenty miles from Dublin, and continues with little interruption to Shannon harbor. The passage through the bog of Allen, although dreary and monotonous, is by no means without interest to the traveller. The aspect that surrounds him on all sides is very singular; huge stacks of turf border the canal, and here and there a cabin raises its roof a few feet above the surface, from which it can scarcely be distinguished.

The turf cutter rents usually from two to five acres. The turf he cuts with his own hand and conveys to market as best he can. The general opinion as to the origin of bogs is that they are not primitive or original masses of earth, but accumulations of vegetable matter, which has undergone a peculiar change under a degree of temperature not sufficiently great to decompose the plants that have sprung upon the surface. The theory is supported by the fact that in nearly all bogs are found the remains of huge forest trees of numerous varieties, some of them so entire and perfect as to be very useful for the purposes of the builder.

An essay on bogs, however, is not my present object. So, without further preface, I will return to Matt Cassidy and his friend Bryan Hogan.

"I had a quare drame last night, Matt," said Bryan, as he threw down his spade and seated himself on a pile of turf. Then lighting his pipe, he began to puff away to his heart's content.

"That's an owld story with you, Bryan. Sure you're always draming."

"Except when I'm workin', Matt, I believe I am."

"Except when you're workin'? Bedad, Bryan avick, no one will ever accuse ye of throwin' much of your time away upon work."

"Don't be hittin' me so hard, Matt. Sure, there's yourself diggin' away with your spade. One would think it was for bare life. Are you any better off in the long run than me, that's sittin' here at my aise, enjoyin' my dhudheen? Tell me that, my industrious neighbor."

"I am asier in mind, at any rate," said Matt. "I owe no man a shillin'. You tell me you're always borrowin', an' that your money's mortgaged before you handle it. So I think I'm better off than you in that respect; but, of course, if you prefer to take the world aisey an' put your faith in drames, that's your own affair."

"An' small blame to me for takin' it aisey. What encouragement have I for workin' hard?"

"That's thrue enough, Bryan; a shillin' a day is poor inducement; but dramin' your time away won't bring much, either. Well, what did you drame about last night? It wasn't ketchin' a Leprechaun you wor?"

"No," replied Bryan. "I thought I was hobnobbin' with the Earl o' Graball, owner o' the big estate beyant. I thought he invited me to his castle, where he offered to furnish me with a big hump o' money, that would have made me independent for life, but I was too stupid to take it."

"Maybe he was only greggin' ye," said Matt, "and didn't mane to give it to you at all."

"Oh, troth, he was in airnest at the time, for when he led me into the grand parlor he threw himself into a big arm-chair forninst the fire that was blazin' in the grate, and says he to me, 'Don't you know who I am, Bryan?'

"'I do, sir,' says I. 'You're the Earl o' Graball.'

"'You're right, Bryan,' says he, 'an' you'll find before you leave the castle that they paint me blacker than I really am. How do you contrive to live at all? Sure, a shillin' a day is no support for a big strappin' fellow like you.'

"'Thrue for you, sir,' says I; ''twould hardly buy food enough to support a weasel.'

"'Do you ever manage to get a drop to clear the cobwebs from your throat at all,' says Graball.

"'Not a tint, your lordship,' says I, sthrivin' to keep a wry face on me while I was spakin'; 'not a taste, barrin' a dhrop o' spring water or a sup o' buttthermilk now and agin to cool the stirabout.'

"'My poor man,' says he, puttin' a big glass o' scaldin' punch in my fist, 'I pity you. Taste that, an' tell me, is it strong?'

"'Bedad, it is, sir,' says I, takin' a big gurlogue. ''Tis as strong as the Rock o' Giberalther, an' as for sweetness, sir, bedad, a honeycomb couldn't howld a farthin' candle by the side of it. An' indeed, I'm not a bit surprised at the pleasant look o' your big, round, smilin' face, for faix, sir, 'tis little wondher you'd be happy if you're in the habit of wettin' your whistle with such beautiful necther as this.'

"'Have you any favor you'd like to ask?' says he. 'If you have, just say the word an' I'll grant it, for maybe it might be long enough before you'd ketch me in such a merry humor again. Her ladyship is gone away on a visit to Lady Rackrent, so, before she comes back, I'll try and do what I can for you. Now tell me, Bryan, what you'd like.'

"'If your lordship 'd lend me the price of a new suit o' clothes,' says I, 'I'd be as happy as a duck in rainy weather.'

"'Why, of course, I'll give ye the price of a suit. Yes,' says he, 'an' two suits, if ye need it. You see, I'm not such a spalpeen after all, Bryan, when you come to know me. You can have this,' says he, takin' a purse from his pocket an' howldin' it forninst my nose. ''Tis full of silver; or if you like, I have another purse stuffed with goold in the desk in my study.'

"'I don't desarve either o' them, your lordship,' says I.

"'Yes, you do, Bryan,' says he, 'and I'll give you your choice.'

"'Now, say which you'll take, this in my hand, that's full o' silver, or the one that's in my study, filled with goold?'

"'If it makes no difference to ye,' says I, 'I'll thank your lordship for the one with the goold in it.'

"'Your will is my pleasure,' says he, and away he went into the study for the purse o' goold, but, begorra, Matt, before his lordship kem back, I awoke, an' maybe I didn't ballyrag myself after for refusin' to take the purse o' silver."

On the evening of the same day, after having completed their allotted tasks in the bog, Matt Cassidy happened to meet with even a more remarkable adventure than the one mentioned by Bryan in his dream, the only difference being that Bryan's was merely a playful freak of the imagination, whereas in Matt Cassidy's case it proved to be a most agreeable reality.

That is, if the narrative of my good-humored historian is accepted in good faith by the reader, for I shall give it in the same plain, unvarnished manner as I got it from him; and he has already vouched that he heard it from a friend of his, to whom it was communicated by a respectable man who was incapable of uttering an untruth, even for a king's ransom, and who averred upon his veracity that he got every word of the story from the lips of Matt Cassidy's own son and heir, who at that time was still in the land of the living.

"Well, sir," said he, "when the day's work was over, Bryan Hogan, who, as I have already told you, was the last man on the bog in the mornin', and the first to lave at night, put his spade on his showlder an' went away to join some o' the lively companions that used to help him dhrink the trifle o' money he was able to earn.

"But Matt stopped behind to make a little overtime, that he got a few extra pennies by; at last, after loading a barrow, he says to himself:

"'Before I put on my jacket, I'll just row this over to the "spread-field" beyant, and then go home to Norah.'

"When he said that, he had barely time to touch the handles o' the barrow, when he heard a cry from a little weeny voice as wake as an infant's, comin' up from the turf in the barrow. With that he dropped the barrow like a shot.

"'Matt, you rogue o' the univarse,' says the voice, 'd'ye mean to smother me?' Poor Matt was speechless, an' every hair of his head stood up like the prongs of a pitch-fork.

"'Who is it?' says he, after ketchin' his breath, 'that's callin' me by name?'

"'Never mind who's callin' you, but let me out at wanst,' says the voice.

"'If you're anything natural, why the dickens don't you show yourself above boord, an' spake out like a man?' says Matt.

"'Maybe I'm as good a man as yourself, even if I'm not as big as you,' says the voice.

"'Tell me where you are,' says Matt, 'for I can see no sign o' you.'

"'I know you can't, but I can see you. I have my eyes on you, so mind yourself, Matt, an' don't stifle me. Just throw off a few sods from the top of the barrow, and I'll introduce you to a man that may do you a friendly turn.'

"Matt then began to clear away the turf, when, all of a sudden, what should spring up before him but a little man in scarlet, and he was so small, by all accounts, you might put him into a tibakky-box an' carry him round in your waistcoat pocket. But if he had any notion of escapin' from the barrow it was out of the fryin' pan into the fire with him, for the minit he showed his nose Matt had him in a tight grip.

"'I see you now, my covey, an' I've got you snug, an' 'twill go hard with me if I don't get the worth of my money out o' you,' says Matt. 'If you have a grain o' sense you'll do the dacent thing by me, an' lave me to myself.'

"Says the little fellow: 'I know you, Matt, you're an industrious man, and I've come to be of service to you, for you deserve it. I'm the sperrit of the bog, an' I always do what I can for them that's worthy of my help. So put me down on my feet, and I'll lade you to where there's a treasure.'

"'Honor bright!' says Matt. 'Honor bright!' says the other. Matt gave him his own way after that, an' he led the way for a few yards across the bog. Just then the moon began to show herself, when both o' them stopped all of a sudden forninst the stump of an owld tree. 'Now stand where you are, Matt,' says, he 'till I touch you with my enchanted wand. That's it. Now look into this magic glass, an' tell me all that you see.'

"'I see,' said Matt, 'a wild black moor. There seems to be a fog over the land, as if there was soon to be a blight. The few huts I see look ready for the murdering crowbar of the evictors; the people look pale and hunger-pinched, an' there's a totterin', white-haired owld man with a beggar's wallet over his showlders; every stitch o' clothes to his back is in rags; he is making his way very slowly, with the help of a stick, along a lonely road. The poor man is so wake he is hardly able to crawl. Now he's stoppin' outside a hut where the woman o' the house, as poor an' troubled-lookin' as he is himself, is puttin' a few potatoes into his wallet. Now he is turnin' into a boreen, an' he sits down under a hedge, where he tries to help himself to what's in the wallet, but he is too feeble almost to lift his hand to his mouth. Poor man! whatever little spark of life he had awhile ago, it appears to be lavin' him now.'

"'Look at him well, Matt,' says the little man, 'and tell me, can you call to mind who that miserable owld man is?'

"'I can, I can,' says Matt; 'for in spite of the wrinkled forehead, an' the furrowed cheek, and the dim, sunken eyes, I am able to recognize it as the face of my friend, Bryan Hogan, that worked beside me this very day in the bog here.'

"'Yes,' said the other; 'that's the end o' poor Bryan Hogan, the empty dramer, who, while he had health an' strength, looked for assistance from others, instead of showin' his independence and striking out boldly for himself. Look at the glass again, an' tell me what you see.'

"'I see the thick, misty atmosphere disappearin',' says Matt. 'The sun is throwin' a warm, goolden glow over everything that meets the eye. The grass never looked greener. A smilin' country opens out before me. The land is teeming with rich crops. I see cows an' sheep an' pigs an' poultry in all directions. I hear the musical voice o' the thrush, the linnet, an' the skylark. I hear the jolly ploughman hummin' an' owld ditty with a light heart. I see the lakes, rivers, and streams alive with trout and salmon. The country looks as she should be and would be, if she only got her freedom. Instead of roofless huts, I see the land dotted over with comfortable, well-built cottages. Now I see the settin' sun—'tis sinking down behind a purty little green hill. At the fut of the hill is a grand, big farm-house, with every sign of comfort an' abundance. Sittin' beside the door of the farm-house is a snug, well-dressed owld farmer an' his wife, and around them their grown-up sons an' daughters, beside their rosy-cheeked grandchildher.'

"'Do you know the face of the owld farmer an' his wife?' asked the little fellow.

"'I do,' says Matt. 'I can see it is the living picture of myself and my own darlin' Norah in our old age, and I can even hear myself singin' with a sweet, clear voice my favorite song of "Colleen Dhas Crootha na Mo."'

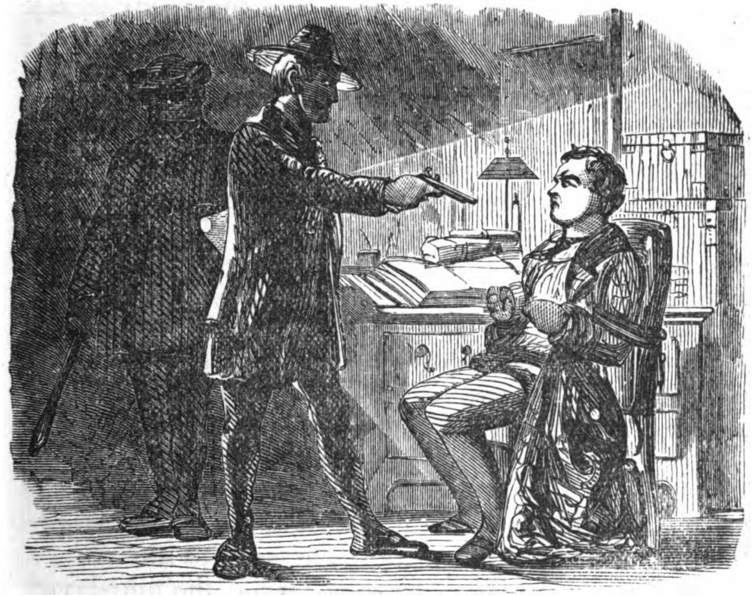
"'Take this,' says the other, handin' to Matt a box made of bog oak, that he took out of a crevice in the tree stump.

"'What's this?' says Matt.

"'It's a reward I'm giving you for your industry. It howlds goold enough for any raisonable man. While you have it you are independent, but don't bury it like a miser. Use it well, and never refuse a helpin' hand to the poor and needy. If you employ it to spread happiness around you, you'll find the treasure will prove a blessing to you in your owld age.'

"Well, sir, ever after that Matt was a prosperous man. He had land an' cattle galore. Indeed, everything went so well with him, that he soon got to be known for miles around as lucky Matt Cassidy."

How I Got My Passage Money.



Troth, then, you may believe me or not, but one week before I left the green hills o' Munster I didn't have a shillin' between myself and the blue canopy. How did I manage to raise the money? I'll tell ye in three shakes of a goat's tail. About a year before I set sail I rented a small cabin and a patch o' land from one Sir Peter Skinner, and the same Skinner he'd skin a pavin' stone, he was such a scrapin' owld rogue. He charged me ten pounds a year—that's fifty dollars of this money—for the bit o' land. Ah, that was the barren land when I got it; nothing but rank weeds and stones seemed to thrive on it, till I drained and dug, and ploughed and harrowed, and manured it, so that at last I got it into such a state of perfection that the neighbors used to call it the model farm o' the parish.

But mind, the expense for all this came out o' my own pocket— not a penny did I get from Sir Peter; the improvement was done by my own labor and money. And as for the cabin, when I tuk it I wouldn't keep a pig in it; the only panes of glass in the windows wor owld hats, rags, and such like ornaments to keep out the blessed daylight; before the door was dunghills and green water-pools. Well, I metamorphosed all this, and built an illigant stone hedge around the place, and had the front o' the cabin covered with sweet-scented honey-suckle. Begorra, 'twas a little paradise in comparison to what it was when I first went into it. Norah, my wife, was delighted with it, and we thought, with the help of God, we'd pass a life of pace and comfort there for the rest of our days.

One fine summer's morning, after our first year was up, Sir Peter Skinner called on me. Seeing everything flourishing so beautifully, he says to me:

"Barney, you must have the charm o' the four-laved shamrock about you."

"Why?" says I.

"You're such a lucky man," says he.

"If the sun is sheddin' his blessings on my crops, I'm thankful for all favors."

"Thanks is poor payment," says he.

"Why, haven't I paid you the rent up to the minit?" says I.

"What's a dirty little ten pounds a year for such a lovely place?" says he. "However, the owld contract is closed. For the future your rent will be twenty pounds a year. If that doesn't suit you, take a month's notice to find something better."

"Twenty pounds!" says I. "That's double what I agreed to pay you. It was *my* money that made the place what it is. 'Twas as barren an' dry as an Aystern desert, till I spent my honestly earned fifty pounds, and worked night and day like a Turk, to make it fit for a Christian to live on."

"I don't care," says the owld thief, "if you spent a thousand pounds. The land is mine, and you'll pay twenty pounds a year or clear out, bag and baggage. So, the sooner you make up your mind, the better for yourself," says he, as he left the cabin, like a roarin' lion.

Well, when the month was up, seein' I wouldn't come to his terms, he sent me a notice to quit.

Faix, it was then I determined to be even with the blood-squeezin' robber. The very last week I was in the place, there chanced to be a company o' players in the Town Hall. One night, in particular, they acted a play that suited the times to the life. More betoken, it was got up an' composed by a young man that was born in the same parish as myself—he was about my own age; the play was national to the heart's core; it was called "The Eviction," an' troth, eviction is no strange name in Ireland. More's the pity—there was a proud owld landlord in it called Lord Hardman—an' by dad he was hard by name an' hard by nature, as the saying goes. He might pass as a twin brother of Sir Peter Skinner.

However, the people flocked from every village and town for miles round—you'd think it was a market or a fair-day to see the rush that came to enjoy themselves—though an eviction in reality is no sight to laugh at. But the way Lord Hardman got sarved out by some o' the clever boys in the play so tickled the people that they split their sides with delight. But, faix, the poor players had to laugh on the wrong side of their mouths; Sir Peter Skinner, bein' a magistrate, and hearin' how the landlord was maltreated in the play, forbid the company the Town Hall from that out. So they had to pack up and lave just in the very height of their success.

Before they went I spoke to the owner of the play —the townsman of mine I towld ye of. He was a purty clever man with the pen, and as natural as life in the characther he played. Says I to him:

"That was a mighty fine yallow wig and beard you wore last night. If my question's not too bowld, what might they be worth?"

"Oh," says he, in an off-handed way, "maybe a couple o' pounds."

"Only I'm drained out o' cash," says I, "I'd be willin' to pay double that for a loan o' them. Will ye be wearin' them to-night?"

"No," say he; "this sudden ejectment your landlord has served us with will spoil our plans for a day or two. But tell me, Barney Brady, my owld friend, what in the name o' wonder do you want with a wig and beard?"

"For fear ye might spoil the sport," says I, "I'll not venture to tell ye till the fun is over."

"Well, Barney," says he, "you're welcome to the loan of them. Is there anything else I can oblige ye with?"

"Yes," says I, "lend me a dacent coat."

"Yes, or a whole suit if ye wish it. Is there anything else?"

"I'd like to borry them pair of horse-pistols that ye used in the play," says I.

"You can have them, but be mighty cautious how you use them," says he.

"Oh, I want no powdher nor shot," says I. "The bare sight of them will work my oracle."

Well, he dressed me up there and then. When I looked in the glass I didn't know myself; I had the cut of a gintleman farmer.

"I must leave you now, Barney, and get a side car to take me to the railroad station, three miles from here, for my company starts by the next train for Queenstown."

"Can't you let the company go on?" says I. "And if you will wait till the 9 o'clock train, Norah and me will be with you, for we mane to go to Queenstown ourselves to-night. An' I'll be off this blessed minit an' tell Hughey O'Grady to have a car waiting for us at the cross-road to catch the Queenstown train."

"Agreed, Barney," says he; "for there's not a man in Ireland I'd sooner travel with than yourself."

I then left my friend and settled to have the car ready, and, after giving a few instructions to Norah, I set off in my disguise for the mansion of Sir Peter Skinner. When I got to the lodge-gate I found owld Billy Corrigan, the lodge-keeper, dozin' away with a black dhudeen between his teeth. I didn't disturb him, but made my way up the hall door of the ivy-covered mansion. Larry Lenihan, the servant, the best friend I have in the world, answered the bell. He didn't know me in the disguise, but I whispered something in his ear which satisfied his scruples. "Tell Sir Peter," says I, "that one farmer Landgrab, from the parish of Killemall, wants to see him about renting Barney Brady's bit o' land."

Larry and his sister, the cook, were the only people in the house, for Sir Peter was a bachelor. Well, in less time than I'm telling you, I was seated in what Sir Peter called his library—a room with a worm-eaten bookcase, an oak table, a couple of rickety chairs, and a few worn-out pictures on the walls, as ancient an' ugly as himself. "What d'ye say your name is?" says he. "Simon Landgrab; I'm a cousin, twice removed, of Dinny Paudeen Mulcahy's foster brother, Nicholas Moriarty, from the town of Knockthimdownaisy," says I. "You look as if refreshments wouldn't hurt you," says he, takin' a decanter and two glasses from a shelf on the wall. "Take that," says he, filling me a glass, "it will stimulate you."

"I hope it won't elevate me," says I, and I changed my voice so that my own wife wouldn't know me."

"So you want to rent Barney Brady's piece of land?" says he.

"If you let me have it at a raisonable price," says I.

"Twenty pounds a year is the lowest penny I can take."

"I'll give you fifteen," says I, filling my glass from the decanter.

"Twenty pounds or nothing," says he. "I have no two prices."

"You must have two prices," says I, emptying my glass, and growing bowlder as the liquor warmed me.

Well, he stared at me till his nose grew as red as a cherry.

"Ye have two prices," I went on; "didn't you let it to Barney Brady a year ago for ten pounds a year, an' now arn't you going to evict him because he won't pay double, after the dacent man spending fifty pounds of his own money on improvements?"

"You're an impertinent villain," says he, "an' I'll not let you have the land at *any* price."

"If you gave it for a song I wouldn't take it," says I, filling my glass for the third time.

"Put down that brandy, ye villain," says he, trying to snatch my glass.

"I'm putting it down," says I, emptying it without a wink. With that I put the glass on the table and went and locked the library door.

"Get out of my house," says he, "or I'll call the police and have you sent to jail."

"How can ye call them," says I, showing him the key.

"You're a highway robber," says he.

"I'm not," says I, "but you are. Don't you rob all your tenants, the same as you're thryin' to rob Barney Brady."

"What d'ye want here, you gallows-bird?" say she, shaking like an aspen-leaf.

"Read this," says I, taking out a bit o' paper I scribbled on in the cabin.

"What's this?" says he, reading:

I hereby return to Barney Brady, an honest, industrious tenant of mine, the sum of fifty pounds, which he spent in improvements on my land.

(Signed)

"Whose scrawl can this be?" says he. "There is no signature to it."

"Your name will do at the bottom of it," says I, "for want of a better."

"Have ye lost your head?" says he.

"No; it's screwed on purty tight," says I. "So sign that at once, for my time is precious."

What d'ye think, but the owld fox went over to a desk for his pen and ink. And when he came back to where I was sated he had a little silver-mounted pistol aimed at my head.

"What would you say, now," says he, "if I blew your brains out?"

"I'd say two could play at the same game," says I, whipping out a pair of horse-pistols from my pockets and pointing them under his nostrils. Every hair on his head stook up like the prongs of a pitchfork.

"You're a circumventing rapparee!" he says. "You 're the only man that ever outwitted me," throwing his pistol on the table.

"You've told the truth for once," says I, picking it up. "Sign that now," says I "and we'll cry quits." "Why should I sign it. I don't owe Barney Brady fifty pounds." "You do," says I, "for what he spent on your land. I'm his lawyer, and these two gentlemen his counsellors," says I, tappin' the horse-pistols, "and he couldn't have better legal advisers. So put your name to that and save funeral expenses." After that he obeyed me like a lamb; he signed the document and counted me out ten five-pound notes—that's two hundred, and fifty dollars o' this money. So, instead of thankin' him, I tuk out a piece o' rope I had with me for the purpose and tied him hand and foot to the chair, where I left him alone in his glory, roarin' like a bull.

When I locked the door on him I met my friend, Larry Lenihan, in the kitchen. I gave him something for his trouble and told him not to heed the cries of Sir Peter, but to keep as quiet as an oyster for an hour or so. He took the hint and went to the public house, while I took Norah, who had a travelling bag packed, to the side car Hughey O'Grady had waiting for us on the cross-roads. My friend, the player, got on the same car. I thanked him for the disguise he lent me, and I thought he'd die with the laughin' when I towld him the use I'd made of it. We wor on the train in the nick o' time, an' soon arrived in Queenstown, where we passed a jovial night. The next day I set sail with Norah on boord o' the big steamer City of Rome.

After a pleasant passage of seven days we arrived safe and sound in New York. We then went to Chicago, where more than a dozen relations were ready to welkim us—and here you see me now, not five years in the country, with fifty acres of as rich land as the sun shines on in the State of Illinois. I have a snug sum of money in the bank, too, enough to buy out Sir

Peter Skinner, but I am satisfied where I am for a while. So now ye have the whole history—how I skinned owld Skinner out o' my own money. and got my passage to America.

Innisfallen.

FOUNDED ON AN IRISH LEGEND.

CHAPTER I.

Aye! beautiful in every clime
Thou comest, blessed evening time;
But nowhere dost thou gentler reign
Than on the shores of calm Loch Lane!
And night—Thou comest lovelier still,
Upon that land of lake and hill—
That region which romance and song
Have rendered sacred oft and long!
How often have I marked the scene,
Illumined by the lamp serene,
Shedding its soft and mournful smile
On Innisfallen's lovely isle.

NEAR the Lakes of Killarney lived a jovial blade who rejoiced in the name of Pat Kishoge; he could crack a bottle, or a joke, or even a skull, for the matter of that—with any other boy in Kerry. It was Pat's delight to wander by the shrine of hallowed Muckross, while Mangerton, Glenna, and Turk had their leafy banners furled, as if to keep heaven's fairest work shut in from all the stormier world at the midnight hour.

On one particular September evening Pat, feeling more elated than usual, determined to watch for the spectre horseman O'Donohue and his white fairy charger; nor has he long to wait; for, behold, from over the lake, on his milk-white steed, comes O'Donohue to visit his lady's bower, and as he gallops onward in the midst of his fairy throng he is not a little surprised to find himself greeted by the redoubtable Pat Kishoge; for Pat, too, had spirits to aid him, having partaken rather freely of some pure mountain-dew before undertaking his nocturnal excursion.

"Good evening, Mr. O'Donohue," cried Pat. "Between me and you, that's a mighty nate cut of a nag, but I'm afeerd you'll be the death o' the poor baste if ye gallup her like that every night. I'll go bail ye wouldn't be so mighty quick if your cowlt was forenint a five-barred gate."

The prince smiled graciously at this sally of Pat, and waving his hand, he pulled up his rein on the grassy margin of the Muckross domain.

"I'll ride you for a wager," said O'Donohue.

"Troth, sir, I'd not ax for better sport," said Kishoge, "an' if you'll only get me a horse I'll say 'done.'"

"A horse!" cried the chieftain, "you shall be accommodated; there is one beside you; just mount on the back of that black courser, and ride with me over yon mountain track, and if you but stick on your nag and gallop with me till morning-light I'll make you a present of the horse."

"Thank you for nothing," said Kishoge; "a body would think the black horse was your own property."

"My own property!" cried the prince, with a wrathful frown. "I'd have you to know that I am king in these parts, and whatever I bestow at the midnight hour no mortal has power to recall."

"Your mightiness!" cried Kishoge, a trifle confused by the solemn tone of the monarch, "I beg a million pardons."

"Take the horse," said O'Donohue, "and let us start, for I have lost too much time already." So, without further ceremony, away they rode, the hoofs of their steeds scarcely brushing the dew from the grassy turf."

CHAPTER II.

And just at nine by the court-house clock,
The Crown commences to clear the dock.

Morning arises in beauty and bloom over the lake; the lark's merry carol awakes the echo—the grouse in the heather is calling her young—the red deer has arisen refreshed, and is snuffing the fragrance that breathes through the air. The mists are ascending the curtained mountains, the musical rills rush down to the lake, no oar has yet broken the waters' repose.

But where is the chief who sped last night on his milk-white steed over its surface? Why, at the cock's first crow himself and suite descended into the princely halls, where they immediately partook of a hearty meal.

But where is Pat Kishoge? To find him we must enter the court-house in the town of Tralee. It is just nine by the court-house clock. Poor Kishoge stands before his judges. No friend is near him to console or whisper comfort in his ear. Yet there he stands undaunted, with his bare, brawny neck, his twinkling eyes, his curly hair, as bold and determined as Alexander of old. He seems none the worse since his midnight gallop by the lake's grassy margin, when he vied in horsemanship with the proud Chief O'Donohue.

There he stands charged. We need not read the indictment in full, which consists of six counts, amounting in substance to: "That on the night of September the 1st, Patrick Kishoge carried away a black horse, marked on the shoulder with a brown spot, from the close of Squire Mulcahy, of whom the said beast was the property, and worth five pounds at least."

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the clerk.

"Not guilty!" cried Pat.

The trial proceeds, and the Crown prosecutor, after setting forth the misdeeds of the prisoner, calls Jerry McShane, who is brought and sits in the witness-chair. After kissing the book he proceeds with some circumlocution to relate how he went to a fair on September the third, in the town of Kenmare, where he met the prisoner with the black horse in his possession, who admitted that he took it from the Muckross domain. After a few more answers in this strain the witness is told by the court to go down.

There is a pause in the court—no counsel appears as yet to take the prisoner under his care. A couple of moments pass by, and Kishoge is asked what he has to say:

All I have to say, your worship, is—that the horse I stole was my own. But howld—before ye put that down, I have a few words more to spake."

He then proceeded to tell of his midnight ride from the side of Loch Lane over mountain, valley, and rivulet till even O'Donohue's mettle was tried, and how at the crow of the cock the chieftain rode home over mountain and glen, leaving Kishoge in the rightful possession of the black horse he had so nobly won. His story being done, the gruesome visage of the judge came like a forewarning of poor Kishoge's sad doom. "Prisoner," said the judge, "how dare you assume such a cloak of hypocrisy, and thus brave the perils that surround you by outraging the solemn proceedings of the law? Do you think, wretched man, that such stupid tales of dead chieftains and wandering fairies will have weight with this court? Remember, you stand on the brink of the grave, if found guilty by the jury. You, gentlemen," addressing the jury, "have heard what a case has been made against the prisoner. Nor need I retrace the evidence given, as there cannot be doubt that the charges against him are beyond dispute. And as his wild statement amounts to nothing, you will, of course, find him guilty on all the six counts."

The jury, after deliberating, brought in a verdict of guilty, recommending the prisoner to mercy.

The judge, without more ado, put on his black cap. "Wretched man," he said, "the sentence is that you go back to the prison house from whence you came, there to be hanged by the neck till you are dead!"

CHAPTER III.

Alas! how humanity shudders to think
On the victim who stands by eternity's brink!

A solemn procession is moving along the streets of Tralee. There are countrymen dressed in frieze coats, old women, and rosy-cheeked peasant girls, followed by soldiers with glittering sabres and jingling spurs. Poor Pat Kishoge appears in the middle of the throng —he is pale, but a merry twinkle still lurks in his blue eye. He looks in the air as if he saw something unusual. He pauses for a moment, then asks for a tumbler of poteen to wash down the biscuit he has been eating. The crowd open their eyes and seem utterly amazed as they gaze on the hero that can face death so gloriously. The poteen this brought. Before quaffing his parting glass he gives his toast:

"May the dirty spalpeen that'll give up his bottle,
Dance his merriest jig with a rope round his throttle!"

He then drains the bowl, and the procession moves slowly through the town.

CHAPTER IV.

"The crowd goes away, as contented and gay
As if nothing at all interfered with the play."

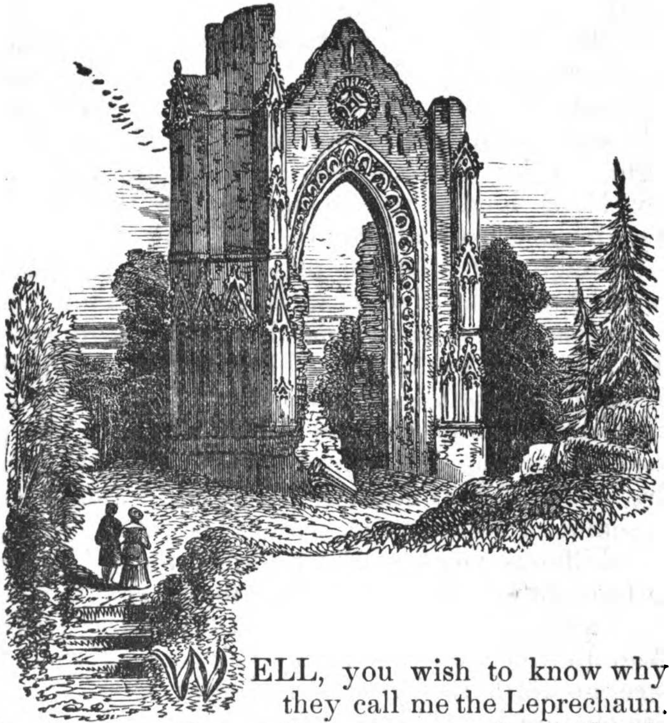
The streets are still, the fatal tree is reached at last. With bandaged brow and fettered hands the culprit ascends the rugged stairs. The crowd stands mute below. The calm and placid sky extends its sunlit canopy. The hangman draws——

"Halloo, halloo?" What means all this confusion? Why do the people all run to and fro? A horseman rides with lightning rapidity as he kicks at the sides of his broken-down steed; he shouts, and his words are caught up by the multitude. "A reprieve! a reprieve!" is loudly re-echoed like the thunder that bursts from a tropical cloud. The bolt is undrawn, the bandage pulled off, the prisoner comes to, having received but a slight squeeze, the rope is untied, and the hangman expresses a hope that, as Kishoge got out of his hands, he would show his gratitude by giving him a trifle to drink his health.

Six lingering months have rolled over; the tranquil moon is once again shining down on Loch Lane's shore, and hark! from across the bright waters comes the sound of light music, while clear above it floats the mellifluous voice of Pat Kishoge, for lo! a fairy-ring to-night escorts him to their noble chieftain, and right gladly does O'Donohue greet the merry hero.

And to this day the lonely wight who sees the prince go forth to join the midnight chase on his white charger beholds also honest Pat Kishoge by his side, and may they so continue for many bright years to wander by the lovely Isle of Innisfallen.

The Leprechaun.



WELL, you wish to know why they call me the Leprechaun. I'll tell you. Larry Dwyer, a vagabond, lived in these parts some time ago. He was a steward to the good Squire O'Carroll. Look, you can see the squire's big house from this window—there, on the green slope beyant. I may thank the same squire and the Leprechaun for this snug cottage. But to go on with my story. You must know that Larry was fonder of O'Carroll's wine cellar than he was of work, and was often backward in his accounts. He grew so fond o' the bottle, he seldom drew a sober breath, till the squire lost his temper an' gave him his walkin' papers. After that he was often heard to remark:

"I don't envy the man that will take my place, for he'll never die in his bed, if I can help it."

Yet, for all that, his place was soon filled by Hyland McDermott, an honest man. He and Larry often met, but Larry would never exchange a word with him.

The weakest spot in Larry's character was his love for Moina Ross, a purty creature, as much above him as the blessed sun is above the earth. Besides, Moina was engaged to my own foster-brother, Bagenal Healy.

About a week before the marriage was to take place Larry Dwyer called on her.

"Moina," says he, "I ask you for the last time, will ye be mine? If you say no I tell you one thing: You'll never wed Bagenal Healy. My hour of revenge is near, and I'll make the most of it."

And so he did. Hyland McDermott, his rival in the stewardship, was one day collecting the rents for Squire O'Carroll and had to pass a lonely road near St. Columbkille's Abbey. Larry knew this and med his mind up to kill an' rob poor Hyland. As night was creepin' on he hid himself behind a broken, ivy-covered window of the abbey. But before this, what do you think, but the rogue stole into my foster-brother's house and stole Bagenal Healy's coat an' hat that wor hangin' in the hall. So my bowld Larry wore them at the abbey that night, wid a black mask on his face. Throth, his own mother wouldn't have known him.

'Twas a soft, warm night; the moon was peepin' from behind a cloud, when Hyland McDermott came trippin' along the bridle road, singin' like a linnet—for he tuk a dhrop o' punch here an' there among the farmers; you may imagine his surprise when he stumbled up against a masked man foreninst the abbey. Now, Larry was a rogue that could disguise his voice and mimic any living thing, human or inhuman; he'd imitate a cuckoo, or a kangaroo, an owl in the ivy, or a swan on the lake. So, as he was wearin' my foster-brother's coat an' hat, what does he do but imitate the voice of Bagenal Healy.

"As ye love the green Isle," says he in a whisper to Hyland, "stay where you are!"

"Are ye a moonlighter'?" says Hyland.

"I am a hunted Irish rebel," says Larry. "We had a pitched battle before sunset among the passes o' Slieve-na-Mon, where I led a party o' the 'boys.' I was made a prisoner by the military; they found out who and what I was; after a desperate fight with the captain I made my escape, but still my life is not worth an hour's purchase if I'm captured; my father's door is closed against me, and I must quit Ireland to-night. You don't know me in this mask, but I know you, Hyland McDermott."

"That's my name," says Hyland; "what's yours?"

"Every rock an' bush has ears an' eyes in these unhappy times," says Larry, "but I think I may trust you. My name is Bagenal Healy," says the rogue.

"Bagenal Healy!" says poor Hyland. "Can I believe my ears, and has it come to this pass with you, the most promising young man in the province—you that was to lead young Moina to the altar next Sunday? This shock will break the poor girl's heart. Bagenal, my boy, if I can help you, command me," says he.

"Can you lend me one hundred pounds?" says Larry.

"I have the rents of Squire O'Carroll's estate in my pocket; the sum total amounts to over three hundred pounds, so that I can easily accommodate you with one hundred out of that and make good the entire amount for the squire when I return home."

"You're a friend in need, and I'll pay you back with interest," says Larry.

"Black and white is my golden rule in money matters, Bagenal. I don't distrust you—it's only a whim of mine—the money is yours if you simply give me your I. O. U. for the amount as an acknowledgment.

"Of coorse," says Larry, takin' a red-covered book from his pocket. Hyland took a pen from behind his ear and dipped it in the ink bottle which he carried in the button-hole of his coat for convanience. Larry wrote: "I. O. U. the sum of one hundred pounds."

"Will that do?" says he, giving it to Hyland, when the moonlight fell on it and showed no name at the bottom.

"It will do," says Hyland, "when you sign your name."

"How stupid I am," says Larry, signing it and handing it to Hyland, who remarked that he would examine it after he had counted out the £100; so he stuck the red book in his pocket and stooped down to count out the money from a canvas bag. The next minute Larry's big knife, that glistened in the moonlight, was plunged into Hyland McDermott's back.

"You'll stand in my shoes no longer," whispered Larry in his ear. Then he robbed the steward of his money and put a couple of the notes into the pockets of my foster-brother's coat, which he took off, and threw it with the hat and mask by the side of the steward's body.

The next minute he tried to carry the body to the silver-trout stream, which flows near the abbey, but he hit on another plan, an' that was to alarm the barracks an' the village with the report of a pistol shot After the shot he used his powers as a mimic by making unearthly noises that would waken up the tenants of a grave-yard. He then put the blood-stained knife in the pocket of my foster-brother's coat beside the steward, and hid himself in the bushes; half the village was on the spot in a few minutes, and a military officer and sojers from the barracks. Bagenal Healy and Moina joined the throng out of curiosity. "I wonder where that firing came from?" said the officer.

Bagenal, who was one of the first to notice the steward lying on the cold wet grass, turned the face round, so that the moonlight showed him as plain as day who it was. "It is Hyland McDermott, Squire O'Carroll's steward," says he.

The officer picked up Bagenal's coat and found the notes and blood-stained knife, besides a small visiting card, with Bagenal Healy's name on it.

"Is there a man among you," said the officer, "by the name of Bagenal Healy?"

"That is my name," says my foster-brother.

"Does this coat belong to you?"

"Yes," says Bagenal, "I missed it this very night. It must have been stolen from the hall. How it got here is a surprise to me."

While he was spakin' the body was seen to move, and in a faint, hoarse voice Hyland was heard to mutter:

"Have ye got the murderer? Hunt for him. Don't let him give ye the slip. Don't spare the assassin. Don't spare him!"

"What was his name?" says the officer, bending down to raise the dying man's head.

"Bag—Bagenal Healy!" whispered Hyland, and then fell to the ground like a lump o' stone.

Bagenal was soon dragged away from the side of his intended bride and thrown into a cowld, dreary jail. I followed as far as the big prison door, but it was soon slammed in my face. I don't know what put it into my head to return to the abbey to see the body, but the body was gone. The officers, sogers, and police were just as much puzzled over it as I was, for in their hurry to get my foster-brother under lock and kay they left the body alone, thinking it would be right where it was till they should return with a stretcher to carry it away. So they had, after a long search, to go back with empty hands. I was the last to leave the abbey grounds. On my way home I heard a smothered cry; it came from the direction of the silver-trout stream. So I slipped down to the water's edge, an' what did I see but poor Hyland clinging to some slippery rocks. There was a skiff near at hand, so I lifted him up and put him into it. I then untied it, and a few strokes 'o the oar brought me down to the little garden that grew at the back 'o my mother's cabin and sloped down to the trout-stream. My mother helped me to put Hyland into a warm bed; he soon grew feverish and raved for two whole nights about Bagenal Healy meetin' him near the abbey, borrowing a hundred pounds, writing in a red-covered book, and stabbing him in the back.

With the exception 'o my mother no one knew what became o' Hyland's body. I kept the secret to myself. I had to do it, for the life o' my foster-brother hung on the words of a dying man.

On the third night, when the steward appeared a trifle better, my mother sat down beside the fire to rest herself, for she was purty well jaded sittin' up watchin' every night. I sat down beside her, and we talked the matter over.

"Mother, who d'ye think stabbed Hyland?" says I.

"D'ye take me for a witch or a Leprechaun, Corney?" says she, and then she brought me to the window and pointed to an old rath that was built about the time o' the flood. "That's enchanted ground," says she, "and that big circular wall, that was once a hundred times the size it is now, was the palace of an ancient chief, and was built in one night by his four wonderful sons; well, you know the magic rock in the shape of a chair," says she.

"I do," says I. "Jemmy, the Slob, slept in it many a night, thinkin' the Leprechaun would guide him to where they say the pot o' goold is buried."

"Are you willin' to sleep in that chair to-night?" says my mother.

"I am, if there's any goold to be got."

"If the Leprechaun comes he may guide you to something better than a pot o' goold."

"What's that, mother?"

"He may put you on the scent o' the villain that was guilty o' this black deed, and help you to save the life o' your foster-brother."

"Do you think there is any chance o' that, mother?"

"I do. Will you sleep in the magic chair for wanst?"

"I will. Give me my frieze coat, for the night is chilly. Just throw a sod of turf from the window and wake me up if I oversleep myself," says I, goin' out on my mission. I was soon asleep in the magical, stone chair, but my drames wor soon disturbed by a soft voice saying:

"Merry mortal, true and tried,
Slumber from you shake:
The Leprechaun is by your side;
Awake, Awake, Awake!"

I started up, and there foreninst me stood a light spidogue, the size o' my fist, dressed in scarlet from head to foot, wid a gold-fringed cocked hat and a pair o' silver buckled shoes.

"Who are ye?" says I.

"Mountain Dew," says he; "what will you have?"

"A dhrop o' yer namesake, to begin wid," says I, for my throat was as dry as a lime-burner's wig at the time. Well, sir, in a twinkling I had a decanter o' the best necthar that was ever brewed in a fairy distillery.

"What is your next wish?" says the Leprechaun.

"Show me who it was stabbed Hyland McDermott near Columbkille Abbey," says I—and, would you believe it, before I had time to wet my whistle he had me by the very spot where Hyland had been waylaid.

"There is Hyland with a canvas bag full o' bank-notes, and that man you see about to stab him is Larry Dwyer. Now, that you may be able to prove this to the world, you must find that red-covered book that Hyland has put in his coat pocket. That," says the Leprechaun, "will bring the villain to justice and save your foster-brother from the scaffold."

I tried to thank the Leprechaun, but I couldn't move my lips. I felt a sensation about my head as if struck by a cannon ball. D'ye know what it was? Faix, you'd niver guess; it was a big lump o' turf my mother flung at my head from the window; it brought me to my senses, and I reeled out o' the magic chair and into the cabin. "Here is a red pocket-book," says my mother; "it fell from the pocket of Hyland's coat; read this writing, Corney; maybe 'twill throw some light on this dark subject." What I read opened both our eyes—'twas this:

"I. O. U. the sum of £100," signed "Larry Dwyer."

"I have you now, my bucko," says I to myself, for you see, sir, he forgot he was playin' the part of Bagenal Healy at the time, an' signed his own name in mistake.

I met Larry at Squire O'Carroll's, where he was reinstated as steward the next day.

"Larry," says I, "I had a chat with a friend last night, an' he axed me to show you something belongin' to you."

"What is it," says Larry.

"This," says I, showing the red-covered pocket-book.

"Who gave it to you, Corney?" says he.

"Hyland McDermott, Larry," says I.

"You're jokin'," says he, "for Hyland is as dead as a herring."

"He was as lively as a salmon half an hour ago," says I; "but here is a bit o' your own composition—listen to it: 'I. O. U. the sum of one hundred pounds. Larry Dwyer.' You put your foot in it when you wrote that, Larry; you purtinded to be my foster-brother, Bagenal Healey, when you stole his coat, but your memory failed you when you signed your own name. Good mornin'." I then went to get a warrant for his arrest, but before it could be sarved on him, he had Squire O'Carroll's house plundered of jewels and silver plate, in all valued at a thousand pounds; but he was takin' a jewel more precious than all, and that was Moina, Bagenal's intended bride. She was trapped by a pair of Larry's black-muzzled friends, who were carryin' the darlin' off to a smugglin' lugger that was ready to set sail. The alarm spread like wild-fire. When we reached the shore, Moina was in a small boat in the grasp of the two rapparees. Larry, seeing us on the scint, knew the game was up, an' pointed the muzzle of a pistol at Moina's breast.

"The first man that attimpts to pursue me," says he, "will see this girl a cowld corpse!"

"'With that, sir, I picked up a lump of a stone an' let fly, striking him between the two eyes. He fell as flat as a flounder into the water, taking his pistol along with him. We soon overpowered the others, and brought Moina safely ashore. Larry was dragged out like a drownded rat an' lodged safely in jail, where he confessed all. Bagenal was released an' married Moina. I saved Squire O'Carroll's jewels, an' he med me a present of more than the worth o' them in the shape of a thousand pounds, besides forty acres o' land an' this cosey cottage. Hyland is still the steward. I'm as happy as the day is long, so is the wife and childher. So I have no raison to complain, even if the neighbors take it into their heads now and agin to call me Corney, the Leprechaun.

The Pike Heads.

"I DON'T care a snap o' my finger, Aggy, what Dermot Dillon thinks of me. An' why should you care, either? At all events, I'm his friend. Yes, an' yours, too; though, to judge by the curl o' your purty lip, ye believe I'm your mortal enemy."

"In troth, Mick Hanratty, your love or your hate wouldn't fetch the price of a row of pins. I'd advise you to keep what little love ye have in your shriveled heart for them that wants it. Don't be gostherin' with me. Don't ye know I'm to be married to Dermot next Easter?"

"Aisther, Aggy, is it? Shure, that's five weeks off yet. Ye know the owld saying:

"'There's many a slip
'Twixt the cup and the lip.'

"Who can tell what may happen between now an' Aisther, though goodness forbid that any harm should overtake you or Dermot, an' that's the worst wish I have for ye."

"It's not from your heart it comes, Hanratty."

"Yes, Aggy, from my very heart's core. Oh, machree, the very light o' your eye an' the music o' your voice charms me like one o' the good people. Oh, tell me, acushla, if anything was to happen Dermot, might I still hope to enjoy the sunshine of your enchantin' smile?"

"It's a storm an' not sunshine you'll find about your ears if ye use such language to me again. How would you like a polthogue on your knowledge box with this water-pitcher in my hand?"

"Take me life, if ye like, Aggy, an' welkim, for it isn't worth a thraneen since you're lost to me."

"Then here's the contints o' the jug between your two ferret eyes! Ha! ha! You're now the picture of a drownded rat. That'll cool your love, ye limpin' vagabone!"

The foregoing dialogue took place between Aggy O'Brien, a pretty peasant girl, and Michael Hanratty, a thin, hard-visaged fellow, with a triangular face, and dry, bristly hair, much the color of and nearly as prickly as a withered furze-brush. Mick was deeply smitten with the charms of Aggy, but his love, as we have just seen, was thrown away.

The place where they stood was one of those exquisitely wild but beautiful green country-lanes, that are mostly inclosed on each side by thorn hedges, and have their sides bespangled with a profusion of delicate and fragrant wild-flowers, while the pathway, from the unfrequency of feet, is generally covered with daisy-gemmed grass, with the exception of a trodden line in the middle, that is made solely by foot passengers.

But to proceed.

Aggy dipped her pitcher into a little bubbling brook, refilled it, stepped over a stile, snapped her finger contemptuously at Hanratty, and proceeded across a meadow toward her cottage.

"And this is me payment," muttered Hanratty, shaking the water from his time-worn hat and new frieze coat. "This is the cowld showlder, shure enough. I might as well whistle jigs to a mile-stone as to spake love to Aggy O'Brien! A limping vagabone! That's what she calls me. She even makes game of my poor lame fut. Maybe, me proud damsel, I won't return the compliment with interest. She little drames her lover, Dermot Dillon, is under my thumb this minit. I have the net closin' around him. There'll be tears an' broken hearts in two cabins at laste before the risin' o' the moon to-night."

A friendly tap on the shoulder brought Harnatty's soliloquy to a sudden termination. He turned with a quick, jerky movement, and beheld with a look of surprise the chief object of his meditations, his tall and handsome rival, Dermot Dillon.

"Good morrow, Hanratty."

"Good morning, kindly, Dermot."

"What's amiss Mick, ye look sarious ?"

"I've a weight on me mind, Dermot."

"Maybe you're crossed in love ?"

"The only love I have, Dermot, is for my poor oppressed country."

"A man's country, Mick, is as good a bride as he could be wedded to ; but this Coercion-act that's passed threatens to rob us of even that luxury ; if a boy is only suspected now of doin' nothing at all, at all, he can be clapped in jail without trial or even the knowledge of his accuser."

"'Troth, Dermot, that law will go hard wid some of us that's delegated here an' there, supplying arms an' ammunition to the thrue friends of Ireland."

"Bedad, Mick, if a man is found now with the cap of a toy pistol in his possession, he's doomed to chains an' imprisonment."

"In that case I'll be on my guard. So, good mornin' t'ye ; but, before I go, shake hands till I see have ye the grip."

"The grip ?"

"Av course, Dermot. Aren't ye wan of us ?"

"Wan of what ?"

"The Brotherhood."

"I belong to no secret society, Hanratty, though

I'm friendly to every man that has the cause of our suffering land at heart."

"I love to hear ye spake so fondly o' Green Erin, Dermot, an' a glorious thing it would be if all that springs from the sacred sod had the same feeling for their mother earth, but don't give too much vent to your sentiments, for there's a dale o' cunnin sarpents creepin' about the grass in these times."

"I know what ye mane, Hanratty. It's the informers, who swear away the lives of our bravest countrymen for dirty bribe in the shape of government gold."

"Whist! Dermot. Spake asey. My life is in your hands. Shure ye won't gi' me away. You'll not betray me?"

"Betray you?"

"Yes, Dermot, I'm steeped to the lips in trayson, an' the dickens a wan in this village outside the Brotherhood knows I'm connected with that organization, an' if you only whispered wan word about it, maybe it's a short thrial an' a long rope I'd be gettin' as a reward for my patriotism."

"Hanratty, you're greatly mistaken if you think I'm that sort of a character. I'd rather swing from the gallows-tree a rebel than ride in a coach an' six as informer.

"Hush, Dermot, if ye value your neck. D'ye see that peeler comin' across the meadow? He's got his evil eye on wan of us."

"Don't be childish, Hanratty. Shure, we've nothin' to fear in the broad daylight."

"Dermot Dillon, you're my prisoner!"

Dermot turned in amazement and found himself confronted by a burly member of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

"Prisoner!" exclaimed Dermot. "What am I to be arrested for?"

"You're reasonably suspected of inciting the peasantry to deeds of violence and bloodshed. You are also suspected of having concealed arms stowed away in your cottage."

"Constable," said Dermot, "I'll go wid ye quietly. I know it's useless to resist; but whoever my accuser is, I can prove him a foul-mouthed liar on my trial."

"I am sorry, Dermot, to tell you: you'll not have the chance of a fair trial—in fact, any trial at all. You're arrested under the new Coercion-act."

"True, true; I forgot that. Oh, what will my poor mother do while I'm in jail? What will Aggy think when she sees the handcuffs on me?—and all for what? On suspicion. I give ye my word, constable, there's no concealed arms in my house. Will ye come and search before ye take me away?"

"I will, Dermot; I'll give you every chance in my power to clear yourself, if you can."

It would be almost impossible to accurately describe the sorrowfulness of Mrs. Dillon, as she saw, for the first time in her life, her darling son, the only solace of her declining days, in the clutches of the law. The cottage was searched from floor to thatch. At last, after many futile efforts were made to find anything that would criminate Dermot, a large wheat sack was discovered in a hollow of the wall near the fireplace.

"It appears, Dermot," said the constable, "there was some foundation after all for suspecting you."

"Sure, ye don't think you'll find a mare's nest in that owld whate sack," said Dermot.

"Not a mare's nest at all, but a rebel's nest," replied the constable, as he drew from the sack, for Dermot's inspection, six bright steel pike heads.

"Mother, darlin'," cried Dermot, "there must be a witchcraft in the house."

We must draw a veil over the parting of mother and son. He was denied the privilege of seeing his affianced wife, Aggy O'Brien, and hurried off to Dublin, where he soon found himself caged within the grim walls of Kilmainham Jail.

Barely six months had elapsed after Dermot's incarceration, when the inhabitants of his native village were congregated near an old stone-cross close by the green lane already referred to.

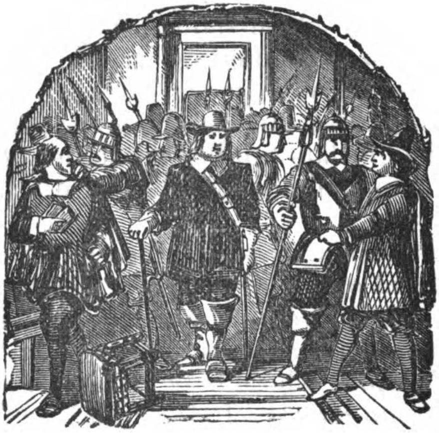
A man, apparently dying from the effects of a bullet-wound in his breast, was discovered at daybreak lying in a stagnant duck pool. In his pockets several processes and ejectment writs were found. His face was bruised and blood-stained beyond recognition. However, when the suffering wretch was restored to consciousness, he was known at once to each and every individual as Michael Hanratty, the sham patriot, who had of late fulfilled the duties of bailiff for a somewhat unpopular landlord in a neighboring district.

Who his assailant was remained a perfect mystery. He was carried on a barn-door to a neighboring cabin; priest and doctor were in attendance; his dying deposition was in substance as follows:

"I don't know whose hand it was that dealt my death-blow; no matter; I deserved it for serving the writ that caused the downfall of a big fatherless family. Before I meet my Heavenly Judge, I'd like to save a poor, innocent boy, who is now pining in a dungeon through my treachery. It was myself that put the six steel pike heads in the wheat sack, and hid them in the wall by the fireplace, so that Dermot Dillon might be sent out of the way, and leave a clear path for me to win the heart of Aggy O'Brien."

The day following Hanratty's death, Dermot Dillon was a free man. Candles illuminated the windows of every cottage, and bonfires blazed from every hill-top for miles around in honor of the released suspect.

Before six months had rolled by, Dermot Dillon conducted the blooming Aggy O'Brien in triumph to the altar. At the wedding feast he quietly observed, that "matrimony was a pleasanter trap to ketch a boy with, than the one that had been baited with the six steel pike heads."



The Luckpenny.

YOU'RE anxious to know why I call this public house the Luckpenny? It's a mighty quare sign, I admit, to hang over the door of a house of entertainment; but since I find you're a man o' patience I'll relate its history t'ye. Ye must know that a few years ago I managed to live by rearin' pigs, poulthry, an' mendin' ditches. I lived in a taste of a cabin in the village o' Borrisoleigh, about five miles from the town of Templemore, in the County o' Tipperary. Although my name is Dennis Joyce, as ye see by the name over the door, yet at the time I'm spaking of I was niver called anything but the Sumachaun—a nickname the boys gev me bekase they fancied I'd a soft spot in my noddle; they took me for a half-witted, poor gommoch, on account o' my quiet behavior, though some o' them whispered that there was more rogue in my composition than fool; but that's neither here nor there, an' it wouldn't be modest o' me to decide which o' them was right. Well, between them all I had my annoyances, but I'm not alone in that particular, for few of us can slip through this bustlin' world without a share o' the thrials and throubles that's standin' like stumblin' blocks before us on the road of life. Among the biggest tormentors I had to contind with wor three bright buckos. Wan o' them was a fine strappin' lump of a fellow called Jerry Mooney; the next was a low-sized chap, with a short, thick neck on him as big as a bull's. He was known as Larry Cooney. Their companion, Terry Rooney, was a raw-boned fellow, about six feet six in his stockin's, but he was so thin ye might clane out the stem of a pipe wid him. But to come to the point. One fine summer's mornin', in reckonin' up my little stock, I missed a fat goose, a slip of a pig, and the finest layin' hen in the parish. In an aisy way of my own, I traced my missin' property to the door o' the three gintlemen I've just mentioned. I med no wan the wiser. Sez I to meself: "I'll bide my time, but as shure as the sun shines over the Divil's Bit"—that's it ye see from the windy beyont, that big gap in the ridge o' the mountain—"as shure as the sun shines over that," sez I, "I'll be even with my wrong-doers." It was Mooney tuk the goose; Cooney had the slip of a pig; Mr. Rooney, the livin' shadow, held possession o' me beautiful hen; whether it was done for sport or divilment, I couldn't tell ye; however, they wor niver sent back to me, an' that spakes volumes agin the joke of the thing. No matter, they recompensed me well for my loss, not exactly accordin' to their own wish; still, for all that, it suited my wish to a T, an' enabled me to buy out this house from the owner, Jemmy Ryan, who sowld it to me for a song, as he wanted the ready money to carry himself an' family to Ameriky; but I'm tirin' ye—here, take a bottle o' Guinness's double X; 'twill sarve to wet yer whistle, for I fear me story's mighty dhry.

Now to continue. A few months after I lost my property, I happened to have a fat pig ready for market. 'Twould do yer eyes good to see him; 'twas the loveliest home-fed darlin' for miles around; he was rowlin' in fat, faix. I was afeerd the hate o' the sun would melt the crature on his way to the fair, he was so luscious. It chanced to be fair-day at Templemore that mornin', so I riz bright an' early, shaved myself, put on a clane white shirt an' my Sunday suit o' frieze, an' after breakfast I druv my gentleman along the road for five miles until I reached Templemore. Begorra, 'twas the finest fair I ever remembered. The town was alive with farmers, cattle-dalers, an' pig-jobbers; the main street from the coort-house to the outskirts of the town was lined with side-cars an' donkey-carts; wan couldn't stir, the fair was so thronged with people an' cattle. I wasn't long before I tuk my stand outside a public house in the center of the town, an' many was the admirin' glance that was cast at my pig as I stud patiently waitin' for a purchaser; an' indeed, sir, I hadn't long to wait for that same. Now, who dy'e think my first bidder happened to be? Faix, if ye was guessin' from this till Tib's Eve, an' I'm towld that's the day after never, ye wouldn't hit on the right man, for 'twas no less than Jerry Mooney, the schamer, who done me out o' me fat goose.

"Dinny Joyce," says he, "is that you?"

"What's left o' me," sez I.

"Is that your pig?" says he.

"I'd be sorry to howld another man's property," sez I, givin' him a sly hint about the stolen goose, but 'twas thrown away, for he didn't seem to ketch it.

"You're a beauty," sez he, slappin' the pig on the back, but the only answer he got from the animal was a grunt. "What's your price?" sez he.

"Five pounds an' no less," sez I.

"I'll give you three pounds ten," sez he.

"If ye offered four pounds nineteen shillin' an' eleven pence I'd refuse it," sez I.

"Well, I'm not so unraisonable as to differ over such a thrifle," sez he, "so I'll pay ye your price." With that he med his mark on the pig's back, an' handed me the luckpenny, as 'tis called. It's an owld custom used to seal a bargain.

"An' now I may as well hand ye the five pounds," sez he, takin' out a rowl o' bank notes an' givin' me my price. "Now Dinny," sez he, "I'm jist goin' into the public house to meet a friend or two, so howld the pig, where ye are, an' I'll not keep ye waitin' more than half an hour at the farthest." He wasn't inside the public house five minutes, when who should tap me on the shoulder an' wish me luck but Larry Cooney, the bull-necked rapparee I suspected of havin' the little slip of a pig I towld ye of. "Dinny," sez he, "you're the talk o' the fair."

"Let them talk as they plaze; they can't say I'm a rogue," sez I, thinkin' to pinch his corns about my stolen property; but he wasn't thin-skinned enough to remember how he'd wronged me.

"Oh, it's not you, but your gem of a pig the talk's about," sez he. "What'll ye sell the crature for?"

"Five pounds," sez I.

"I'll give ye four," sez he.

"Ye won't," sez I, "for I'll take no less than I've axed."

"Well, I' ll not make two bites of a cherry," sez he, makin' his mark; for I kep me hand over Mooney's mark, so that it escaped the keen eye of Cooney. He then gev me the luckpenny, an' paid me the five pounds, axin' me to take care o' the pig for a quarter of an hour while he dhropped into the public house to discoorse wid a friend. Well, sir, if ye believe me, he'd hardly time to cross the threshold when the first man I spied staggerin' fornint where I stud was Terry Rooney, the carcumvinter, who I towld ye had aised me o' my darlin' hen. He was as dhrunk as a lord, and could hardly manage to balance himself. He stumbled up agin the pig to save himself from sprawlin' on the ground. "You're a—hic—daisy," sez he, manin' the pig, who returned the compliment with a vicious grunt. "I must have that pig, Dinny, if it costs me a fall," sez he.

"It's a dacint pig, an' I got it honestly, more betoken," sez I, thinkin' he'd see the cut I gev him in regard o' the hen; but he was too dhrunk to see a hole in a laddher.

"What'll I offer for it?" sez he.

"Five pounds," sez I.

"It's a bargain," says he, thryin' to make his mark, for he was too far gone to see the other two marks; in a jiffy I got the luckpenny, and the five pounds besides. He thin axed me to oblige him by waitin' for a few minits till he kem out o' the public house. Of course, I promised to take care o' the animal; but as soon as I lost sight o' Misther Rooney, I tied the pig to the wheel of a jauntin' car, and didn't let the grass grow under my feet till I was back safe an' snug inside o' my own cabin. "Now," says I to meself, "I'm even with the three rogues that schamed me out o' me property."

I'm towld it was mighty laughable to hear the three gintlemen disputin' when they left the public house as to the rightful ownership o' the fat pig; but it wasn't long before I found meself sarved with three separate summons to answer the charges med by three purchasers of wan animal. I was in a hobble an' puzzled my brain how to get out o' the law's clutches. My only plan was to employ a shrewd attorney, an' by good luck I hit upon wan Lawyer Moriarty, a man with a head as full o' law and cuteness as the Atlantic is of wather.

"I'm up to my eyebrows in a bog," sez I to him, "an' you're the only man in Ireland can drag me out of it."

"Is it true you really sowld the pig to three different men?" he axed me.

"I did," sez I.

"An' ye received five pounds from aich?" say he.

"Every penny of it," sez I.

Then you can afford to pay me a dacint fee, but it's such a sarious charge I'm afeerd saltpeter won't save ye," sez he.

"You're lawyer enough to get me out o' the fix if yez wish, for you're able to make them believe black is white," sez I.

"If the great counsellor Daniel O'Connell himself was livin', I don't think he'd be able to get you out o' this scrape," sez he; "however, I'll do my best. To begin, we'll first arrange about the fee. As you're a poor man, I'll charge ye but five pounds."

"D'ye take me for the Bank of Ireland?" sez I. "All the money I had I've speculated in a small public house I bought from Jemmy Ryan, that's lavin' for Ameriky wid his family; but if ye consint to plade my case, I can manage to scrape up a pound for ye, if that'll do ye."

"It's very little," sez he; "but as ye're pinched for money, I'll do what I can for ye. Your case is hopeless; still, if you follow my advice, we may triumph. I believe you're known as the Sumachaun, or half a fool, throughout the parish; but, to spake my mind, I believe, Dinny, ye're cunnin' enough to keep a jail of fairies. Now, open your ears," sez he, "an' I'll put you through your drill. Can you whistle?"

"I can," sez I, whistlin' up an' ould air called "Drim an' dhu dheelish, Och! why did ye die?" That's an anshint ballad, lamentin' the loss of a dead cow.

When the lawyer heard it he was delighted. "That's iligant," sez he. "Only stick to that tune an' we'll win the case. If the judge questions ye when ye stand in the prisoners' dock," sez he, "don't open your mouth to spake a word in your defince. Just whistle that song, an' you'll come off victorious."

"If whistling can get me off I'll folly your advice to the letter," sez I. And so I did. On the day o' my trial the Templemore coort-house was crowded to the dure with people to ketch a glimpse o' the strange an' wondherful man who had sowld wan pig to three purchasers. Judges, lawyers, and prosecutors wor all in their places, but there wasn't a witness to spake agin me, barrin' Mooney, Cooney, an' Rooney, an' a fine jeering they got for bein' found in such a pickle. But the excitement was at its hoight when my turn kem to be questioned by the judge.

"Did you sell the pig to Jeremiah Mooney?" axed the judge.

I replied to his worship's question by whistlin', accordin' to my lawyer's advice, the tune of "Drim an' dhu dheelish."

The judge stared at me wid his eyes as wide open as oysther shells. Then the people laughed till I thought the roof o' the coort-house would rise with the big uproar. The crier then rapped for ordher, an' the court was so still an' quiet ye could hear a pin dhrop.

The judge's next question was: "Did you dispose of the pig to Lawrence Cooney?"

I answered his second question like the first by whistling "Drim an' dhu dheelish."

Every soul was in kinks wid laughin'; the judge looked as if he couldn't make head or tail o' me. When ordher was restored he questioned me for the third time by axin' if Terence Rooney bought a pig from me at the fair of Templemore. But all he was able to squeeze out o' me was a few bars o' "Drim an' dhu dheelish."

His eyes pierced me through an' through for a minit; then he riz up in his sait in a terrible passion. "This is frightful! Monstrous!" sez he. "Now that I recognize the accused, I see it's the poor, witless creature that is known far an' wide as the 'Sumachaun '—a soft, foolish boy, who has to rely on stone breakin', ditch-mendin', an' a few pigs an' powltry to airn a livelihood. I protest, it's fearful to bring so grave a charge against a harmless, inoffensive, strugglin', industrious boy—an innocent creature that has not sense enough to open his mouth to spake a word even in his own defense. I repeat, it's monstrous, and each complainant deserves the greatest censure for striving to turn law and justice into a burlesque by such a ridiculous charge. For my part, I dismiss the case. "Prisoner," sez he, turnin' to me "you are discharged."

I at once thanked his worship by whistlin' "Drim an' dhu dheelish."

When I got outside the coort I thought men, women and childher would go wild wid joy. They hoisted me on their showldhers, an' after gettin' together the brass band, they formed in procession, an' while the musicians played "Drim an' dhu dheelish," I was carried in triumph, like some great hayro, around the town. After celebratin' my victory, every mother's son o' them vied with aich other to see which would trate me the best. The conqueror of an army couldn't receive a grander welkim. I'll never forget it. Troth, sir, I believe a rousin' Irish welkim is warm enuf to put blood into the heart of an iceberg. They thought nothin' too good for me. I was congratulated as the cutest man in the County Tipperary, for they said I outwitted the three most notorious schamers that could be found from the Devil's Bit to the Giant's Causeway.

When the merriment was over, my legal adviser, Lawyer Moriarty, tuk me aside an' whispered, "I towld ye, Dinny," sez he, "if ye did as I advised ye'd get off, an' you see my words have come true; here you are, as free as a bird, and what's better, you're looked upon as a notability—a sort of world's wonder, for circumventin' three o' the most darin' rogues in the barony. So now that I've won your case, ye may as well pay me my fee—the one pound we agreed upon.

I squinted at him in a sheepish manner for a minit or so, put the thumb o' me right hand to the end o' me nose, gev a sly wink, puckered my lips, an' whistled as softly an' sweetly as I could the beautiful an' melodious owld air of "Drim an' dhu dheelish."

"Get out, you whistlin' thief," sez he; "don't imagine that I'm to be imposed on by that owld, time-worn, unmusical air. Hand me over my fee this minit, and don't compel me to summons ye."

Begorra! I could hardly refrain from splitting my sides laffin' while I fooled poor Moriarty; but in spite of his rage I kep' a wry face, and left him tearin' his hair an' leppin' about like a wild goat, while the only payment he got out o' me was the privilege of listenin' to an ear-piercin' blast every now an' agin of "Drim an' dhu dheelish."

When I got home I slept soundly that night after the day's excitement.

I was up as fresh as a daisy the next mornin', an' soon had everything packed on a car ready to move into this house where we're now sittin', when who should I spy scrambling over a hedge hard-by an' runnin' along the road as if makin' for my cabin but Cooney, Mooney, an' Rooney. Aich vagabone had blood in his eye an' a black-thorn twig under his arm.

"Thundher an' turf," sez I to mesel', "what'll I do? I'll be kilt as dead as a pickled mackerel. Whistlin' won't satisfy thim boys, for they're comin' to take the law in their own hands."

I could see it was goin' to be life or death for me, so I had but little time to hesitate. I stepped into a little paddock by the cabin, where my eyes lit on an owld cart-wheel fallin' to decay. By good luck the spokes were loose in the hub, so in a jiffy I had them all out of it. I then got a hazel stick I had in the cabin, as long as a pike staff. Well, what did I do, but fitted the end of the hub to the end o' the stick? and when I flourished it over my head—troth I can tell ye it looked a mighty dangerous weapon in the hands of an angry man. I next tuk my stand by the horse's head on the roadside, prepared to defend myself.

"There he is, the whistling swindler," sez Cooney.

"Murdher (in Irish), he's like a red Injin brandishin' a war club," sez Mooney.

"What's that your swingin' over your head?" inquired Rooney.

"A hub on a stick," sez I.

"Why d'ye stand in that murdherin' attitude?" sez Cooney.

"To brain the first that manes to harm me," sez I. "So let him come on at wanst, whichever o' ye wishes to find himself in his gore."

"Faix, I'll not be first, my buck," sez Cooney.

"Ye may whistle till ye ketch a white black-bird before I go near ye," sez Mooney.

"Can't you oblige me, Rooney?" sez I, wid a coaxin' smile.

"No, Dinny," sez he, "I've too much regard for my head to let it come in contact with a murdherin' hub on the ind of a stick."

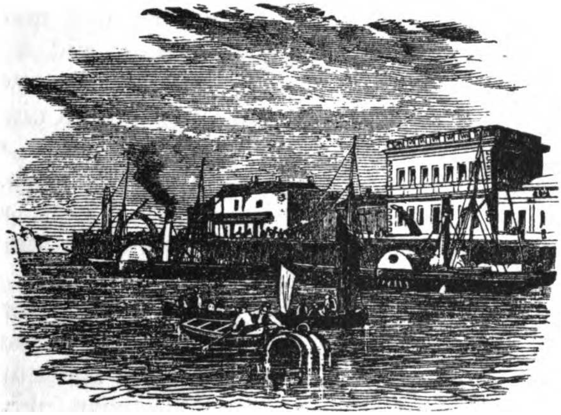
So I was again victorious, for bowld Cooney, Mooney, an' Rooney turned on their heel an' trudged home empty-handed, while I dhruv on to my new abode, this little house of entertainment, where I arrived without harm, thanks to my weapon o' definse—the hub on the stick.

When I was gettin' a sign to hang over the dure I was puzzled what to name it. All of a sudden I thought of how I thricked the three knowin' boys out o' three luckpennies on the same day for the wan pig.

"By all that's fortunate," sez I, "I couldn't have a better sign than the Luckpenny!"

An' that's what I christened it there an' then.

I soon made myself straight with everybody. Instead of a pound I paid Lawyer Moriarty five times that amount, for he desarved it, an' many a time since I've offered to pay back the money to Cooney, Mooney, an' Rooney, but they'd never take a sixpence of it, thinkin' it would only spoil a good joke—for they laugh over it till this day. 'Twas a pleasant joke for me, for I've prospered ever since the very day I tuck possession o' the Luckpenny.



Dan Doolin's Ghost.

"What may this mean,
That thou, dead corpse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous!"—*Shakespeare.*

TO give you my honest and candid opinion, I have very little faith in ghosts, but as we happen to be on the subject, I'll give you my experience in that line.

I was wanst comin' home from the fair o' Clonmel; I had two companions wid me, Phil Brennan, a pig-jobber, and Joe Scanlan, a butther an' egg merchant, in a small way. The night was fine, wid a bright moon shining through the green leaves over our heads, till we could almost see to pick up a pin. But before we were five miles on the road a sudden change kem. The sky grew as black as pitch, and a tremendous rain-storm followed it. There was no place o' shelter near at hand, so in a mighty short time not wan of us had a dhry stitch to our backs.

It was a very lonely road, with nothing but trees on aich side of us. After we got to what we found to be a fingerpost, we looked to the right and could spy something shining like a will o' the wisp, about half a mile from where we stood. We lost no time, but went in the direction of the light, and found to our glad surprise that it was comin' from the windy o' Ned Ahearn's tavern; and I needn't tell ye that we didn't leave the grass grow under our feet before we wor snugly saited beside a big, blazin, turf-fire inside the public house. And when we thought o' the black storm ragin' without, an' looked at the ruddy glow o' the chimney corner within, it warmed our hearts, in spite o' the wet clothes that wor stickin to us, an' wid the help of a steamin' jug o' punch we wor soon beyond the raich of a cowld.

After that we had a fine hearty supper o' rashers and eggs. An' maybe we didn't do justice to it sooner than give the house or the landlord a bad name. After supper we sat by the fireside with a few more travellers that put up there for the night like ourselves, and wor amusing themselves before going to bed, telling stories about Leprechauns, phookas, banshees, an' such like. At last wan o' them says:

"Now, neighbors, if it is plazin' to yez, I'll tell yez a ghost story."

"A ghost story, indeed," siz another o' the company, that looked like a scholar from Trinity College. He had a pale, boyish face, with large, starin' eyes, and a head o' long hair, fallin' down his showlders, as black as the ace o' spades. "Ghost stories," said he, givin' a melancholy smile, "is fit only to amuse childher—and tell me truly, did any o' ye ever see wan? No, troth, I'll engage not. Can any man in this room stand up and honestly say that he believes in such nonsensical pishrogue?"

"Don't let your tongue wag so fast, young gintleman," said a white-haired man wid sun-burnt faytures, and as he stood up he looked as tall as a giant, and as straight as a pike-staff; he had the very cut of an owld veteran. "If you're too ignorant to believe in ghosts," siz he, "that's no raison why you should insult the rest o' the company by such remarks as you're just after makin'. Now, for my own part, I believe in such things, and I'm neither afraid nor ashamed to own it."

"Then, all I can say is," siz the young scholar, "that you look owld enough to have more sense in your noddle."

"What!" siz the veteran, gettin' into a passion; "d'ye mane," siz he, "to dispute the words of a man owld enough to be your father?"

"It doesn't signify a rap to me," siz the scholar; "if ye wor as owld as the hills."

"Oh, neighbors, d'ye hear this young sprig of impudence? Now, listen to me, my fine young dandy. I'll wager a ten pound note that I'll make you say you've seen a ghost before I've done wid ye."

"Ten pounds!" siz the scholar, "I haven't that much money about me; if I had I'd soon take up your challenge, but maybe some o' the rest o' the company will take you at your word."

"That's a mane way to slink out of it, after all yer braggin' awhile ago. Now, listen, all o' yez," siz the veteran; "I'll bet I can tell this clever young man what he's thinkin' about, and if that doesn't satisfy him, I'll make him admit to yez all that he has seen a ghost."

"This is all the cash I have," siz the young man, throwin' a five-pound bank-note on the table. "It's my last five pounds, but I'm willin' to stake it that you can do no such thing."

"And here's five more on top of it," siz I, coverin' his money wid the five sovereigns I made at Clonmel that day.

'I'll not be behindhand, either," siz Phil Brennan, puttin' down his three wan pound notes, the whole of his day's profits.

"I'll not be outdone, either," siz Joe Scanlan, slappin' down the last thirty shillin's he had in the world.

"Is there any more?" siz the owld veteran, givin' a dhry grin as he threw the corner of his eye at the pile o' gold an' silver on the table. "Well, there, that will cover all," siz he, puttin' down a roll o' notes on the table. "And now, neighbors, just watch how soon I'll put this young man through his dhrill."

"Now begin," siz the young scholar, "an' tell what I'm thinkin' of."

"Bedad, I will, and' I hope 'twill plaze ye," siz the veteran. "But first, look at me straight in the eye—that's it. Now you want to know what it is you're thinkin' about?"

"I do," siz the scholar.

"Listen, then," siz the veteran.

"I'm all attention," siz the youth.

"Then, this is what your mind is on," siz the veteran; "you're thinkin' about your bosom friend and schoolmate, Dan Doolin; he that sailed for Australia three years ago. Am I right?"

"You are, troth," siz the scholar, turning as white as a sheet. "What are ye goin' to do next?" sez he.

"Keep your eye on me, an' you'll soon learn," siz the veteran.

Stridin' up to the door that led into the landlord's kitchen, he then tuck out something like a match an' struck it on the bowl of his dhudeen, an' in a jiffy there was a big cloud o' smoke round his head that hid his face entirely.

"Now," siz the veteran:

"Turn your head, an' look at me,
An' tell your neighbors what ye see."

"I see," siz the scholar, "a heavy mist forninst me."

"Don't move," siz the veteran, striking another match, an' that minit there was another cloud o' smoke of a lighter shade than the first. "Now, then," siz the veteran,

"Spake the truth and have no fear;
What you see let others hear."

"I see something like outlines or the figure of a man, but the mist is too thick to discern the face."

"Once more," siz the veteran, striking a third match, an' all of a sudden there was a bright, golden cloud around the door where he stood.

"Now," siz he,

"Penetrate the golden light—
Convince all here that I was right."

"What d'ye see now?"

"I see," siz the scholar, with a terrible cry, "my poor friend, Dan Doolin, that lost his life three years ago in the Australian bush. Yis, friends, it is the ghost o' poor Dan. Don't take him from me; let me eyes rest on him. Dan—Dan—he's goin'—he's goin'—he's gone—poor Dan Doolin is gone!"

And the next minit the young scholar was stretched on the broad of his back on the tavern floor in a fit, wailin' an' moanin' like a banshee, an' twistin an' twinin', till we thought every minit would be his last.

"I'll soon bring him to his senses," siz the veteran, wid a jeerin' laugh.

"Get up, ye poor, tremblin' spidogue," siz he, puttin' the scholar on his feet. "You thought to defy an' expose an owld man to the contimpt o' the whole house to-night, but you see how nately I've turned the laugh agin' ye."

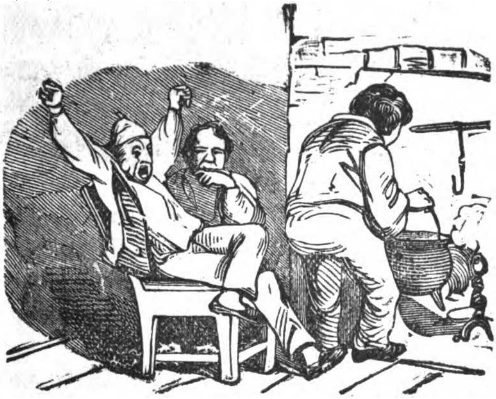
"Howld him, friends, don't let him out o' the house," siz the young man; "he's a conjurer. Don't hinder me; let me at him!"

And the next minit he had his grip on the veteran's neck and dragged him up and down the room and around the table like a madman. But the cute owld veteran, in spite of his years, was too quick for him, for he gave wan lep over the table an' darted out through the door o' the tavern like a two-year-old.

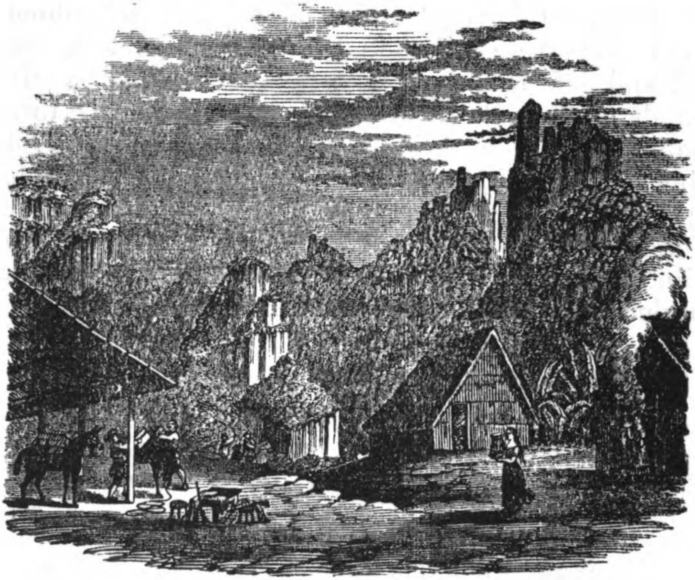
But the young scholar was soon at his heels, and away the pair o' them flew, pell-mell, through the thick woods, in the dead o' the night. Such an excitin' chase was never seen before nor since; but the strangest part o' the story is that both veteran and scholar disappeared that night and were never seen, either o' them, from that hour to this."

"And still, said I, "you say you have no faith in ghosts?"

"Neither I have; for the pair o' schamin' robbers swept every coin off the table before they took leg-bail, and left me a poorer man that night by five pounds. Phil Brennan bid good-bye to his three pounds, and Joe Scanlan never handled wan farthing of his thirty shillin's. So that the thimble-riggin' vagabones got safely away wid nearly ten pounds for their night's divarsion, an' I suppose wor laffin' in their sleeves, thinkin' how clanely they bamboozled us, wid the help o' Dan Doolin's ghost.



O'Carrol's Dream.



ONE pleasant evening in the latter part of May, Tom O'Carrol, a young tenant farmer, was seated under a fragrant hawthorn-bush beside his wife Mary, near the outskirts of the picturesque village of Kilmany.

In a charming green vale, some fifty yards from where they sat, were the whitewashed walls of the roofless cabin they had once called their home. It was the old, old story; rack-rent had done its work.

The bailiff had served the writ of ejectment. The landlord's understrappers, better known as the crowbar brigade, had performed their "lawful" duty, alas, too well.

The result was, that poor Tom O'Carrol and his wife and four little ones were left to the charity of their neighbors, without a roof of their own to cover them.

"Mary, A suilish machree, I could still battle with the world myself," said Tom, "but what is to become o' you an' the weeny wans, the cratures?"

"We needn't complain Tom, agra, while life and strength is left us; besides, the kind-hearted O'Shaughnessys has offered us shelter and the bit an' sup, till heaven sends us something better in its own good time."

"Ah! Mary, my jewel, you had ever an' always the same hopeful, lovin' word; though the landlord has robbed us of house and home, the thief couldn't stale your bright smile, mavourneen, and while that ray o' comfort still shines like a purty star fur me an' the childher, I'll not give up the struggle. So, in the name o' goodness, I'll start for Dublin bright and early to-morrow mornin'. It goes agin me to have to do it, Mary, for it will be the first time we parted since I called ye my own darlin' wife.

"An' what is it that puts Dublin into your head, Tom, dear?"

"It's all on account of a quare drame I had, Mary."

"A drame!" exclaimed his wife.

"Yes, indeed, acushla. It may appear strange t' ye, but I had the same curious drame for the last three nights."

"Is it possible? An' ye never towld me of it before. Howanever, it's not too late; so let me hear it, Tom, an' maybe I'd be able to advise ye."

"I'll tell ye as near as I can all I remember of it.

Well, then, for three nights I had the very same drame. I thought I was diggin' wid a spade in the little garden at the back of our owld cabin, forninst the apple tree, and after throwin' up three spades full o' the soil I felt a tap on my right showldher, an' when I turned my eyes round, what did I spy but the figure of a man I often gave a male's mait to when he was living. An' who do you think it was, Mary?"

"Why, then, who, Tom? Tell me, for I'm only a poor hand at guessin'."

"Why, the last man you'd think of, Mary. 'Twas poor, owld Mick Keegan, the potato-beggar, though he's gone to his long home, rest his soul, for it's just three years since he died, isn't it?"

"It is, Tom; but tell me, did he spake t'ye?"

"He did. 'Tom,' said he, 'you war a true friend o' mine while I was livin', and now, poor fellow, that you're in sore need o' help yourself, I'd like to show my gratitude for the helpin' hand you often held out to the poor potato-beggar. Go, then, with all speed to Dublin, and when you cross Carlisle bridge walk straight up Sackville Street, till you get to Nelson's Pillar, forninst the Post-office. Station yourself near the pillar and wait there until a tall, strange man spakes t'ye, an', if ye have a little patience, you'll larn something that will help you out o' the hobble you're in at present.'"

With that he left me, and the next night I had the self-same drame, and last night, for the third time, what d'ye think? but I dramed the whole thing over again, word for word, exactly as I towld it to you now. So I've made my mind up asthore to tramp it to Dublin and thry my luck to-morrow mornin'."

"Well, it's a mighty good omen, I think," said his wife, "and maybe, after all, you might do worse than obey the advice o' the poor potato-beggar. So, don't let me be a hindrance to you, dear."

For the remainder of the evening Tom's wife evinced a lightness of spirits which she had not felt since the day of their eviction; even Tom was less depressed than usual and employed himself in making such arrangements as he knew would occasion his family to feel the inconvenience of his absence less acutely, for according to their view a journey to Dublin was a serious undertaking.

On the following morning O'Carrol was up before daybreak. So were his wife and children. When breakfast was ready they all sat down in silence; every face was marked by the traces of want, sorrow, and affection. The father attempted to eat, but could not. His wife sat at the meal, but could taste nothing. The children ate, for hunger at that moment was predominant over every other sensation.

At length it was over, and Tom O'Carrol rose to depart. He then turned to his family, cleared his throat two or three times, but could not utter a word.

"Mary, machree," said he at length, "sure, when I think o' your fair, young face, your yellow hair, your lightsome laugh, and your step that'ud not bend the flower o' the field, it makes my heart bleed when I think of the state I've brought you an' the little creatures to."

"Tom!" exclaimed his wife, "my mind is changed in regard to this journey to Dublin; how can ye travel all that distance, an' you so worn an' wake, wid the trouble you've had since the day of our eviction? Give up the thought of it, agra, an' maybe happier times will soon come round again."

The children crowded about their father and joined their entreaties to those of their mother.

"Father, don't lave us; we'll be lonesome if ye go, for who will take care of us if anything was to happen to you in the big strange city, so far from them that loves you."

"Indeed, Tom," said his wife, "there's sense and reason in every word the childher says to you; sure, you won't go now, darlin', will you?"

"I must go, Mary, acushla. My mind is made up, for it cuts me to the heart to look at your wasted faces and think it's beyond my power to help yez." He then kissed them one by one, and pressing the affectionate partner of his sorrows to his breaking heart, implored Heaven to bless them all, and set out for Dublin in the twilight of a mild May morning.

On the third day after his departure he reached the metropolis, dejected and toil-worn. He was soon directed to Carlisle bridge (which is better known to-day as O'Connell bridge, having been recently improved and named after the great liberator).

"I am on the right road at last," he muttered, "and a weary thramp I've had for it. Faix, that must be Nelson's Pillar," he continued, as he wended his way up Sackville Street. "Yes, troth, there it is, as plain as a pike staff, only a trifle bigger—and there's the post-office, too, so I can't go astray, at all events; if the rest of my dhrame turns out as plain I won't have my journey for nothing. Meelia, murdher; but Dublin is a great place after all. Look at the string o' side-cars an' covered cabs; begorra, this takes the shine out o' Kilmany by long chalks. Well, here I am at last forninst the pillar, where I'm to take my post an' wait till some wan spakes to me that manes me well."

Tom accordingly stationed himself by Nelson's Pillar and followed out to the letter the instructions of his dream; it was dusk before he left his post.

"Well, I think it's time now," he remarked, "to look after a mouthful to ait and a bed to lie in for the night. I'm tired standin'. I've stood by the pillar for five long hours, an' not a friend or stranger has even said boo to me."

He suceeded in finding shelter for the night in a cheap house of entertainment in Middle Abbey Street. His second day's vigil was almost a repetition of the first, being equally as fruitless. He had changed his last shilling.

On the evening of the third day a cold, sorrowful weight lay upon his heart. The din of the crowded thoroughfare deadened his affliction into a stupor; an overwhelming sense of his disappointment entered like a barbed arrow into his heart; as he remembered his Mary and their children, large tears of anguish, deep and bitter, rolled slowly down his cheeks. "I have done my jooty," he exclaimed at length, as he quitted his post with a heavy heart. He, however, had walked but a few steps when a tall stranger accosted him, saying he had noticed him standing near Nelson's Pillar for three days and was curious to know what his motive was. To which Tom replied that it was all on account of a mighty strange dream he had.

"Ah, my dacent, honest man, I pity your simplicity. You're from the country, I percaive."

"I am, sir," said O'Carrol, "an' I only wish I was safe back again, for I would sooner be lookin' at the green glens, the big mountains, the purty lake, and the ruined round tower smothered in ivy, where I was born, than upon all the noble buildin's, parks, and monuments in this grand, rich city."

"And so you came here over a silly dream?" said the stranger.

"That's exactly what tuk me here," replied Tom.

"I am sorry," said his interrogator, "you hadn't something with a stronger foundation. If I had heeded dreams I might have proved myself as great a gommoch as yourself, for it was only the other night I dreamt I was in a small garden that once belonged to an evicted small farmer, one Tom O'Carrol by name.

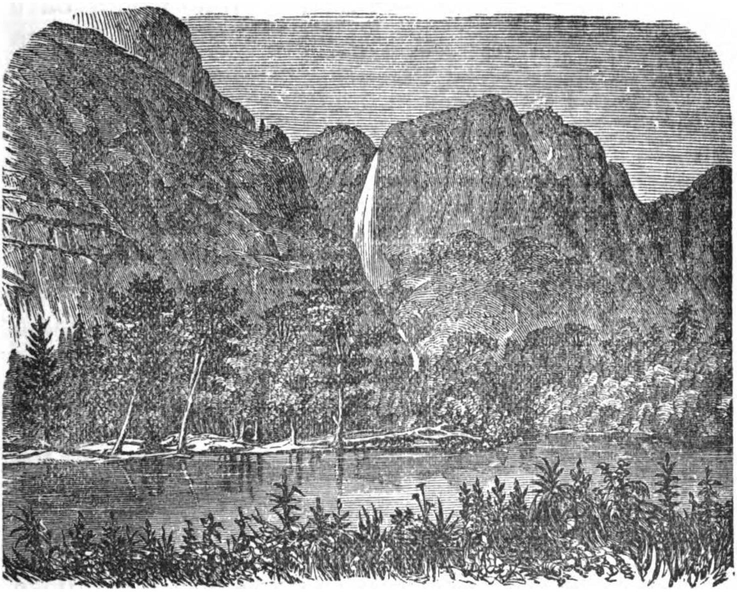
The place in my drame was Kilmany, a village somewhere in the South of Ireland. I was told there was an apple tree in the garden, and if I dug three spade fulls o' clay I'd find an old wallet stuffed with gold and bank notes."

"Thank you, sir," said Tom; "indeed, then, drames always go by conthraries, as the sayin' is, an' for the future I'll not pin my faith to them. Good evenin' to ye. I've a long road to thravel, an' as the moon is risin' I'll take advantage of its light; bannagh lacht!"

Tom having thus abruptly parted company with the stranger, immediately retraced his steps, and, as he himself put it, "I didn't let the grass grow under my feet till I got snug back to Kilmany an' felt a new man when I spied the blue smoke curlin' up from the chimley of the house where I left Mary an' the weeny wans You may be sure, I didn't lose much time then, before I found myself diggin' wid a spade beside the apple tree in the garden. An', judge of my surprise, when after I dug three spadefuls o' the soil to find every word o' my drame as true as the sun. The stranger I met in Dublin, his drame, as he towld it to me, was as true as my own, for there in the hole I dug was the wallet, which I knew at a glance, for it was wanst the property of owld Keegan, the potato-beggar, the man I often gev a bed and a male to. Well, when I tuck up the wallet, to my joy I found it stuffed with goold an' bank notes. There was a thrifle over a thousand pounds in the same owld wallet, long life to it."

Tom is now a prosperous farmer, and of course has good grounds for attributing his success in life to his extraordinary dream.

The Wishing Stone.



CHAPTER. I.

“ I lay in unrest—old thoughts of pain,
That I struggled in vain to smother,
Like midnight spectres haunted my brain,
Dark fantasies chased each other ;
When, lo ! a figure—who might it be ?
A tall, fair figure stood near me !
Who might it be ? An unreal banshee ?
Or an angel sent to cheer me ?”—*Clarence Mangan.*

HORACE Fitzgerald was a young man of noble bearing, well grown and finely proportioned. One sultry day in July he was wandering near the edge of a wild glen, accompanied by Maurice

Malone, his faithful foster-brother. Maurice was more advanced in years and of a much humbler class in society.

"Arrah, Horace, dear, but this is a contrairy world entirely," said he, as he seated himself on a fragment of rock at the young man's feet. "Who would have thought your own brother, Redmond, would have been the first to turn agin ye? No matter, aroon, ye have the ould blood in you, and though I'm only your poor foster-brother, I'd die for you and folly ye over the four quarters o' the globe if I thought 'twould make you happy."

"Poor Maurice," said the youth, "you are as fondly devoted to me as if I were the heir of the Fitzgeralds instead of a discarded younger brother."

"It cuts me to the heart, agra, to see a fine, college-bred gentleman like you without a guinea to call your own, while your brother, that less deserves it, is rowlin' in riches. But, sure, if ye'd only take my advice an' go up to the owld 'Wishing Stone' beyant in the Slieve-na-mon Mountains an' dhrop into a quiet doze, who knows but maybe you'd have the luck to drame o' the 'hidden treasure.'"

"Maurice," exclaimed the young man, "I've been dreaming all my life—it's quite time I awoke."

"Awoke, is it?" exclaimed Maurice; "you that's just as wide awake as a weasel. Why, there isn't a better shot, a finer horseman, or a purtier dancer in Tipperary than yourself; and who can aquil ye wid the pen? Sure, sir, the purty book of poethry ye got printed in Dublin a few months ago is the fireside talk of every cabin and mansion in Ireland. Every word inside its covers has a charm that bewitches rich and poor; an' there's not a ballad-singer in the streets o' Dublin City that hasn't picked out a sowl-stirring air from its sweet pages. An' you tell me its only dramin' ye wor all your life!

"Faix, Horace, if my simple knowledge box would turn out such illigant music by dramin' I'd be willin' to lie down an' sleep till I lived to be as owld as Kate Kearney's cat. Dramin', indeed! No, Horace, but I only wish ye would drame. Man alive, aren't ye the seventh son! an' that's luck, as everybody knows. Now, if you'd only lay your head on the 'Wishing Stone' on the seventh day of the seventh month, as the morning comes alone out of the dark twelve of midnight—for mornin' drames, as the world knows, are always the truest—if ye only do that, I'll wager your eyes will be opened in your sleep, an' you'll drame o' the 'hidden treasure.'

"It's a pleasant place, sir, close to the boreen ye cross when ye go shootin'. They say a white doe comes once a year to drink at the strame forninst the cross-roads."

"I know the 'Wishing Stone' well, Maurice," answered young Fitzgerald.

"Well, maybe you'll thry your luck there for wanst."

"I'm afraid, Maurice, the experiment would be in vain; however, I'll think about it."

"Don't think at all, Horace, but go to sleep and drame—to-morrow is the seventh day of the seventh month, an' if ye do as I ask ye, who knows but it's up to our eyes in goold and silver we'd be before this day week."

Horace Fitzgerald was a bright-hearted, clever fellow, full of intelligence and talent, which from many causes had lain fallow; the associations of childhood bound him to the spot where he had been born. Slieve-na-mon, the giant-headed mountain, which was the weather-glass of all his excursions, was also his landmark when far away from home, and the moment he saw its peak rising from amid the clouds, he shouted as if to an ancient friend.

Making some excuse to get rid of his faithful foster-brother, Horace wandered through what was now only the brushwood of a forest which had been for centuries the pride of his ancestry. As the evening gathered in, he threw himself on the grass, beside the stream where he had thrown his first fly and after much patience hooked his first trout. For many hours he reviewed the past and was only roused from his reverie by the gathering of a thunder-storm. It must have been near midnight when he left the cottage of an old game-keeper where he had taken shelter. Peal after peal of thunder rolled through the heavens, and lightning played the most fearful pranks around the peaks of Slieve-na-mon. As Horace stood for a moment surveying with aching eye the hill and dale of his favorite haunt, he thought he saw a white doe rush into the glade in which the "Wishing Stone" had lain for centuries. Prompted by the instinct of a keen sportsman, he rushed after it. And surely he could not be twice deceived. The creature paused and looked back, and then darted forward as before. Of course, he followed, but still more strangely lost sight of it exactly where the "Wishing Stone" was sheltered by a projecting rock that was overgrown with every species of wild-flowers and fern. The sky, cleared of every vestige of cloud by the past storm, was one canopy of blue, starred by the countless multitude of unknown worlds.

An unaccountable stupor arrested his steps; he passed his hand over his brow in vain; by a violent effort he sprang over the bubbling brook, but it seemed as though he had entered a charmed circle; nothing could exceed his drowsiness; the air was warm and perfumed; he tried to keep his eyes open, but in vain. At last, completely overcome, he sank beneath the shelter of the rock, his head resting on the "Wishing Stone."

CHAPTER II.

"Though years have rolled since then, yet now
My memory thrilling lingers
On her awful charms, her waxen brow,
Her pale, translucent fingers,
Her eyes that mirrored a wonder-world,
Her mien of unearthly mildness,
And her waving raven tresses, that curled
To the ground in beautiful wildness."

Mangan.

But, however much overpowered when he laid down his head, Horace Fitzgerald declared he found it impossible to sleep when once fairly resting on the moss. Gradually a veil of mist, soft and transparent, descended from the brow of the overhanging rock, and curtained him round about. By degrees the mist folded itself in such graceful, ever-moving drapery around his couch, as if invisible hands arranged and rearranged it for his enjoyment. The forms so busied became outlined in the most delicate tracery—transparent, fragile things they were, as they mingled together in fantastic movement, and the last troop that gathered round him looked at him with earnest eyes, in which there was an expression of the deepest interest, as though they knew the past and would fain direct him as to the future. And, soft as the whispering of the south-wind, questions were breathed into his ears which he had not the power to reply to. At last, after the moon had sunk, and the stars disappeared, one of tall, majestic stature for a fairy advanced to the young man's side and bent the wand she carried in her hand over his eyes. It looked at a distance like a silver rod, but he found it was only a line of light, and it gave him power to see all things contained in the secret vaults of his family. He looked there, but saw nothing except heaps of bones, round which the cerements of the grave mouldered, with here and there a jewel or a chain of gold or a stray white pearl, but no "hidden treasure." His wandering spirit, shuddering, returned to its dwelling, and was grateful to be again with the fields and flowers.

"No hidden treasure there," murmured the fair lady, and again the wand of light passed over his eyes. After which he found himself traversing the secret passages of a rude fortress, encountering nothing save headless arrows and time-worn battle-axes. He still pushed onward, for his love of gain had roused him to exertion; but no hidden treasure appeared. Fatigued and worn by disappointment, his spirit came back, as it were, to his breathing home, and then the fairy smiled and said:

"Seek beneath the waters."

And the wand again did its behest; but fruitless was the search beneath the lake. No hidden treasure was there.

"Out upon all dreaming," he exclaimed. "No one but a simpleton would listen to such old wives' tales—and I to be such an idiot—and these misty phantoms to deceive me so, making such sport of my credulity."

"You have a hidden treasure still to seek," said the lady of the wand; "but you would not seek it where it lies, until your mind was disabused of its false hopes."

As the fairy spoke, her form changed, and she became a creature of such infinite light and life, that Horace felt as though he could have worshipped, while listening to the music of her voice.

"Why," she continued, "should you seek without for hidden treasure, when your hidden treasure is within, when every true feeling cherished into action, runs as a silver stream at your command? When the lever of intellect, fixed to one purpose, can do what it wills. Oh, that men would but render the homage due to Him who gave, by using well the gift! Behold!"

And she circled his head with a wand of light, and, as it were, the "hidden treasure" of the refined gold and jewelled worth, heaped up and stored away in idleness within the secret recesses of his own mystic frame, were laid bare unto himself. His astonishment increased at their magnitude; he had no words to express his wonder at their immensity; he could not comprehend why he had not before turned his eyes upon his inner self.

"See," she continued, while waving her wand around him; "see you not these treasures, hidden no longer, waiting but to be used? The source of wealth and station, power and independence to yourself, and of good to all within and far beyond your sphere. These are the hidden treasures of——"

"Och! Horace, jewel. Horace, avick! don't blame me. I couldn't, 'pon my word, sir, I couldn't help it. Seein' ye looked so continted and wid such a bright smile on your face, I knew your drame was a good wan. Only the sun shouldn't touch the dramer's lips, for if he does he spoils the drame intirely. So that's why I disturbed ye, and to-night, plaze goodness, we'll fetch a pick an' spade an' dig the treasure up."

"Not quite so soon as that, Maurice," said the dreamer. "Though treasure we certainly shall have; sound, healthy treasure in abundance."

"Of course, Horace, didn't I always tell ye that, an' always stuck to it, even while ye laughed at me, an' made sport o' my good advice. Maybe you believe me now?"

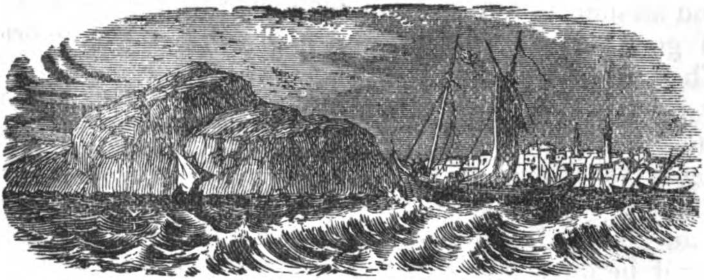
"I do believe you, Maurice, for the truth has been revealed to me as plain as daylight."

"An' why, Horace, is it you have no wish to get the treasure up to-night?"

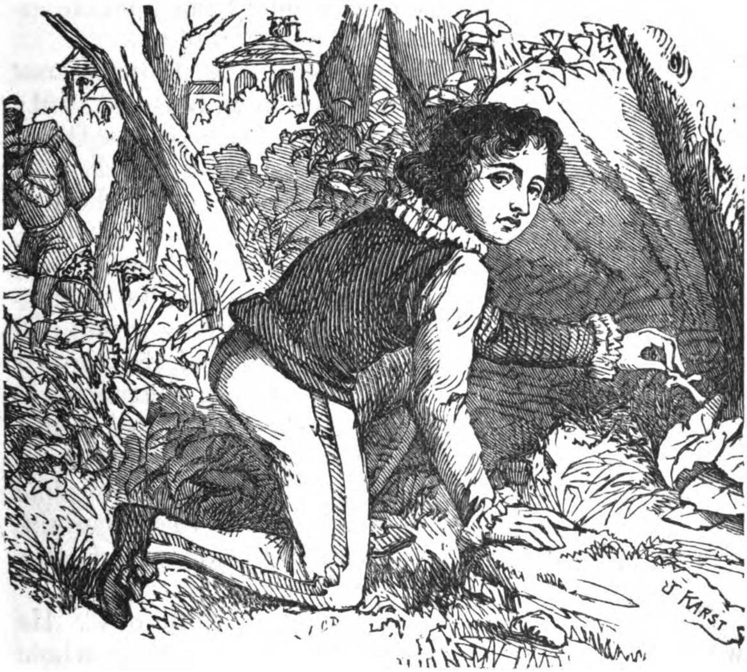
"My treasure, my dear foster-brother, will come with time—it is not buried in the earth, but is abroad, living, breathing. I feel it now."

"Och, musha, musha, only listen to this," muttered Maurice; "faix, I'm afeerd them thieves o' fairies only kem on purpose to stale away the poor boy's seven sinses."

But Maurice was mistaken, for his foster-brother had found his senses with the hidden treasure, and a few years of perseverance proved that truth may be found even on a Wishing Stone.



The Fairy Boy.



"O'er the mountain, through the wild wood,
   Where his childhood loved to play,
Where the flowers are freshly springing,
   There I wander day by day;
There I wander, growing fonder
   Of the child that made my joy,
On the echoes wildly calling
   To restore my fairy boy."—*Lover*.

KILLINEY Hill is eight miles from Dublin. On its summit is a conspicuous obelisk, whence the traveller may enjoy a rich reward for his toil in ascending the mountain in the diversified prospects of sea and land which this situation commands. Hence may be seen the bays of Dublin and Killiney, the Islands of Dalkey, Ireland's Eye, Lambay, and the peninsula of Howth. Near the base of the hill, to the right, is Mount Druid, a mansion so named from a much admired antiquity, called the Druids' Temple.

But I do not intend to give a history of Killiney, nor even a description of it or of its neighborhood. My sole business at present is with a certain Widow O'Regan and her only offspring, Dermot, who formerly took up their abode in a neat thatched cabin, near the foot of the hill in question.

Dermot was a pale, delicate, yellow-haired boy, with a crooked back. He was nicknamed the "Changeling" by some of the peasantry. Others would call him the "Fairy Boy," in consequence of the reports which had been circulated far and near that once, in the dead of the night, when the Widow O'Regan had gone into the garden to draw a pitcher of water from the well, the cradle in which her child lay sleeping had been robbed by some thieving sprite of the mountain, and the mortal babe witched away in exchange for the disproportioned Dermot.

The poor youth's lot was indeed a hard one. He was shunned by young and old. His mother, whom he loved better than his own life, was the only friend he had in the world She, in return, prized him as her soul's jewel, for her lone boy's loneliness made him more dear to her than the apple of her eye. Often would she press her lips to his pale forehead with the warm glow of love which none but a mother can ever know.

Some sixteen Summers had passed over; yet the fragile boy would never present himself at the wake, the fair, or the bridal, for he dreaded the thoughtless ones who delighted to jeer and make sport of his shapeless back. His chief source of amusement was his loved harp, for Dermot was a minstrel, and often sought the seclusion of the dingle and caverned dell, hoping to commune with the viewless inhabitants of the fairy mounds and haunted raths. Nor was he always alone in his sequestered retreat, for Una Mc Bride, the fairest of Wicklow's daughters, night by night, had heard his exquisite strains with that pure delight which the tuneful melody sometimes awakes in the souls of the young; but Dermot as yet had never seen the angel face of his fair admirer. One calm autumn-evening Una, who had become pretty familiar with the bard's favorite haunts, set out as usual, and with noiseless step succeeded in reaching the shade of the spreading boughs of an old oak-tree, where he was engaged in playing one of Carolan's famous old airs. She could not resist the minstrel's power, and so she continued to listen and love, and might have died ere her love was known but for a strange accident. The harper had barely concluded the enchanting melody, when with death-like face and flashing eyes Una McBride sprang wildly from her place of concealment and fell like a corpse by the side of young Dermot.

A famished wolf in his nightly prowl had followed her, but before he reached his intended prey young Dermot's arm was dyed in the monster's blood, for his harp was cast aside, and his hunting knife buried deep in the fierce brute's heart. Again and again the keen-edged blade was stoutly plied at its deadly work, till at last the savage wolf lay prostrate on the blood-empurpled heath.

Dermot's next task was to offer what aid he could to the affrighted maiden, but as he approached the fainting form and gazed upon the peerless face of the beauteous Una, an agonizing pang of withering dread chilled him to the heart, and, with streaming eye, he exclaimed: "Why should an object of contempt, such as I am, disturb the angel. She'll awake too soon, too soon, to loathe and scorn me." There is an anguish which no words can utter. It must be felt when the solemn knell of hope rings sadly out, leaving its victim worse than death—despair! Such grief was Dermot's. Hope died within him, and he was desolate. Tears, burning tears, the first manhood ever shed, rolled down his pale cheeks. Presently, however, a magical change came over him, for Una having regained her consciousness, a voice fell upon his ear as sweetly clear as the entrancing strains of his own harp. Again the rose-like blush mantled her cheek, while in her eyes of blue sparkled combined love, gratitude, and joy.

From that hour Dermot was an altered man. His mind was ever haunted by his own graceless form. Morning, noon, and night he sought the shade of the woodland dells and glades, where legends had told him the all-potent Leprechaun was to be found. His face was haggard; his neglected hair hung matted on his back; a fearful light flashed from his sunken eyes.

Una's love for her preserver grew more devoted as his wretchedness increased. Yet the poor harper, mistaking her affection for mockery, as he gazed upon her fair face would sometimes strike his breast as if seized with a sudden pang and rush from her presence like a maniac, wending his way to the thicket and the dell in quest of the kind fairy by whose power his uncouth form was to be exchanged for one of perfect beauty.

It was a beautiful summer-evening that fell on Killiney, but Dermot, who found himself alone on the hill-side, felt sensations very different from those which might result from the beauty of the scence. Before he had reached the base of the mountain the sun had long since been hidden from his eyes, so that he was left almost in utter darkness. The struggling light of the moon, however, suddenly revealed to him a strange spectacle. It was the figure of a dwarfish creature, attired in scarlet from top to toe, seated on a moss-covered stone, within the shadow of what appeared to be a species of tower. The little fellow seemed to be busily employed in hammering away upon the sole of a tiny brogue.

"By all that's fortunate," muttered Dermot, "I've tracked him at last—it's the Leprechaun himself." Trembling with bewilderment and awe he cautiously groped his way to the enchanted spot. Meanwhile the fairy, who happened to be in a pleasant mood, trolled a roundelay of merry verses, marking the time upon the sole of the shoe. But to his dismay, an exclamation of delight from an unexpected quarter, brought his song to an abrupt conclusion. For Dermot, having advanced softly on tip-toe dexterously whipped the little shoemaker from off his bench and held him up triumphantly between his forefinger and thumb, as he cried exultingly:

"Ha, ha, you're mine, mine at last. I have you tight, my little man."

"You're right you have," replied the captured sprite. "Still, it might be better for yourself if you'd let me loose, Mr. Dermot O'Regan."

"Do you know me?"

"Of course, my man. You're mad with love."

"Imp," cried Dermot, "you have the power, I am told, to bestow beauty and wealth upon me."

"And suppose I have. Why should I waste my precious gifts on a creature like you?"

"That I may win the heart of fair Una McBride."

"A modest request, indeed," said the sprite. "And what is to be my reward for such a favor?"

"Whatever you ask," replied Dermot. "My very life, if you desire it."

"Well, Dermot, I'll not deny you, for nothing would please me better than to befriend a musical genius, and I know there's not a harper fit to compete with you in the four provinces, but reflect a moment before you make a rash bargain. Remember that fairy-gifts are things that good men fear."

"I fear nothing but the loss of Una's love," cried Dermot. "Keep me no longer in suspense. Strike this vile blemish from my back, give me a form fit to grace the noblest knight, and riches, that I may feel myself worthy to claim Una for my wife."

"'Tis done," said the sprite. "You are now changed in form and face, and here fix your gaze upon the world's master—gold, yellow gold. It is yours. It will buy you all—all but the pure love of a woman's heart. Go now without delay to Una, and should she consent to be your bride when she sees the knightly plume waving on your brow, call to mind my warning—her heart will prove as fickle as her face is fair—but should she reject you, meet me here again to-morrow night when the moon rises." Thus saying, the fairy-shoemaker plunged into the thicket, and was soon lost to view.

Dermot's sudden transformation, instead of hastening the fulfilment of his soul's dearest wish, proved to be his greatest stumbling block. Una was so utterly astounded at the daring intruder, as she termed him, when he spoke of marriage, that she disdainfully ordered him to go about his business, little dreaming that in the person of the courtly knight her words of scorn were addressed to her own Dermot. And no wonder, for his own mother failed to recognize him. Voice, form, feature, all were so marvelously changed that a single glance at his mirror convinced him of the difficulty he would find in attempting to prove his identity. His vows of affection and fidelity, uttered with a volubility in strange contrast with his former bashful hesitancy, were thrown away upon the indignant Una.

"Begone, sir," cried the astonished girl. "I deem it no knightly part that you should bend your knee and speak soft accents of constancy and truth, seeking with countless gold to back your perjured vows. Let your homage cease, sir knight. I'll hear no more!"

With these words she hurried out of the room, unheeding the efforts made by Dermot to detain her.

"Am I then rejected?" he murmured. "She spurns me. My love, after all, was but an idle dream, and for that dream I must forfeit my eternal welfare."

In spite of himself Dermot could not help feeling struck with the warning that was given to him on the night before by the Leprechaun:

"Should she consent to be your bride when she sees the knightly plume waving on your brow, her heart will prove as fickle as her face is fair."

Accordingly, after sunset, Dermot set out to talk the matter over with his mystic patron of Killiney Hill.

"Take back your gifts," he cried; "they have been my curse. The knightly wooer was derided where once the wretched hunchback was dearly loved—take back your gold and return to me my former shape."

"'Tis done," said the sprite. "You are changed again. On your brow I see once more the glorious lines of thought—the vivid mind, which fairy gold could never purchase. Why did you repine? No jewel was brighter than your deep blue eye. Your back, 'tis true, is warped, but your manly heart is the stronghold of honor. Did you think that outward show alone could stir the passion of pure love? Believe me, Dermot, that one kind action, one memory of a good deed done, the utterance of a single word, but faintly whispered, will rivet chains which last till death. You have within you a mightier power to gain your ends than ever fell from fairy lips. Return at once to Una. You need have no fear if you trust in virtue's power."

What more need be added? Why should I dwell longer upon Dermot's suit? The magic spell of love bound heart to heart; contentment blessed their union; and for many happy years no couple in the romantic County of Wicklow was more respected than Una McBride and her fairy boy.

The Emigrants.

"Oh, come, my mother, come away across the sea-green water;
Oh, come with me and come with him, the husband of thy daughter.
Oh, come with us, and come with them, the sister and the brother,
Who, prattling, climb thine aged knee, and call thy daughter,—mother."

D. F. McCarthy.

OWEN McNulty was a poor Donegal cottier. He had a large family, whose subsistence was almost entirely dependent on a few goats, heifers, and sheep, which his landlord grudgingly permitted to graze on the wild mountain-side. The town of Donegal lies in a hollow among lofty hills, with lakes and fine old trees to enrich the scene. The ancient castle of the O'Donnells, and the bridge across the stream flowing out of Lough Esk, are objects of special attraction to the traveller. The River Esk issues from a lake about three miles in length and one in breath, hemmed in by Ross Mountain and other steep ridges; it then takes its rapid course through a ravine, between the high slopes of Barnmoor and a heathy precipice on the opposite bank; to the north are Loughs Esk and Mourne, and to the southeast the celebrated Lough Derg, with its island covered with ruined chapels.

One fine summer's morning, just at day-break, Owen McNulty was seated smoking his pipe outside a little cot, which stood facing the bay. The sun was rising gradually above the lofty headland, the dark sea was getting green in the light, and the mists, clearing away, went rolling and curling like the blue wreaths of smoke from Owen's pipe.

"It's little I ever dreamed that we'd be forced at last to take a farewell view o' the grand owld scenes before settin' out to wandher among strangers in a far-off land," said Owen, taking the pipe from between his lips, and looking toward the distant ocean, which lay as still and tranquil as an unruffled lake. At that moment an old man, leading an ass and car loaded with butter, eggs, poultry, hams, and other commodities, approached McNulty's cottage.

"Good morrow, Owen," he cried, as he brought the ass to a stand still.

"Good morrow, kindly, Phadrig," said Owen. "You're off to the market bright and early this fine morning, I see."

"Yes, in troth, Owen, I'm thrying to make a little hay while the sun is shining—but tell me, Owen, is it true that you're bent entirely on emigrating with your little family over the says?"

"True enough," replied Owen; "our passage is paid by my eldest son, Owen Roe, who is now in New York followin' his thrade as a builder, and it isn't the first money he's sent us, may heaven bless and spare him."

"An' when will you be goin', Owen?"

"The steamer is to sail in five days from this, Phadrig."

"In five days, then, I'll see the last o' my owld schoolmate an' friend. Oh, but it's hard Owen, when we come to think over it! Dhriven from the cottage that was built by your ancestors two hundred years ago, and merely allowed to remain in it for a few weeks, with the miserable privilege of 'care taker.'"

"Sure, can't you see the game o' Government, man alive," said Owen. "Its hobby is to drive the whole o' the tenant farmer class out of Ireland."

"Of course, I see it, Owen, avick—they'd like to change the agricultural system to one of grazing."

"Begorra, that's it in a nut-shell, Phadrig. Their plan is to transmogrify the land into a big cattle ranch to supply the English market. Faix, they're makin' a purty clane sweep of it in Ireland nowadays, and I don't know what we'd have done at all, at all, if it wasn't for our darlin' Owen Roe. Only for the money he sent us, there was nothing but the work-house starin' us in the face, and poor Margaret, the crature, and indeed, myself, would sooner lie down and die in a ditch, than cross the threshold o' such a place."

"But sure, your brother Hugh, he that has a snug place of his own at Glenveigh, or Glen of Silver Birches, I'm towld he offered to find a comfortable place there for you and the family."

"And so he did, Phadrig."

"Well, if I was in your shoes, Owen, I'd lep sky-high at such a kind offer. The Glen o' Silver Birches is a purty spot, and 'tisn't such a wonderful distance; it's in the county, at all events, an' I think it 'ud be a dale better for you than to brave the wild ocean with your young family."

"To spake the truth, Phadrig, the McNulty blood is too proud to be under compliment to any one, even their own kith an' kin; an nobody but myself knows how sorely it grieved me to receive a helpin' hand from my poor boy, Owen Roe, for, I'll go bail, he has to struggle hard enough for what he earns in the New World, where he is."

"The owldest boy you have at home is Dinny; isn't he too young to work yet?" inquired Phadrig.

"He's not yet turned fourteen," said Owen.

"Troth, it makes me wondher what you'll do in a foreign country with a helpless family. If you take my advice, you'll settle down with your brother Hugh at Glenveigh, instead o' crossin' the Atlantic. You'll be able to earn the bit and sup with him, but you're not, maybe, too sure o' that where you're goin'."

"I've put all my hope in Owen Roe; he's our pride and mainstay; he has brought us through many a bitter trial, and I know he'll not fail us this time."

"But suppose for a minit," said Phadrig, "though may Heaven prevent it, that anything was to happen to Owen Roe?"

"Happen to Owen Roe, the apple of mine and his mother's eye? Don't put such an unpleasant question as that to me, Phadrig, I couldn't bear to think of it. If anything was to happen to Owen Roe, I know that my days wouldn't be many in this world."

"Indeed, Owen, without him you could do nothing there—for you have no trade or callin' you could turn your hand to, barrin' fishin' or farmin', and I'm afeerd that 'ud be of little or no use to you in a big city like New York."

"Our passage is paid, Phadrig, and Owen Roe expects us, so you see by that there's no choice for us but to emigrate. And if it is heaven's will, before this day week, I'll be on the broad Alantic, many a long mile from ould Donegal."

* * * * * *

Owen McNulty, like many a poor Irish emigrant, left his native land under the illusion that the far-off land of his hope was an Eldorado. Nor is this so much to be wondered at, when we consider that he had received many a glowing account of the fair land of Columbus from his own son, the very core of his heart, as he endearingly termed him, added to which he had substantial evidence in the form of generous remittances.

The letters, however, containing such remittances seldom spoke of the hardships with which the money was earned.

It is indeed a melancholy fact that the dark side of the picture is too often concealed.

Owen Mc Nulty's short but sad career in the "Land of the West" is thus briefly summed up by his youngest son:

"The night before we put our foot on American soil was calm and beautiful. As my father and mother and the rest of us got on deck to breathe the pure air the moon was just rising from the breast o' the ocean, and it threw a strame o' goolden light over the waters that made the evening look like open day. When the weather is fine the difference between the deck and the stifling steerage hole is wonderful—it is like new life to a man.

"As we stood on the promenade deck, watching the shining waters, my father spoke to my mother in a voice soft and tender, while the tears glistened in his eyes. His talk was all about the little cottage in Donegal, with its woodbine trailing over the door, and his mind kept going back to the many pleasant hours we often passed together under its roof and by its snug and cheerful fireside. Then again the subject would change, and his cheeks would flush as he would mention with pride and pleasure the grand qualities o' my eldest brother, Owen Roe, and the joy that was in store far us all when we would behold him the next day in New York.

"It was nine o'clock the next day when we got into Castle Garden. We waited for hours and made inquiries about Owen Roe, for he informed us in his last letter that he'd be there to meet us and have a comfortable place prepared to take us to. We asked every one we met about him, but no one seemed to know anything concerning him. We felt very lowspirited and worn after the sea voyage, but still we waited patiently for the best part o' the day, yet could see no sign of Owen Roe. What was to be done? My father's last shilling was spent. We were strangers in a strange country. Night was coming on, and we were beginning to lose heart entirely, when a well-dressed, honest-looking man stepped up to my father and spoke to him.

"'Is your name Owen Mc Nulty?' said he.

"'It is,' said my father.

"'Have you brought your family with you?' said he.

"'Look at the cratures; here they are beside me, sir,' said my father.

"'I'm very sorry for you and your family, for I haven't the best news to tell you. Of course, I need hardly ask if Owen Roe Mc Nulty from Donegal was your son.'

"'My son?' said my father; 'he is my son, and though I say it myself, there never was a nobler son belonging to the owld stock than the same Owen Roe. the pulse o' my heart.'

"'He was a credit, sure enough, to the race he came from,' said the stranger, 'but life is uncertain, and the best and dearest must part.'

"'Part? What d'ye mane?' said my father. 'Surely, sir, I hope there is nothing wrong with my son—'

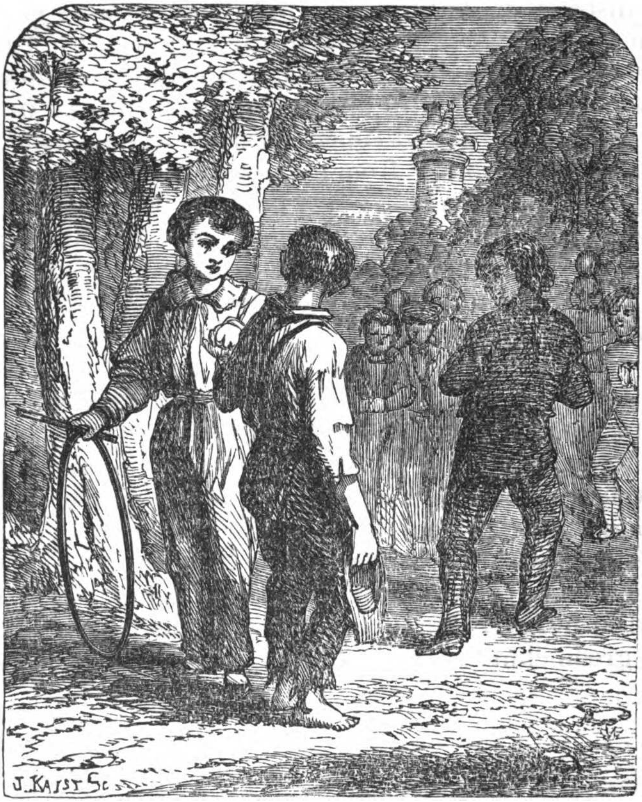
"'I intended to break the subject to you as soft and gentle as I could,' said the stranger, 'but I find it impossible to keep it back from you any longer. Owen Roe, your son, poor fellow, met with a sad accident a fortnight ago. He had been employed as a builder on some scaffolding in the upper part of this city. All went well that day till the hour of quitting, but as he was about to return home, the plank upon which he was walking gave away, and he fell some twenty feet to the ground, coming in contact with a heap of stones.

He was taken to the hospital, and, after lingering in great pain for a few days, he died a peaceful and happy death. Your name and his mother's were the last words on his lips.'

"When my father heard this he wasn't able to speak a single word; he gave one loud, mournful cry and fell to the ground like a stone. And my mother was nearly distracted; but it would only pain you to go over the whole story; I'll hurry to the end of it, for I never like to dwell on it. It was heart-breaking to think that poor Owen Roe, with all the bright visions he used to picture to us, was doomed after all to lie down in a lonely grave, so far from his own, green land. My father and mother could never hold up their heads after; 'twas useless to hunt for employment. My father could nothing but rave about Owen Roe and the owld hills of Donegal and wish himself back, to be laid at rest beside his ancestors.

"So that in two months after we landed, with the assistance of a few kind friends of Owen Roe, we found ourselves on our way back to Ireland, where we settled down with my Uncle Hugh at the Glen of Silver Birches. And from my own short experience of an emigrant's trial I would sooner live at home on potatoes and salt than the fat of the land abroad. My father was never the same man after losing Owen Roe, and in less than three years he was sleeping in the little green churchyard in the Glen of Silver Birches."

An Irish Whistle.



In the town of Ballimore the Petty Sessions Court was quite recently the scene of a somewhat remarkable case. Ned Nally, the defendant, was the son of a small farmer. On being dragged before the magistrate he was charged with the extraordinary crime of having whistled jeeringly and maliciously at one of the crown-functionaries, in the person of a stalwart member of the Royal Irish Constabulary, a guardian of the peace, whose unquenchable thirst led him into many a ludicrous breach of discipline. About a week previous to the trial in question, Doolittle, for such was the cognomen of the injured policeman alluded to, had partaken too copiously of that world-renowned beverage known as Guiness's Bottled Stout, and, as a natural consequence, his unstinted libations added not a little to the zig-zag peculiarity of his gait, as he patrolled his accustomed beat in the exercise of his official duties; in short, to use the expressive phrase of an eye witness, Constable Doolittle was "terribly mulvathered."

On making his way to the outskirts of the town he was obliged to pass through a very narrow street with a row of cabins on either side. Near the end of the street stood the National School, from which, as it happened, the boys and girls of the parish were just returning to their homes, so that Constable Doolittle soon became the observed of all the observers, Ned Nally among the rest.

"Och, boys, will you look at that?" cried Ned. "There's a purty sight, the big swaggerin' Doolittle as dhrunk as a piper. Whisht! murdher alive! he'll be in the green duck-pool."

"Look, look! he's in as sure as fate," roared another, "if he makes one false step."

"There! there!" shouted a third. "Ha—splash! bedad, he's done for. He's on the broad of his back, as flat as a flounder; let us fish him out, boys, or he'll be smothered alive, for that's not a very wholesome shower-bath he's tuk."

"He was always a dirty big Turk, the vilyen," said Nally, "an' he richly desarves a Turkish bath—an' faix, he's got it this time without the cost of a penny."

The luckless Doolittle, having become partially sobered by his sudden immersion into the malarious waters of the duck-pond, was not slow to realize the ridiculous position in which he was placed. Indeed, he looked as if he would rather have sacrificed a whole year's pay than be compelled to run the gauntlet of the jibes and jeers of the merry, fun-loving, light-hearted boys and girls that surrounded him.

He lost no time, however, in emerging from the noxious pool into which he had unwittingly thrown himself.

Having safely landed, he cut a rather sorry figure in his soiled uniform, and as he endeavored to straighten himself up he was greeted with a boisterous roar of laughter.

"He's on his pins again, boys," cried Nally, as the policeman began to retrace his steps and proceed towards the barracks.

"I know you, Neddy Nally, my young shaver," shouted Doolittle, turning quickly and wielding his baton threatingly, "an' if ye have any more chat like that I'll run ye into the barracks."

Shouts of bitter laughter and mutterings, sent forth between the clenched teeth from the crowd, rendered this speech almost inaudible

"How grand he is wid his big club," yelled an urchin, "he desarves an extra stripe, but, bedad, it's on his back the vagabone should be gettin' it."

"Whistle up the Peeler's March for him," observed another.

"That's the chune, boys," broke in Ned Nally. "Harvey Duff's the proper music for Doolittle, so pucker up yer lips, every mother's son o' ye, an' serenade the peeler wid a shrill blast of his own melody."

The command was no sooner given than two hundred merry whistlers did ample justice to the tune of

" Harvey Duff," which is a sort of satire upon the unpopular members of the Royal Irish Constabulary. It is somewhat similar to the bacchanalian air called " Drunk Again," and to which, as a matter of course, Constable Doolittle, in his present topsy-turvey condition, was admirably adapted to keep time.

The whistling chorus was prolonged by the incorrigible youngsters, until at length the burly defender of law and order, losing all self-control, rushed like a furious bull, with his mighty truncheon uplifted, and charged the crowd, striking out indiscriminately right and left, thereby causing a grand stampede.

To crown his efforts, however, he succeeded in making one arrest, his victim proving to be no other than our young friend Ned Nally.

In due course of time Ned was brought to trial.

"Well, Ned, my boy," said the magistrate, "you were always a well-conducted youth. Why are you here?

" That's a poser I can't answer, your worship," replied Ned. " I was brought here by Mr. Doolittle, an' I think he had mighty little to do when he brought an honest man's son here on an empty charge."

" How is this, constable?" said the magistrate. " What charge have you to make against this boy?"

" Well, your Honor," said Doolittle, " it's a very sarious wan——"

" Don't believe him, your worship," interposed Ned. " The charge is more comical than serious——"

" Silence, prisoner!" said the magistrate. " Now, officer, proceed with your charge."

" Well, then," said Doolittle, " I charge the presner, Ned, or Edward Nally, wid whistlin', yer Honor."

" Whistling!" interrupted the magistrate. " Surely, you don't consider whistling a grave offense?"

" Under sartin conditions, yer honor, I look upon it as a most traisonable offinse."

" Be more explicit," said the magistrate.

"I charge the presner, yer worship, wid bein' the ringlader of a gang o' young rapparees who insulted the dignity o' the law in the person of wan of its representatives."

"Who is the representative you allude to?" asked the magistrate.

"It's myself, yer worship—Constable Doolittle, your humble sarvint—and the offinse was the whistlin' o' that jeering chune, so obnoxious to the ears of every respectable mimber o' the constabulary—an air that has traison in every bar of it—'tis called 'Harvey Duff,' yer honor."

"'Harvey Duff?' Oh, indeed! Prisoner," said the magistrate, "just whistle that strain again, if you remember it, so that I may be enabled to judge for myself as to its treasonable qualities."

Ned, who perceived at once that the magistrate was in a quizzing humor, was only too glad to comply, but before he had time to finish the air every man, woman, boy, and girl in the crowded court-room was convulsed with laughter. The criers of the court having restored order, the magistrate with an assumed air of gravity proceeded:

"Constable, was that the air of the rebel production to which you allude?"

"Yes, yer honor."

"Were you sober when the alleged offense was committed?"

"As a judge, yer honor!"

"That's a mistake, your worship," cried Nally.

"A mistake!"

"Yes, sir, an' I'd like to jog his memory."

"Go on, Ned, refresh his memory if you can."

"I will, sir. He's just after tellin' yer honor he was as sober as a judge."

"Yes——"

"If he was sober, your worship, how was it he kem to fall into the green duck-pool and got nearly smothered? Don't believe him, sir, for at the time o' the whistlin' he was as dhrunk as a lord."

"Have you any witnesses, Ned, to corroborate what you say?" asked the magistrate.

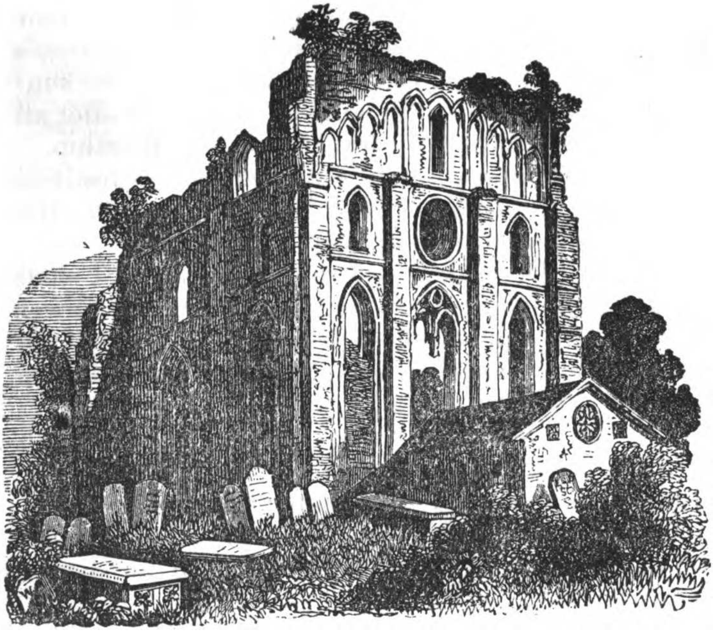
"I have three o' thim here in the coort. There's Mick Lawlor, Dan Callaghan, and Pierce Joyce. They can prove that he was in the public house o' the Wolf-Dog dhrinkin' like a fish for more than an hour and a half. He med a dozen bottles o' Guinness's disappear while he was there, to say nothing o' sundhry noggins o' hard stuff; so if he was sober after all that he must have a pretty level head, yer Worship."

The three witnesses already named having testified on oath as to the truth of Ned Nally's statement, the youthful prisoner was honorably acquitted.

"Constable Doolittle," said the magistrate, "I shall make an example of you as far as it lies in my power to do so. The removal of such men as you from the police-force is necessary in order to prevent the temple of justice from becoming a by-word and a scandal."

"Long life t'ye," cried Ned. "I wish all the Irish magistrates would take a leaf out o' your book. Yer a credit to the bench, so ye are; and as for you, Misther Doolittle," he added, as he quitted the court, "you've only yerself to blame for payin' so dearly for yer whistle."

The Prediction.



ROSS Castle stood somewhat out of the village. It had been decaying for centuries, and the gloom of its shadow was always avoided by the immediate inhabitants. An old priory stood about half a mile from the castle. It was an object of much curiosity, its old tower being completely overrun with ivy, so that only here and there a jutting buttress, an angle of gray wall, or the carved figure of a saint peered through its evergreen mantle.

Sir Phelim, the owner of Ross Castle, had been a widower for more than fifteen years; he was rich, arrogant, and uncharitable. His only child, Lady Eveleen, a lovely girl of seventeen, was soon to approach the nuptial altar as the bride of Sir Stanly Gore, although it was pretty generally known that the idol of her heart was a young and ardent patriot, by the name of Dermot O'Farrel, to whom in a happier hour, full of youthful fervor, she had plighted her troth. The bridegroom of Sir Phelim's choice was after a considerable period reluctantly accepted by Eveleen, merely that she might avoid incurring her father's displeasure; although she gave him the solemn assurance that she was about to bestow her hand on one, while her heart was unalterably another's.

For more than a year Eveleen had avoided society, and would often wander out alone in the hawthorn walk, where she would weep in silence and loneliness over the barbed sorrow that rankled in her soul. Sometimes she would be seen late of an evening beside the porch of the old priory. She became fervent in her devotions at church, but by degrees she slowly, but none the less surely, began to waste away; the hectic bloom appeared, the eye became unnaturally bright—indeed, the gentle girl herself felt a firm conviction tnat she was hastening to the tomb.

One afternoon an old woman, habited in a patched and much faded hooded cloak, wended her way up the shady avenue towards the castle; a boy and girl walked beside her; the wan and pinched features of the little group bore unmistakable signs of starvation and fatigue.

After reaching the neglected and moss-covered steps leading to the hall door she hesitated for a moment, when Sir Phelim issued from an adjoining stable on horseback.

"Now, then, you miserable old hag, what do you want here?" he roared.

"The blessin's o' the hungry and the fatherless light on ye, Sir Phelim," cried the mendicant.

"When I ask your blessing it will be time enough to grant it," said his lordship.

"This is the weddin' eve o' your angel-faced daughter; may the match be a happy wan, your lordship."

"Your good or bad wishes, old dame, don't amount to a pinch of snuff one way or the other," said Sir Phelim.

"Lord Stanly Gore has riches, your lordship, so that your child is sure never to feel the pinch o' hunger like these little wans beside me; maybe, sir, you'd order the servant to hunt me up a morsel in the kitchen for the poor children?"

"My castle," cried Sir Phelim, "is not an asylum for beggars."

"Oh, sir, find a soft corner in your heart for the helpless."

"Begone old beldame."

"Give but a crust, an' we'll pray that luck an' grace may attend fair Eveleen's wedding."

"Once for all, you old pauper, I command you to quit my ground and take your beggarly offspring with you."

"Heaven will reward ye, as you desarve, my proud lord—beggarly offsprings? Oh, my childher, has it come to this? look to your own child," she shrieked. "Ha, ha, did that nettle ye? I see your wine-flushed face is growin' pale—never mind my creatures—watch your own child—desolation has overtook the Ross family many an' many a time before now—and I am no true prophet if it doesn't fall on *you* soon an' sudden for the words ye've used to me—beggarly offsprings, indeed! Look to your own! Lord Gore's wealth can't cure the canker that is aitin' its way into her young heart." There was a fearful force of anguish visible in what she felt, her brows were wildly depressed from their natural position, her face became pale, her eyes glared upon Sir Phelim, and in a hissing whisper she continued: "Yes, look to your own, to the bright young Eveleen, the light o' your eyes, and when ye hear the banshee's wail, recollect, sir, it follows the family. When ye see the fetch o' your child in the night an' hear the low, croon-like funeral music, when the lily cheek is cold, an' the light o' the blue eye gone out, then maybe you'll be sorry for the words ye used against the poor woman an' her beggarly offspring."

She then retraced her steps, muttering threats and imprecations as she left the castle ground.

"What did she mean by my daughter's fetch and the croon of the banshee?" mused Sir Phelim. "Was it a prediction? No, no; merely a gypsy-like device to extort alms."

At length the eventful night had arrived. Joy and splendor seemed to reign supreme once more within the time-honored walls of Ross Castle, the noblest families of Ireland being represented at the nuptial banquet. The feast went on merrily; Lord Stanly Gore, the illustrious bridegroom, however, took little notice of the company or entertainment; he scarcely tasted the banquet, but seemed absorded in the admiration of his bride.

Sir Phelim Ross told his best and longest anecdotes —and never had he told them so well or with such great effect.

Amid all this revelry Lady Eveleen maintained a most singular gravity; her countenance assumed a deeper cast of dejection as the evening advanced. Her father's humorous stories seemed only to render her the more melancholy.

After the banquet the ball-room was thrown open. Eveleen, however, contrived to keep aloof from the brilliant throng. The principal object of her attention was her aged confessor. At length, in order to escape the feverish heat of the chamber, she withdrew to the balcony overlooking the garden.

The jest and laugh grew less and less frequent as the night advanced. Eveleen, having returned, threw herself wearily into a couch, and at once engaged the attention of the old priest. Lowering clouds began to steal over the fair serenity of her brow. All this did not escape the notice of the company. Whispers and glances were accompanied by shrugs and dubious shakes of the head; their gayety was chilled by the unaccountable gloom of the bride.

The hour of midnight was pealing solemnly from the steeple of the old priory—followed by a burst of heart-chilling and weird music, like the wild peal of the Ulican—which, while it lasted, appeared to fill the auditors with bewilderment. The next moment a figure resembling the bride glided from the balcony into the chamber.

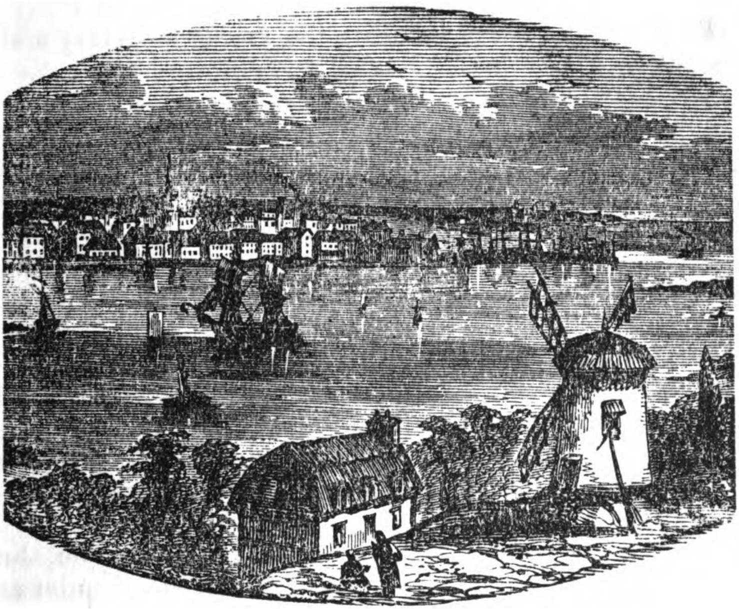
"Eveleen!" cried Sir Phelim, advancing as if to embrace his child, but the figure stood no longer there—the apparition had vanished.

"What unearthly mummery is this?" he continued, turning to the astonished guests. "Where is my daughter?"

"Behold her there!" said the venerable priest, indicating the couch, on which the wretched father saw but the rigid form of the youthful bride, pale, cold and motionless as marble.

"She is dead!" said the priest. "Her saintly soul is now beyond the unhallowed reach of earthly creatures. You besought me, against Heaven's will, to pronounce her nuptial benediction, but a higher power than yours has ordained that I should read her burial prayer."

The Miller's Trap.



LORD Prosper was the richest landowner from Cork to Dublin; he was noted throughout the entire province for his charitable deeds. The sick and needy never applied to him for succor in vain. Neil, his uncle, was steward of the estate, and his nephew, Brian, his only sister's son, an orphan, was his private secretary and constant attendant, for Lord Prosper loved his nephew and regarded him with the fondness of a father.

Neil, the steward, hated young Brian, feeling that, should he succeed to the Prosper estate, his own son would be forever deprived of the rich acres which he had so long imagined as his by right of inheritance.

Day and night he meditated and plotted how he might cause Lord Prosper to discard Brian.

One evening, having hit upon a scheme, he entered Lord Prosper's study during the young secretary's absence.

"Are you busy, my lord?" he asked.

"No, Neil," replied Lord Prosper, "what is your wish?"

"I'm afeerd, my lord, to break it to ye," answered Neil, with a face of assumed distress.

"Why, what evil tidings have you to communicate?"

"Hush, spake low, your lordship; where's young Brian?"

"I believe he went boating on the lake."

"I'm glad his back is turned, my lord, for what I have to tell ye wouldn't be flatterin' to him."

"How," exclaimed Lord Prosper, "dare you whisper one word of reproach against Brian, my devoted nephew?"

"Ah, sir, it grieves me sorely to pain you, but wouldn't I be an undutiful steward if I stood quiet an' listened to your good name bein' vilified without puttin' you on your guard?"

"Speak on, Neil."

"Och, sir; I'd as lieve cut me tongue out as spake disparagin' words agin young Brian, but there's no help for it. Jooty must be done."

"Banish your scruples, Neil, and proceed."

"Tell me wan thing, your lordship."

"Name it."

"Will ye keep what I'm goin' to tell you to yourself?"

"Certainly, if you desire it."

"Oh, my dear, kind master," began Neil, "but isn't this a wicked, desateful, world, entirely!"

"Never mind the world," rejoined his lordship. "Let me hear your secret at once. The moon is rising, so I must soon ride over to the lake-house."

"You place great confidence in Brian, your lordship?"

"Yes, the most implicit. Why do you ask?"

"I am sorry, sir, to upset your blind confidence."

"What do you mean by that?" cried his lordship, excitedly. "Explain yourself, and quickly, too."

"Och, master, don't let the blue blood o' the proud Prospers swell your temples like that, or I'll not be able to spake another word."

"You have thrown out dark hints about my nephew and—"

"And I can justify them," interrupted the steward. "In the first place, he defamed the fair name of your lordship, you that always trated him like a son—"

"Neil, can what you say be true?"

"I wish I could say it was false, your lordship; he is continually speakin' ill o' you before his boon companions, and especially of your habit o' starin' at people; he says your lordship has an evil eye in your head, an' that it's like poison to him whenever he is compelled to look you in the face."

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed his lordship. "Neil, if you but prove the truth of what you tell me, you shall not go unrewarded."

"I think," said Neil, "the simplest way to test him would be when he sits down to his desk in your study to-morrow. Just ask him, your lordship, for a loan of his pen for a minit, then keep your eye on him, and if you see him turn his head away while handin' ye the pen, that will be proof positive thathe slanders ye when he knows ye're not near at hand to give him the lie."

"Very well, Neil," said his lordship. "To-morrow your plan shall be adopted."

On the same evening the steward accosted Brian on his return from the lake and spoke kindly to him, professing, as a near relative, to warn him how nearly he was about to lose the good wishes of Lord Prosper and perhaps forfeit his succession to the estate.

"Ah, Brian, my poor fellow!" said he, with a fawning smile, "I'm towld on good authority that the slightest glance o' your eye is sorely displeasing to Lord Prosper. It's whispered that he manes to remove ye from your present situation."

"If what ye say be true, Neil, I may consider myself a ruined man. I am sure, I have always served my uncle faithfully. What can be his motive?"

"I know, Brian, there's not an atom o' foundation for his suspicions, but he thinks ye mane him no good."

"But how can I convince him of his error? Can you advise me, Neil?"

"There is wan way out o' the hobble," replied the steward. "Your uncle says there's something evil about the flash o' your eye, and that it distresses him to look at you whenever he is forced to convarse with ye. Now, to avoid this annoyance, Brian, just be advised by me, and when his lordship spakes to ye, no matter what order he may give, ye obey him without a complaint, and quietly turn your glance away from him at the same time, an' he'll see by that you're doin' your best to plaze him. Now, I've instructed you, Brian, will you obey me?"

"I shall carry out your instructions to the letter, good Neil," exclaimed the youth.

The next morning Brian was busily engaged at his desk in Lord Prosper's study, when his uncle requested him to hand him his pen for a moment. He at once obeyed, and, while doing so, turned away his face as if to escape Lord Prosper's glance.

"Ungrateful villain!" cried his uncle, at the same time striking the youth on the breast; "my eyes are opened at last; ingrate, quit my sight. I thought to have made you my heir, but never let me see your face again."

Poor Brian passed from the hall with a heavy heart, amid the jeers and scoffs of his former friends.

"Neil," said Lord Prosper, shortly after his nephew's departure, "I intend to engage your son to supply the place of Brian. I also wish, old friend, that you would counsel me how I may rid myself of this traitor."

"What, is it to do away wid Brian for good, ye mane?"

"Yes; that is my meaning," replied Lord Prosper.

"The safest and asiest way to do that, your lordship, I think, would be the miller's trap——"

"The miller's trap. I do not comprehend you."

"Not far from the lake house, your lordship, is an owld, decayed mill on the edge of a noisy strame. It is whispered about among the simple-minded people that the miller has dalin's wid evil spirits; be that as it may, my lord, there is a trap in the floor o' the mill, that whoever stands on it is never seen alive again after he once sinks through it into the water below; it is called the death-trap. I'm towld poor Maurice Garvey, the rovin' peddler, whose body was found among some wather-rushes about five years ago, met his death through the same trap. So, I think if you wor to send a bit o' writin' signed wid your lordship's name, biddin' the miller to coax to the trap the first man that calls on him to-morrow mornin' to ask him whether he obeyed your lordship's order, would settle the matter at once."

"It's a terrible scheme, Neil."

"It's a scheme that won't fail, your lordship. So write to the miller at wanst, and I'll bring Brian to you for his instructions."

Lord Prosper having resolved to carry out the foul plot of his steward, immediately dispatched a trusty messenger to the miller, and the same night he saw his nephew, whom he directed to call at the old mill shortly after sunrise to inquire of the miller "whether he had performed his lordship's will."

Brian rose from his sleepless couch long before sunrise, and hastened to perform his mission, hoping by this means to regain his uncle's good will. As he wended his way with a heavy heart, the sound of the matin bell from a neighboring chapel arrested his step. The tones of the bell seemed to bring peace to his troubled mind, and he turned from his path toward the wayside chapel, which he entered and offered up his prayers and thanksgiving with fervor and devotion. But as the service was ending the fatigue he had undergone disposed him to rest himself, so he sat himself down in the porch of the chapel and fell asleep.

"Poor youth," said the good priest, as he passed through the porch, "you look weary and careworn; sleep on; no one shall disturb you."

When he awoke the sun was going down in the heaven.

Neil was as sleepless during the night as poor Brian, and his anxiety drove him early from his bed, and suffered him not to be at peace all day. Now, when it was noon the steward could no longer remain in the castle, so he hastened to the mill and demanded of the miller "whether he had performed Lord Prosper's will?"

"Not yet," cried the miller with a hoarse voice; "but niver fear, my friend, I'll soon do the business as clane as a whistle."

With these words he seized Neil in his iron grasp and hurried him toward the trap.

"What are you doin', good miller. Shure, I'm not the man, I'm his lordship's steward."

"I don't care if you wor his lordship himself. Ye have only wan minit to live, so, if ye have a short prayer, ye better say it at wanst."

"Listen to me, I beseech ye," cried Neil; "it is his lordship's ungrateful nephew, an' not me, that is doomed for the trap."

"I know my orders," replied the Miller; "you're the first man that has come here to-day to ask me whether I performed Lord Prosper's will, so step on to the trap, for whining won't save ye. Ye needn't struggle, my bucko; I have ye as tight as if ye was in a vise—that's it, ha! ha! There ye go, snug to the bottom, never to show your purty nose above ground again; ho! ho!" he chuckled; "'tis done at last—Lord Prosper's will is done."

And so perished the plotting steward. It was past noon when Brian awoke, and the sun was going down in it's course.

"Alas!" cried Brian, "my ruin is now complete. I have delayed to perform my uncle's will. Perchance it will now be too late!"

He proceeded with haste to the old mill. When he beheld the miller he inquired anxiously whether he had performed Lord Prosper's will.

"Musha, faix, an' I have, my boy, and without botchin' it, either. Cast your eyes through that peephole in the floor and you'll see his lifeless body."

"Whose body?" asked Brian, aghast with fear.

The miller then told him all he had been commanded, and how Neil, coming first to the mill, had been thrust down the trap.

Brian fell on his knees, clasped his hands, and offered up a heartfelt prayer. He then bade the miller farewell and returned to his uncle's castle.

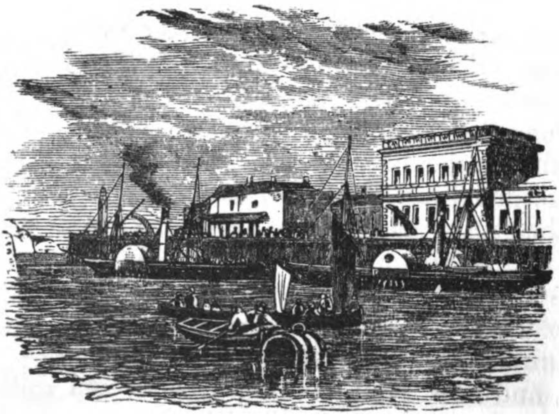
"What!" cried Lord Prosper, as Brian entered the study; "have you not been to the mill?"

"Indeed, my lord," replied Brian, "I have been there; but before I saw the miller your will had been performed."

"Performed?" rejoined Lord Prosper, "how performed? Neil, my steward, is he not here?"

"No, my lord. His lifeless body lies beneath the death-trap of the old mill. The miller obeyed your orders. The steward is dead, and I have escaped. But tell me, why did you contrive such a dreadful death for your poor nephew? You know that I always loved and served you devotedly."

After explaining to each other the vile deceit of Neil, the undermining steward, Lord Prosper was proud to acknowledge Brian as his true and faithful nephew, and heir to his vast estate. Brian enjoyed a happy, long life, and paid many a visit to the little wayside chapel, where he rendered thanks to Heaven for his miraculous escape from the miller's trap.



The Cluricaun.

Don't be conthrary,
With an Irish fairy,
Or I declare he
Won't regard you much;
But be complaisant
When that he's adjacent,
And he'll use you dacent
If you merit such.

THE cluricaun is a little old man with a wrinkled countenance in an antiquated dress; his pea-green coat is adorned with large buttons, and he seems to take a perfect delight in having large metal shoe-buckles. He wears a cocked hat in the ancient French style. He employs himself in making shoes, at the same time whistling a tune. If he is surprised by man while thus engaged he has the power of vanishing if he can contrive to make the mortal turn his eyes from him even for an instant.

He possesses a knowledge of hidden treasures, but he does not discover them till he is pressed to the utmost. He carries a small leathern purse with a shilling, which, however often he may pay it away, always returns, and which is called the lucky shilling (Sprena-Skillenagh). But perhaps the cluricaun we have to deal with at present may be more satisfactorily accounted for in a tradition which I had the pleasure of hearing from one Connie Shanahan. Here it is in almost his own words:

"To judge by yer looks, sir ," said Connie, "I'd say ye wor a mighty knowledgeable man. So, of coorse, ye must have heard o' the cluricaun before?"

"Never, Connie," said I.

"Is it possible? D'ye tell me so? Well, well, think o' that! Arrah, then, isn't it remarkable how some people's education is so scandalously neglected! Well, sir, little Jimmy Branigan, the snuggest farmer in this parish, owes every acre he's got to the good fortune he had wan time in findin' out the hidin' place of a cluricaun. Only for that, he wouldn't be the prosperous man he is to-day, for now he can go about in his buckskins, and his blue body-coat, sittin' in his high saddle like a gentleman farmer; but, troth, sir, before he had the good luck to ketch the same cluricaun ye wouldn't give six pence for all belonging to him, for, though he was always a hard workin', industhrious little man, he had one great weakness, he was too fond o' the dhrop, and every penny he could earn was spent in Andy Duffy's shebeen of a Saturday night, when his week's work was done.

"So that, when Monday mornin' kem round, poor Jimmy wouldn't be able to scrape together the price of a pipe o' tobakky. But just look at him to-day. I'll go bail he can show a bigger bank account than any other man from this to himself. He was always a rollickin', good-natured little man; even in his poorest days, there never was anything nagerly about him at all; and he was so light-hearted that no wan could put him out o' timper.

"The first time he ever appeared lowspirited was when owld Ned Gallagher refused to allow him to marry the fair young Aggy—an' it was a pity, for Aggy Gallagher loved Jimmy in spite of his poverty, but Ned, her father, was always a purse-proud man, and, of coorse, forbid the match. Now, Jimmy, like many more of us,had often heerd o' the cluricaun that was well known to make his home in the owld ruin o' Castle Coonagh—and since he found his love for the girl of his heart was thrown away on account of his lack of goold to stock a farm, he couldn't sleep a wink.

"The spade, the plough, or the field had no more charm for poor Jimmy Branigan; all his thoughts were fixed on the cluricaun; day and night he used to wander round the ruins of Castle Coonagh. Sometimes he'd be seen climbin' the ivy wall for all the world like a squirrel, peepin' into every nook and crevice; other times he would fancy he heard the tappin' o' the fairy man's hammer, and every sound of it was like a note o' sweet music to his ear. And again, he would hear him in the high arched windows above his head, where the crows build their nests, and maybe the next minit he'd be scramblin' up the crumblin' stone-stairs, and then he'd hear a jeerin' laugh, or a sly chuckle, as much as to say, 'Don't you wish you could find me?'

"Well, sir, wan fine afternoon in Summer, as good luck 'ud have it, after many a weary hour's search, Jimmy's eye happened to light on my bowld little rogue of a cluricaun, just as he was snugly sated on his hunkers in a part o' Castle Coonagh that did sarvice in the owlden times as a fireplace. Yis, indeed, there was the little chap, as busy as a bee, hammerin' away at a weeshy bit of a brogue that wouldn't fit the fut of a tomtit, an' singin' away the whole o' the time as merry as a cricket. Jimmy, well knowin' the cuteness o' the thief, niver lifted his eye from him, for if he did the charm would vanish, and, faix, so would the cluricaun. But as long as Jimmy's eyes was on him nothing could move him. At last the little fox, thinkin' to throw Jimmy off the scint, sez:

"'How's the health, Jimmy agra?'

"'Never was betther,' sez Jimmy.

"'Ye've raison to be thankful,' siz the little chap.

"'So I am,' siz Jimmy, ketchin' howld o' the cluricaun by the nap o' the neck an' squeezin' his fingers round him as tight as a vise.

"'D'ye mane to strangle me?' siz the cluricaun.

"'What an omadhaun I'd be!' siz Jimmy. 'No, no, my little man, you're too precious for that. I wouldn't harm ye for the world; it cost me too much time an' labor to catch ye, for that.'

"'Jimmy, I'm feered there's something troublin' ye,' siz the little fellow.

"'Is there now?' siz Jimmy.

"'Av coorse there is; you're breakin' your heart since ye lost the smile of Aggy Gallagher."

"'What a conjurer ye are!' siz Jimmy.

"'It's truth I'm tellin',' siz the other, 'for I can spy a tear glistenin' in your eye this minit.'

"'Sorrow matther, I'll be able to dhry that tear when your little fairyship points me out the spot where the pot o' goold is hid.'

"'Shure, if the goolden treasure is hid as ye seem to think it is, Jimmy my man, it's not my fault, but your own.'

" 'I don't comprehend ye,' siz Jimmy.

" 'I'll make it as clear as day t'ye,' siz the brogue-mender. 'You had always the name o' bein' a hard-workin' man, without wan lazy bone in your body.'

" 'Yes, indeed, an' very little I'm the better for it,' siz Jimmy.

" 'You've only yourself to blame, Jimmy Branigan. You had the same chance to better your condition as ould Ned Gallagher, but he, like a sensible man, stuck fast to his treasure, while you, a simpleton, put yours into the till of Andy Duffy's shebeen. Every coin that you had to sweat for went to support Duffy in a life of aise, while you had to live from hand to mouth. So my advice to you is this: Keep away from Duffy's shebeen, and you'll never need my assistance to hunt up buried treasures.'

" 'Advice is chape,' siz Jimmy, 'but you're my presner till ye fill my pockets wid goold.'

" 'It would be asier to fill a sieve with wather,' siz the cluricaun.

" 'Ye've too much chat,' siz Jimmy. 'Be quick an' show me where to search for the crock of yellow boys.'

" 'Ye might as well search for your grandmother's needle in a bottle o' straw,' siz the cluricaun.

" 'Will ye do as I bid ye?' siz Jimmy.

" 'Lave loose my neck,' siz the other.

" 'I'll not liberate ye till ye tell me where the treasure is.'

" 'Very well,' siz the schamer; 'then I'm yer presner for life.'

" 'Don't provoke me, ye thievin' midge,' siz Jimmy, losin' his timper.

" 'Ye desarve credit for yer perseverance,' siz the cluricaun, ‘so I'll make a prosperous man o' ye. D'ye see that big, square stone covered wid weeds over there, at the back o' the dhry well?’

“‘I do, of coorse,’ siz Jimmy.

“‘Well, that stone is loose, so do you go over an' just stoop down an' lift up wan end of it, an' I'll wager any money you'll be surprised. Go on, I tell ye. This is exactly the time to uncover it, for I see the moonbeams through the broken walls beginnin' to shine on the lake beyant.’ Well, sir, wid that Jimmy goes over to the square stone and bends down without dhramin' of any decaite, when, Whoo! the little rapparee slips through his fingers like a fly an' let out a roar of a laugh that shook the owld walls of Castle Coonagh.

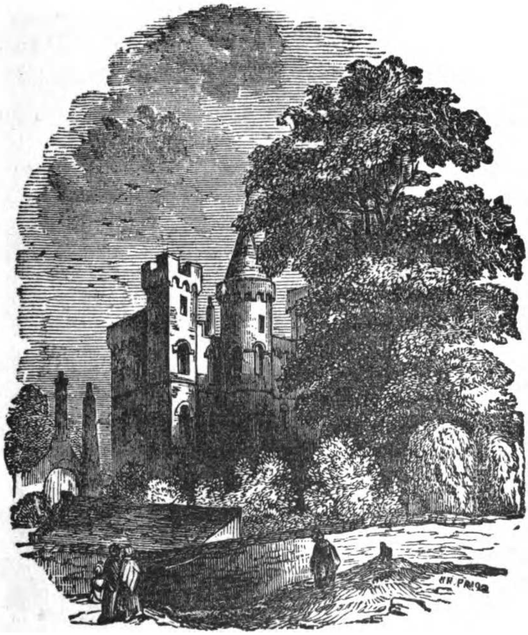
“Poor Jimmy niver got such a takin' in in all his born days before. Just as fortune held out her fist to him, away she flew, as she very often does, the decaiver lavin' him in the lurch as poor and helpless as ever.

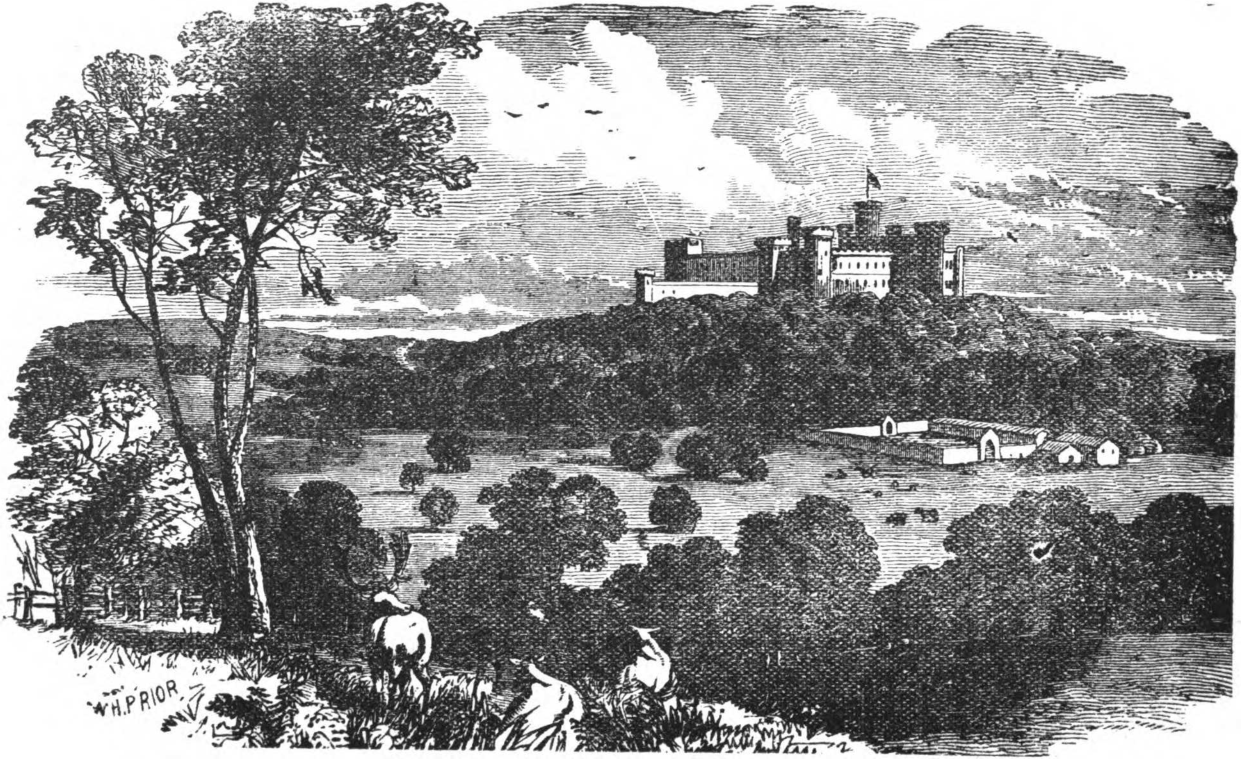
“On his way out of the castle he began to pondher on the advice he got.

“‘What did the cluricaun mane about me puttin' my treasure into Andy Duffy's till?’ siz he to himself.

“Begannies, sir, the upshot was, he couldn't banish them words from his mind, they got rooted there so firmly. An' soon after the harem-scarem, poteen-lovin', jovial Jimmy Brannigan changed into a quiet, sober, discreet, steady-goin' man, an' in the course of three years there wasn't a more thrivin' farmer in the parish.

“And it's only a short time ago since he got owld Gallagher's consint to marry the beautiful Aggy. And why? Because he had a bigger account in the Munsther Bank than his father-in-law. Still, he is not ashamed to tell ye it's the little fairy brogue-mender he has to thank for his rise in the world, for if he didn't folly his advice an' keep clear o' Duffy's shebeen, he'd be as poor this blessed minit as when he first set out for Castle Coonagh to ketch the cluricaun."





W.H.PRIOR

The Fenian Scare.

A Bansha peeler went out one day
  On duty an' pathrollin', O;
He met a goat upon the way,
  Who seemed to be a sthrollin', O.
Bayonet fixed, he sallied forth,
  And caught him by the weazand, O,
An' thundered out an oath that he
  Would send him to New Zealand, O.
—*Old Irish Song.*

ALTHOUGH you have heard and read tales of mighty heroes, ancient and modern, about love, murder, war, shipwrecks and what not, I'll go bail, sir, you haven't listened to a tale of a goat very often.

And that's the sum and substance of the anecdote I am going to try your patience with. When we lived at the foot of the Kilworth Mountains we had a little goat in the family. Her name was Jinnie, and a friskier little creature of an animal never lived than the same Jinnie. Indeed, she was the very life o' the house, so much so, in fact, that the children were spoilt with her; or, to speak properly, I believe it was she that was spoilt by the children.

In troth, little Jinnie was a treasure, and repaid me tenfold for whatever bit o' trouble I had in the rearing of her, for there wasn't a day passed over our head that we couldn't calculate on at least two quarts o' fresh goat's milk.

At night, before we went to bed, we were in the habit of tying her to a tree in a small orchard at the back o' the house. We left the tether long enough, so that she might have all the fling we thought was necessary, and then at daybreak, when we'd release her, away she would leap over the orchard wall, and off she'd go foraging for herself, and as there is no lack of vegetation around Kilworth, being as fertile a spot as you'd find in the County o' Cork, Jinnie never went hungry.

She got her little pickings sometimes along the green hedges and the clover fields, and sometimes she'd wander through the Beech grove, and very often she'd make herself at home on a little shabby patch that joined the constabulary barracks. It didn't matter a straw to Jinnie, so long as she wasn't seen by the peelers, for she was as cute as a fox in that respect, and at the least sign of danger she'd turn to the right about and off she'd be with the speed of a race horse.

Though she was playful as a kitten, she had her temper, too. She wouldn't let the children go too far with their tricks; troth, many's the pucking she gave little Jerry when he would be plaguing her too much, though when she meant mischief we could always tell by her antics, for she would rear up on her hind legs, elevate her fore-feet, shake her head, point her horns, and look daggers at her tormentors. That was the goat's danger signal, which was as much as to say: "The sooner you stop your tricks and double the distance between us, the less sore bones you'll have, my jewels," and the children were never slow at taking the hint, either, for off they would scamper, pell-mell, as if a great mad bull was after them.

It was during the famous year of "67," when the Government was so greatly alarmed about the mysterious movements of the Fenians, that Jinnie made herself more conspicuous than usual, for, though only a goat, she played at that troublesome time what was thought to be a most prominent part. The Curfew act, as you may remember, was in vogue then, or martial law as it is better known, which meant that every door should be closed, and no decent man, woman, or child should appear abroad after sunset under pain of arrest and imprisonment. Now you may be sure that such a law was very cruel and inconvenient for a great many honest people; it was doubly so to our family, for my husband at the time kept a little grocery shop; we had a license to sell porter as well, but while the martial law hung over the country like a big dark cloud we daren't sell even a half ounce o' tobacco after the sun went down behind the Kilworth Mountains.

The whole country at the time was honeycombed with British soldiers, and reports would be often flying about, telling how the Fenians had surrounded and made a seizure of arms in such and such a constabulary barracks, leaving the peelers with nothing but their bare uniform. And, troth, I used to be delighted when I'd hear such good news, for I believe one half of the peelers in Ireland are more bitter to their own countrymen than the red-coated foreigners. But be that as it may, our trade was nearly ruined between military and constabulary, and dear knows what else.

In the police barracks, which wasn't a stone's throw from us, there was a sergeant in charge named Pickets, who had his evil eye on our place for a long time, and all because we sympathized with the patriots and would willingly shed our blood for the sake o' the glorious old cause. For that very reason he tried all he could to get a chance to revoke our license, but we never committed ourselves so far as to put it in his power to do so. He would even send some of his men, after the hour allowed by law to keep open, and they would pretend to be tipsy and try and coax us through the key-hole to let them in, but we were wily enough for them, for we knew all they wanted was a chance to sell the pass on us to the sergeant. And another thing: the same gentleman had a strong hatred against Jinnie for wandering near the barracks, and because she would always give him the slip when he would attempt to catch her. He vowed he'd be even with us, and as he could see our house from the barrack-windows, he never had his eye off it.

But one night he got a grip on us at last, as he thought. It was in this way: on the very day before, there was a report sent in to Kilworth, that in a certain village the Fenians had made a raid on the constabulary barracks and seized upon every gun and bayonet, leaving the peelers powerless. Well, when the news of the seizure reached Kilworth, the sergeant and his men were uneasy in their minds for the whole of that day. I believe the striking of a match would have been enough to send them flying away in fear like a flock of crows. Every caution was used—re-enforcements were brought—till the barracks was as well protected against assault as Dublin Castle.

The hall was filled with peelers armed from top to toe; each side of the stair-case was strongly guarded. In the yard, at the back of the barracks, was another of the Royal Irish, acting as sentinel, with the strictest orders to give the alarm even if he heard a mouse stirring. While the peelers were in dread the people o' the village were tickled to death, laughing in their sleeve at the groundless fears of each uniformed Corbogue. So when nightfall arrived the barracks were securely locked, and each peeler commanded by the sergeant to stand firmly at his post and not to budge an inch until he himself should give the word. It was a fine, warm night; indeed, I can never forget it. Of course, there wasn't a peeler to be seen abroad that night, as they were all on duty inside the barracks;

so you may be sure some of the lively boys took advantage of their absence and enjoyed themselves to their heart's content, in spite of the martial law.

Well, sir, just about 12 o'clock that same night a knock was heard at the front door of the constabulary barracks. At the sound of it, the sentry who was on guard at the back door turned as white as a sheet and trembled like an aspen leaf. In he rushed through the hall, half dead with fear. "Sergeant," says he, out of breath. "Well, what's up?" says the sergeant, in a frightened whisper. "I'm afeerd 'tis all up with us," says the other, "for the barracks is surrounded." "D'ye tell me so?" says the sergeant, shaking from head to feet. "Now, men," says he, "look to your arms. An' remember, 'tis the Fanians you have to cope with. So keep a cool head every man o' ye, or they won't lave one of us alive." After that a body might hear a pin drop, everything was so solemn and silent, when all of a sudden a second knock came to the hall door.

"Whisht," says the sergeant, "d'ye hear that? Don't let one o' ye open your mouths as you value your lives." Stillness reigned in the hall once more. At last the sergeant plucked up sufficient courage to stoop down and put his lips to the keyhole. "Who's there?" says he in a voice that wasn't loud enough to wake a weasel. After getting no answer he straightened himself and began muttering about something, when his nerves were suddenly shocked by hearing a third knock at the door. After thinking for awhile he turned to the peelers and says: "Boys, 'tis a desperate venture, but I'll do it. It may be death to some of us, but as public functionaries an' loyal subjects we must fulfil our jooty, no matter what the risk may be. Open the door an' make it sarve me as a shield; for I'll close myself in agin the wall with it, and howld fast to it; for, you know, 'twould only demoralize yez if you allowed your lader to be kilt at the openin' o' the fray. So now, when I open the hall door, do you all o' ye fire away that minit, an' give these Fenian Rapparees the benefit o' your guns. Riddle them; don't spare one o' them."

The next moment the hall door was opened and out rushed the peelers over the threshold and each man with his finger on the trigger of his rifle. 'Twas a bright starlight night. One could see every tree and stone and stream and ditch as clear as day, but there wasn't a single Fenian to be seen, high or low. Instead of the Fenians, however, what should catch the eye of the armed peelers, but my bold littte Jinnie, picking and munching away as unconcerned as you please on a little bit of a green patch not far from the door of the barrack.

They could see through it all then—that it was the tips of the goat's horns that gave the three mysterious knocks at the door. They gave chase to her, but they might as well try to catch a sky-rocket or a flash of lightning. Well, if ever there was a raging madman when the false alarm was discovered, that man was the sergeant. He cursed like a trooper, an' vowed vengeance on myself an' the goat, an' threatened to prosecute us. He kept his word, too, for after a few days I was summoned to put in an appearance at the Petty Sessions Court.

And the sitting magistrate that day, who was an old, retired colonel, happened to be the fairest and kindest-hearted man on the bench.

"Well, sergeant," says he, "what's your charge against Mrs. O'Brien?"

"I've no charge in particular against the woman, your worship," says the sergeant.

"Indeed!" says the judge. Explain yourself."

"My charge is not against Mrs. O'Brien at all, your Honor, but her goat." "Oh, ho," says the magistrate, with a smile, "The peeler and the goat, eh? I thought that was ancient history by this time," says he, alluding to the old song of that name. "Well, what has Mrs. O'Brien's goat been doing?" "She's an annoyance, your worship," says the sergeant. "Speak to the point, sir. What was the goat's offense?" says the magistrate. "She's a nuisance, sir," says the sergeant. "In regard to that," says the magistrate, "I think it is a toss up between you and the defendant; but where is she? Why is the goat not here to defend herself?" With that, the whole court were splitting their sides laughing at the sergeant's expense. The rogue, you see, was afraid to speak the truth, for fear of makin' a laughing stock of himself and his men, but I up and told the magistrate the whole history of the false alarm from beginning to end, and the consequence was that the case was dismissed.

The sergeant and the rest of the village constabulary were ridiculed for their cowardice in mistaking Jennie for the Fenians. After that the goat's reputation spread far and near, till it reached the city of Cork itself, but the poor little creature didn't long survive her celebrity. One night as usual we tied her to a tree in the orchard, but her tether happened to be a little bit too long, so, in leaping on top of the wall during night, she must have overreached herself, for we found her the next morning cold and stark, dangling from the end of the rope against the outside of the orchard wall.

Indeed, that was a sorrowful day for me, for I don't believe I could cry more bitterly over the loss of one of my own children than I did over the remains of poor little Jinnie, the goat.

Christmas Eve.

IT is Christmas eve—the night is cold and clear. The moonbeams dance fantastically upon the frozen snow. Near the foot of the hill adjacent to the town of Macroom, in the County Cork, stood an old-fashioned cottage, toward which an aged, white-haired man, apparently a mendicant, is wending his way. At short intervals he stops suddenly, gazing for an instant over the hedge side, where the moon is shining through the leafless, snow-covered trees; advancing a few paces, he stops once more before a ruined tower, fast crumbling to decay.

"God bless the dear old land-marks," he murmured; "many and many a time have I stood beside you in my dreams, when the great ocean rolled between us; at last, like the load-stone that attracts the needle, you have brought the wanderer back. O sweet Inisfail, the smallest blade of grass that grows in your green dells is a million times more precious to me than all the wealth and grandeur I have seen on foreign shores."

Having reached the cottage already alluded to, he was met at the door by a tall, well-built, venerable-looking man.

"God save all here," said the traveller, as he crossed the threshold.

"The same to you, good man," was the reply; "but you look faded and cowld. Sit down and warm yourself."

"Can you give me shelter for a short time?" asked the stranger.

"I can, or for a long time, if you need it—though not very long, now I come to remember, for in a few weeks I won't be able to call this house my own. Isn't that the truth, Mary?" he added, looking at his wife, who sat busily plying her needle near a bright turf-fire.

"It is, indeed, the bitter truth; may God in His mercy protect us," said his wife.

"And how long have you lived in this cozy cottage?" asked the stranger.

"Fifty years, sir. My father built it. I married the good wife you see beside me in it. I reared a big family in it, but they're scattered far away from us, in distant countries. Some of them, I'm afeerd, I'll never see again. Our oldest boy I've not heard from in ten years. He was sent into penal servitude for the part he took in the 'rising' of '67."

"What is his name?"

"Redmond O'Hara," answered the old man; "but in troth, if I go on in this way, I'll be disgracing the proud owld name of our family. Forgive me, sir, but on this good Christmas eve my mind is wandering, or I would have given you the *cead mille failthe* before this; here, sir," he continued, as he produced a jug and glass; "a taste o' this will add new life to you. It's fine, strong punch. It's not often we take it, except on festivals like this. Drink it off, sir, 'twill sarve to pass the time over, while the good woman prepares the supper."

"Here's wishing ye both a merry Christmas," said the traveller.

"I am sorry we can't offer you the luxuries that we could once afford," said the host, "but it is useless to fret over spilt milk. Here, take a whiff o' this owld dhudeen, 'twill help to banish sad thoughts."

"Before I light my pipe," said the stranger, "I wish you would tell me why it is you will be compelled to leave this cottage in a few weeks?"

"The answer is simple," replied his host. "I am only a small farmer, and cannot afford to pay Lord Leech the heavy taxes that is yearly imposed on my own time and money, without a haporth of help from his lordship. That's the whole of it in a nut-shell. So, because I refused to be rack-rented by owld Leech, he sent his bailiff over here yesterday to serve me with a writ."

"And so you are to be evicted?" said the stranger, lighting his pipe.

"That's it, exactly," replied the host.

"Not if I can save you," said the stranger.

"Saltpeter couldn't save us."

"There is something more potent than saltpeter."

"Maybe ye mane dynamite," said his host.

"What I have reference to is more powerful even than dynamite," replied the traveller, "although it is not so noisy."

"Quicksilver is mighty powerful, I'm towld. Would it be that you mane?"

"No, sir," said the traveller. "What I allude to is the power of gold!"

"In truth, you're right there. Goold often works wonders, but it is as difficult to get howld of goold in these times, as it is to ketch a leprechaun."

During the foregoing the farmer's wife had prepared a supper which the traveller seemed to relish with a zest that betokened a keen appetite. Having finished his meal, he relit his pipe, drew his chair near the fire, and became more communicative.

"You spake with a foreign accent, sir," said the farmer, "but for all that you appear to be a man with a power o' knowledge in your head, and no wonder, for if I may judge by the whiteness of your hair and beard, I would say that the snow of at laste seventy winters had passed over your head. Am I far from the mark, sir?"

"You are, indeed, a long way off, sir," said the traveller; "for, although my beard is white, and my body seems bent with the weight of years, I would wager a thousand pounds to a brass farthing that you are a far older man than I am."

"Why, I am only sixty," said the farmer. "However, I'll not dispute the difference of our ages. You seem to be a conversable man, and I'm proud o' your company; if you like to sleep under this roof to-night, you are heartily welkim, and we'll spend a pleasant Christmas day together; will that be agreeable to you, sir?"

"You are too kind, sir," said the stranger. "But I accept the invitation, and hope you will never regret the confidence you have placed in me."

"Of course," said the farmer, "you'll have to take pot luck with us; we have no dainties to offer you; but there was a time when a prince couldn't find fault with our table on a Christmas Day, when we could spread before you turkey, geese, ham, lamb, and almost every delicacy under the blessed sun; but them times have passed away like the snow that fell last year, but such as we have you are as welcome to as if the house was your own."

"God bless you and your good wife, sir, for the cordial welcome you have given to the poor stranger. It reminds me of the gay old times when I was a happy boy under the roof-tree of my parents, when we loved to pass the Christmas-eve by the cheerful fireside, singing the old songs of our persecuted land, and listening to the ghost stories and fairy tales until the hour arrived to attend the midnight mass. Oh, those times! those grand old times will never come again. I grew up to manhood and was the pride of the family. I built castles in the air with my compatriots for the future happiness of our green sea-girt island, but every hope dissolved like bubbles into nothingness. In an evil hour I was caught with my pike while attending a moonlight drill in the mountain gap. A mock trial took place, and a packed jury found me guilty of high-treason. I was loaded with chains and hurried off in a convict ship to Western Australia, the penal colony of Great Britain, to Freemantle Prison, that plague-spot of the world, from which few that are sent in irons ever return to tell their sufferings to the civilized world. From the day of my arrival in the convict ship until the day of my escape, my life, whether I toiled in the quarries, or with the road parties, was one of continual torture. I had to share the same fate as the thief and the murderer; but I must be brief, for it would fill a large volume were I to relate every detail up to the date of my escape from Freemantle Prison. After many perils I was received with open arms in the land of the stars and stripes by my expatriated countrymen. From the moment I touched the hospitable shores of America, good fortune seemed to follow me. I was successful in every undertaking. I soon amassed great wealth. You would scarcely imagine me, as I appear at present in these tattered garments, to be a rich man, but, to prove the truth of my assertion, here is a chamois leather-bag containing a thousand sovereigns. Take it. Keep it. It is yours. I present it to you as a Christmas box."

"A bag full of sovereigns," cried the farmer, as he scrutinized and jingled a few of the golden coins. "Oh, sir, you must be one o' the good fairies in disguise."

"If this happened in America," said the stranger, "you would, undoubtedly, call me Santa Claus."

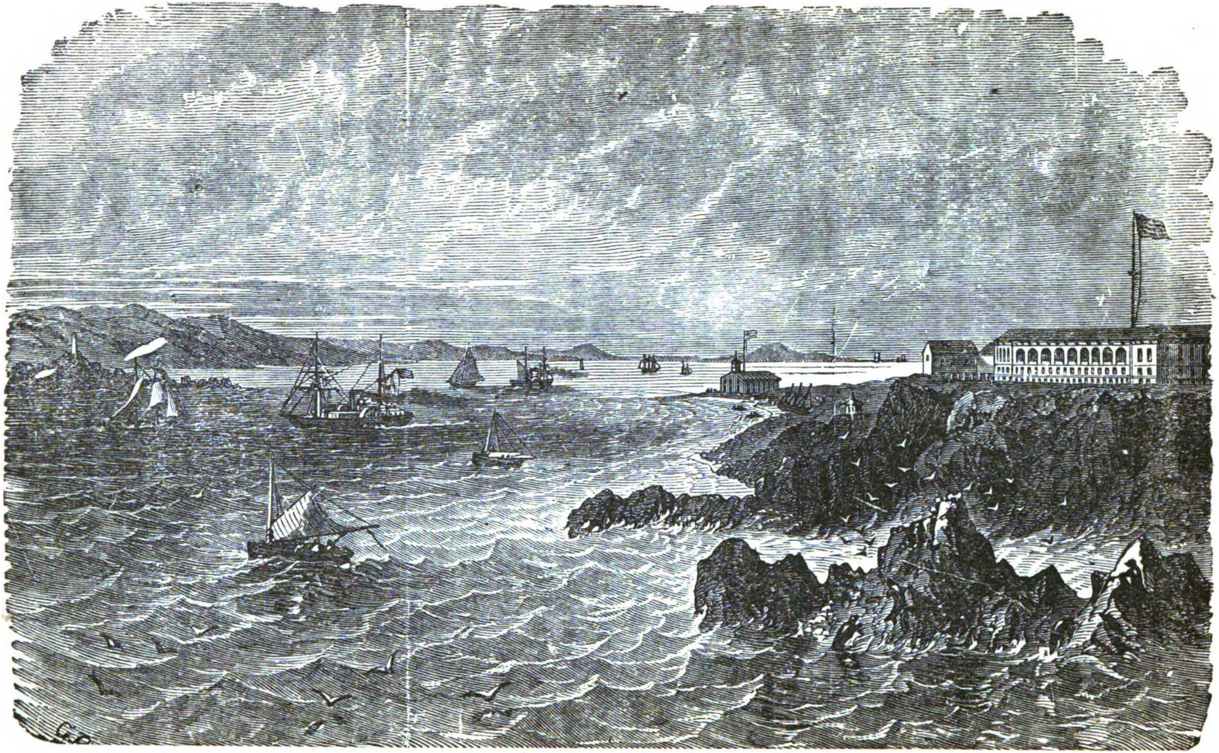
"Whoever you are," cried the farmer's wife, "you must be something not natural to be tantalizing poor people with the sight of a heap o' gold like that; you must be an apparition or a hobgoblin."

"I give you my word, I am neither ghost nor hobgoblin, but real flesh and blood," said the stranger, throwing off his white wig and beard, and standing erect at his full height, which was fully six feet. "Now, examine my features well, and tell me if they bear any resemblance to Redmond O'Hara, your convict son!"

"Oh! Redmond! our own *gra bawn!*" exclaimed his father and mother simultaneously. "Yes, it is," said the mother, caressing him, "he has the same auburn hair."

"And the same proud light in his manly blue eyes," cried his father, grasping his son's hands. "Oh Redmond, Redmond, this sudden joy is almost more than we can bear."

"Now, spare me this hugging, and kissing, and hand-shaking," cried their son, "if you don't wish to kill me with too much kindness; listen to reason, common sense, and truth. You can both snap your fingers at Lord Leech to-morrow. We'll have our own home, our own land, and our own castle as well as his lordship. And to-morrow we'll fill the table with turkey, geese, lamb, ham, and every luxury in season and out of season that money can purchase. In short, my dear father and mother, it won't be your own Redmond's fault, if you don't say it is the merriest Christmas Day you ever enjoyed."



The Diving-Cap.

Silent go and harmless come,
  Fairies of the stream—
Ye who love the winter gloom,
  Or the gay moon-beam.
—*Gerald Griffin.*

YOU may smile, and indeed 'tis no wonder, for I have often had to laugh myself, but as sure as I'm sittin' beside this hob, you'll hear many a more remarkable story about the seal than I'm goin' to tell ye. It is no uncommon thing along the coast o' Mayo an' Donegal to hear owld residenthers spake o' how the seal comes up from its home in the ocean at sartin times, changin' itself into human form to sport about and divart on dhry land, an' then go back to its natural shape whin its frolic is over.

Some say it wears what's called a diving-cap, which it takes off after lavin' the water, an' while the cap is off it looks like any other livin' mortal; an' I'm towld if any man, woman, or child happens to pick up the cap unbeknownst to the seal, an' hide it or keep it, the seal will be forced to remain on dhry land until the diving-cap is found or returned. It happened on one fine warm summer's evenin' that a native o' this same parish, one Andy Callaghan, went down after supper to the wather side to enjoy the fresh, cool breeze from the Atlantic, when all of a sudden, what did he spy but a lovely, sunny-faced child, dressed in a green silk gown an' a rich scarlet cloak an' hood! an' with her yellow ringlets an' lily white face she looked for all the world like a picture.

She stood on a bunch of sayweed, admirin' herself by peepin' into the water, which sarved as a lookin'-glass, little thinkin' that Andy Callaghan was so near; an' while she was tidivatin' herself, what should Andy see beside his feet but a little silver-colored diving-cap, for 'tis often he heerd tell o' them, but never had the luck to see wan before.

"If I can only get howld of it," siz he to himself, "I'm a med man for life."

With that, sir, he whips up the diving-cap an' slips it into the pocket of his frieze coat. An' 'twas then he heard the soft, sweet, low, wailin' voice o' the little colleen—a voice so full o' sorrow that it touched Andy's heart.

"Here's a pilloloo," siz he. "As sure as I'm called Andy, it's a seal that's turned into a purty little fairy child. An' this is its cap I have in my coat-pocket."

"Oh, what will I do at all?" siz the little maiden, cryin' as if her heart would break. "Where will I go or what will become o' me? Oh, why did I lave my father's palace?"

"Troth, I must have been born under a lucky star after all," siz Andy, "an' if I can only coax this little creature to come with me, what a comely companion she'll make for my darlin' daughter, Shelah!" An' she was a beauty in airnest, decked out with rings an' precious gems, and her bright scarlet cloak drawn round her neck with a golden string; faix, 'twas little wondher that poor Andy Callaghan thought himself a lucky man. Still, the briny tears kep' rowlin' down her cheeks as she looked around and could see no sign o' the silver-colored diving-cap.

Andy knew well enough what the fairy child was cryin' for, but he was detarmined to stick to the divin'-

cap an' see what luck 'twould bring to his family; for, in troth, the times went hard enough with him; what with failin' crops and heavy rent, it was barely from hand to mouth, although he worked late an' early, rain or shine, from Monday mornin' to Saturday night. But as I said, the fairy child was cryin' and moanin' over the loss o' the cap. At last Andy tuck pity on the creature, an' went over to where she was, an' tried to soothe her.

"Dhry your purty eyes, acushla, an' come home to my cabin, an' I'll find ye a play-mate, an' wan you'll like, for it's my own little daughter Shelah I mane, a colleen about your own age."

Afer spakin' kindly to her the faytures o' the child seemed to change, for she gev Andy a sweet smile, that looked as bright as a sunbame.

"Isn't your name Andy Callaghan?" siz she, spakin' for the first time, as natural as I'm spakin' to you now.

"It is, my little May bush," siz Andy; "but how you come to have it so pat upon your beautiful lips bates Bannagher!"

"Oh, there's nothing strange in that, Mister Callaghan," siz the fairy child. "People where I come from know more than you imagine."

"I wondher does she know I've got the silver-colored divin'-cap!" siz Andy to himself. "Will ye come home with me, my little jewel, till I make you acquainted with my family?"

"Yes, Andy, I will," siz she, "if you just wait for one minit till I tell my father." She then put her lips down to the wather an' whispered some strange words.

Andy, seein' the ripplin' o' the waves as she spoke, axed her who her father was.

"He's the king of an ocean cave," siz she.

"A king," says Andy; "and d'ye tell me I have the mighty honor o' speaking to a king's daughter?"

"You have," says she.

"Have you many kings where you come from?" siz Andy.

"Each tribe has its own monarch."

"Then you're not a republican child?" siz Andy, for Andy was very inquisitive.

The fairy only smiled at him for his want o' knowledge. But for all that Andy was cuter than she gev him credit for. "Well," siz he, "wonders will never cease after this. It's litttle I ever dreamed that I'd live to see the day when I'd be howldin' convarse with the lovely daughter of an ocean-king—but I'm afeard, darling, you'll find my cabin but a poor exchange for your father's royal palace, but dickins a matter if 'tis agreeable to your purty self. You're heartily welkim to come in an' take pot-luck."

"What d'ye mane by pot-luck?" siz the child.

"It signifies," siz Andy, "that while you're under my roof you're at liberty to make the house your own an' to take the best o' whatever is goin', without axin' lave or standin' upon the laste ceremony whatever. What's your answer, machree? Is it a bargain? Will you come?"

"With pleasure," siz the child; "I'm ready to follow you at once, for I'm very anxious to become acquainted with your daughter Shelah."

And away Andy trudged for his cabin, as proud as Punch when he thought o' the honor he had in lading a king's daughter across the threshold o' his little domicile. I needn't tell you that his family wor surprised first, and delighted after, when they found themselves on spakin' terms with a sprig o' royalty. They wor distant and over-polite at first, but the fairy child was a rale little lady, an' soon made them feel at aise after puttin' them on an aquil futtin' with herself, for there was no Frenchified airs about her, no low, upstart pride; everything she said an' done kem as natural as the breath she drew.

Shelah Callaghan and the fairy child became bosom friends at once. They'd ramble together across the meadows, along the hedges, pickin' the wild flowers, or up the steep mountain side, or down by the rocky say-shore. They'd help aich other diggin' in the garden, or doin' the house work, or milkin' the cows; but wherever you would see wan, you might be sure the other wasn't for off—they wor like twins. The first thing Andy did when he brought her home that night, and med her known to his family, was to slip out to the cabbage garden at the back of his sheelin', where he mounted a little step-ladder that was agin' the wall, and climbs to the roof, an' what does he do but takes the divin' cap from his pocket and hides it between the thatch, close behind the chimley!

"She'll never find it now, barrin' she's a witch intirely," siz Andy to himself.

Well, sir, would you believe it, for three long years the Callaghan family wor as happy as any family under the sun. Two more faithful an' lovin' companions never brathed than Shelah and the fairy child. Andy's patch o' land never thrived so well before. The fairy child turned her gems an' jewels into ready cash, and helped to start the Callaghans on the high-road of fortune.

At last, one fine mornin', Andy was compelled to attend the fair o' Castlebar along with his wife, while Shelah with the fairy child was to remain at home; but just as Andy and the wife wor gettin' into the car, a note was clapped into his hand, sent by a first cousin o' the wife, wan o' the Dalys o' Castlebar, axin' Mrs. Callaghan to bring her daughter, Shelah, along with her, sayin' she'd like to see her, as it was nearly three years before that since she last set eyes on her, an' that she had a nice holiday gift waitin' for her. When Shelah heard this, the tears came to her eyes, for she never liked to be away from her companion.

"Don't cry, Shelah, dear," siz the fairy child; "I'll look after the house while you're away; I'll keep myself so busy that I won't feel the time passin' till you're back again."

At last the Callaghans drove off in their car for Castlebar. An' when the fairy child was left alone, she wasn't idle. She scoured and polished everything that needed it, kindled a turf-fire, had the kettle boilin', sanded the floor; in fact, she had the place as bright as a new pin.

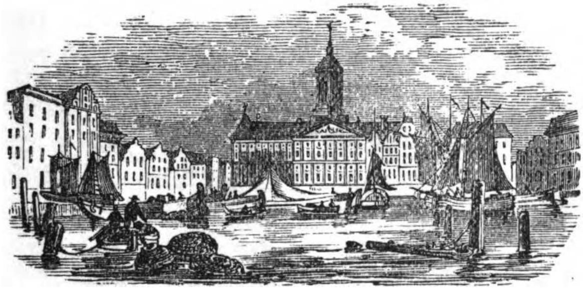
Then she spied a small bit of a hole in the roof, that let in the rain, so she thought she'd go an' stop it while she had the chance, an' out she goes into the garden, and after finding a wisp o' straw, she climbed the step-ladder, an' while she was gropin' about the thatch, what d'ye think she found but her own divin' cap!

When she got howld o' that, she was a changed bein' intirely. All thoughts of her own bright home in the ocean palace rushed back to her mind once more. She could see her father, the king, and all his subjects, ready to welkim her back to her native place.

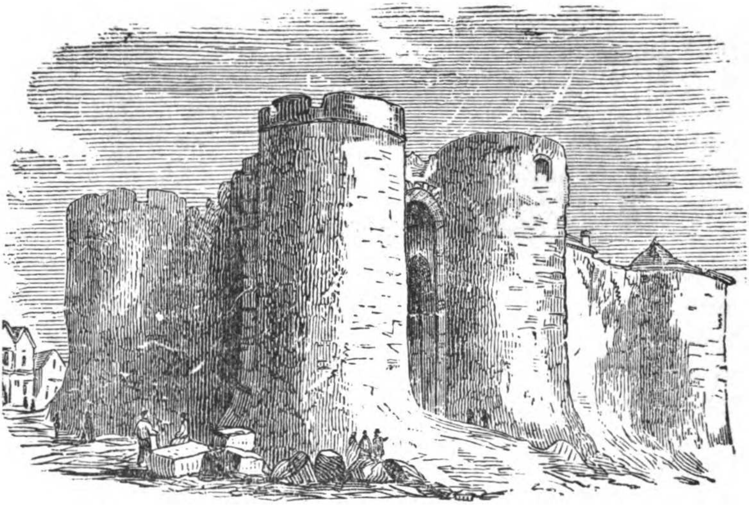
But all the happy days she passed under the roof o' the Callaghans wor entirely forgotten, an' flew from her memory as if they'd never happened. And before the sun went down that evenin' she disappeared from Callaghan's cabin, an' was never seen again by any mortal eyes. The sorrow o' the Callaghans—little Shelah above all—when they returned that night an' missed the fairy child, was heart-breakin'. The first thing Andy did was to climb the step-ladder an' sarch the thatch.

"Its gone! Its gone!" siz he with a mournful groan. "An' I'm afeerd our good fortune will folly it."

However, they soon got over their grief, an' their luck didn't change for the worse, as Andy seemed to think it would; everything went well with them, but Andy always insisted that the chief cause of his prosperity was the finding o' the little silver-colored divin'-cap.



The Golden Turf.



THE sun had just gone down behind the Keeper, the loftiest mountain in North Tipperary; in the same county there is a pleasant valley, not far from the thriving Town of Thurles; it is dotted here and there with a cabin, a mansion, a crumbling tower, an old castle, and a stone bridge.

On the bridge stood two men smoking their well-seasoned pipes, and watching the vagaries of the playful fish in the silvery stream that meandered through the peaceful vale.

Jack Mulcahy, the stoutest of the two, was a shoemaker, and his broad face beamed with good-humor; his companion, Dinny Hoolaghan, a nailer by occupation, was far from prepossessing.

"Tell me, Jack, was it rale music ye heard?"

"The beautifullest that ever charmed the ear of man—but come, Hoolaghan, my boy, now the sun is gone down, we'll go together, and I'll convince you that it's truth I'm tellin' you."

They proceeded up a boreen, crossed a stile, and wended their way in the direction of the old castle.

"There is the spot, Dinny, in the shape of a green ring."

"And wor ye frightened, Jack?" said the nailer.

"What a gom I'd be, to be frightened of sounds that 'ud do credit to an angel! Come quicker, man alive, and I'll wager ye a half o' gallon you'll hear it yourself, even if you wor as deaf as a post."

"Maybe it's bewitchin' us they'll be if they ketch us prying into their sacrets."

"I'm afeerd, Hoolaghan, you'll niver have an ounce o' sinse; your head is nearly as much cracked as your owld bellows; put your best fut foremost, don't let the good people see ye make such a pilgarlic o' yourself."

The stars were beginning to twinkle joyously throughout a deep blue sky; the atmosphere was clear and cloudless. Suddenly a sound of music was heard, music so low and soft, yet so exquisitely tender and pathetic, that it cast a spell over Jack and Dinny. At length the music ceased. The moon filled the far-stretching landscape beyond an old windmill, that overlooked the ruined castle, with a melancholy brightness.

Our friends having reached the green ring already alluded to, they beheld a diminutive figure ascending, as it were, from the centre of the circle. The sight of this fantastic object perfectly bewildered the nailer; he was a queer little man, with a wry, roguish face;

he wore a hat with a triangular brim, trimmed with gold lace; his decrepit body was clothed in an oddly-shaped jerkin of scarlet; his knee-breeches and stockings were of the same hue; his feet were encased in a neat pair of shoes, with diamond-studded buckles.

"By all that's wonderful, it's a fairy shoe-maker," whispered Mulcahy. "Let us folly him, quick, he's makin' for the castle, look at the cunning little thief; run for your life Dinny, if we only ketch up to him there's a mine o' goold maybe waitin' for the pair of us."

"Goold," echoed the nailer, who bore the reputation of being a close-fisted, miserly knave. "If there's goold to be got I'm wid ye, wid all the veins o' me heart."

The old castle once belonged to an ancient family, great and powerful, but now totally extinguished; a few sheep and cattle find an occasional shelter within the bare walls of what was once a banquetting room; pigs and poultry may be seen rooting among the earth and stones where, at a happier period, ancient lawns afforded relaxation to the young, the gay, and the light-hearted. In short, the branches of this ancient family were doomed to wither one by one, and there stands the remnant of their possessions, falling away year after year, stone after stone.

"Powdher o' war!" cried Jack, "see my little gintleman where he is now, look how he climbs the castle-wall by the clumps of ivy, as brisk as a monkey; he's lookin' at us. I'll spake up to him. 'It's a fine night, friend.'"

"It is," answered the dwarf; "if you wish to make merry with me in the castle, you are both welcome to a sate at my mahogany."

"Your command is our pleasure," said the nailer.

"Obey me, and you'll never want gold; deceive me, and you may have cause to rue your action," said the diminutive stranger as he descended from the wall. "Follow me!" He then led his visitors through a low, narrow archway of red freestone.

The moon shed a strong flood of mellow light, which fell in a broad stream through the roofless ruin, as they ascended a flight of steps.

"Here we are," said the stranger, ushering his guests into the banquetting hall. Sit down; I hope you'll feel at home. See, the table is already loaded with every delicacy; but before we dine it is an invariable rule of mine to shave and shampoo my guests, that they may present a clean appearance at my table; here is a gigantic razor I have for the purpose.

"Now, gentlemen, say the word. Which of you is ready? I think you, my friend, are in the most need," said he to the nailer. "Sit still now, and I'll whip off that big beard in no time. There, I told you; no sooner said than done; your face is as bare as the palm of your hand. Wipe your face now, and take your place at the table."

Mulcahy having undergone the same process, all three sat down; after the feast, which they discussed with a zest that reflected credit on their appetites, the stranger addressed them:

"Gentlemen, before you take your leave, I must make you both a handsome present. Behold, yonder is an old vault piled to the ceiling with turf; go each of you and fill your pockets as full as you please, and take my word for it, you won't be sorry when you wake up to-morrow morning."

Jack and Dinny filled their pockets accordingly; after which they were conducted from the castle into the open air by their polite but eccentric host, who wished them good night, good luck, and bright dreams.

The moon was rolling over the blue peaks of the Keeper, and the sound of the neighboring convent bell informed Jack and Dinny that it was midnight. On reaching the village where they dwelt as next door neighbors, they separated and retired for the night.

The next morning both men were up bright and early. Their first action was to empty their pockets of the turf; but what was their unspeakable astonishment when they beheld, instead of lumps of turf, large nuggets of shining gold. They were both rich men. Jack Mulcahy was the happiest man in Ireland. The nailer was not quite so jubilant as his companion.

"Bad win' to me for an omadhawn," said he to Jack; "if I knew as much as I do now, I'd have filled my caubeen wid the precious turf that turns into golden pieces; begorra, I'd like to own the bog where this turf grows."

"Is that your thanks for your good fortune? Troth, Dinny, I never knew a miser like you, that didn't sup sorrow sooner or later. I wouldn't have such a dried-up heart as yours in my body for the wealth of the universe."

"Howld your whist, Jack. Sure, no one can have too much o' the precious metal in these days Answer me wan thing, Jack?"

"What is it?"

"Promise me you'll visit the same castle to-night, an' we'll take a big sack apiece wid us, and bring home the full of it; an' then, hurroo, me boy, for a life o' divarshin'. What d'ye say?"

"All I have to say," cried Jack, "is, that I'm contint with enough."

"Faix, it's aisy to plaze simpletons. Then, I'm not contint. Tell me, will you come again to-night after sunset?"

"I'll go with ye, if you're afraid o' your own company, an' I don't blame ye, for you couldn't have much worse."

"Will ye take a sack wid ye?"

"No, Dinny, I'll do no such thing; I've more goold now than I can properly manage."

"Have your own way, Jack; if you won't bring a sack, I will."

"You're a greedy graball, Dinny."

"An' you're an honest gomoluke, Jack; however, you'll grow wiser some day."

Hoologhan, having carefully concealed his treasure in a corner of his forge, lost no time in securing a goodly sized sack in anticipation of another golden harvest.

Both men were ready at the appointed hour. On their way to the castle they heard the same entrancing music issuing from the green ring.

They were conducted to the banquetting hall of the castle by their dwarfish host; they were shaved, dined, and wined, and invited to approach the turf pile and fill their pockets, as on the previous night. Jack loaded his pockets and was contented; Hoolaghan loaded his sack, his pockets, and his hat, and even then was dissatisfied; he found it somewhat difficult to wear his turf laden caubeen, and to make him, if possible, look more ludicrous, his host during the process of shaving had left the crown of his head as bare and smooth as a child's face.

The dwarf bade them good night, and expressed a hope that each of his guests might be rewarded according to his deserts. Both were highly elated when they reached the village.

They were up with the lark the next morning.

"I am as rich as an emperor," cried Jack Mulcahy, as he drew nugget after nugget of the yellow metal from his pocket. "I'll build a big mansion for my family, and I'll help every poor man, woman, and child in the parish as long as I have the manes to do it. I'll take a peep in the looking-glass to see am I myself. Yes, there's not a fayture changed; my hair is on my head as tight as ever it was, and that's more than poor Hoolaghan can say, for the little fairy man scalped him entirely, and left him as bare as a bladder o' lard."

Meanwhile Dinny Hoolaghan was fuming, and dancing with rage, and would have torn his hair out if he had had any to tear; he passed up and down the forge like a wild animal, uttering fearful maledictions against sheoges, poochus, leprechauns, and fairy people in general. The golden harvest he had brought home in the sack, in his pockets, and his hat, proved to be no metal at all, but a species of very indifferent black turf; not only that, but his hidden treasure of the previous night had undergone the same base transformation.

"Oh! the curse o' Cromwell on my greed! Why wasn't I contint when I had enough? Now I'm without money or manes. Oh, that hop o' my thumb desaver! not only to schame me out o' the goold, but to rob me o' my head o' hair. What'll I do at all, at all? I'll have to wear a wig, or I'll be the laughin' stock o' the parish; no wonder I couldn't have better luck after my covetousness."

Jack Mulcahy used every effort to console the dejected nailer.

"Don't be cast down, Dinny," said Jack; "we went to the castle together, and I'll not forget you."

Mulcahy kept his promise. The nailer never recovered his hair. There was always a seat at Jack's fireside for the poor and the stranger.

Should there happen to be any incredulous reader, I can only add that I have related in substance what is chronicled and vouched for, even to this day, by a lineal descendant of Jack Mulcahy, the hero of the Golden Turf.

The Irish Carman.

"My name is Larry Doolin,
I'm a native of the soil.
If ye want a day's divarsion,
I'll drive you out in style.
My car is painted red an' green,
And on the door a star—
The pride o' Dublin City
Is my Irish jauntin' car."

—*Old Ballad.*

LARRY Doolin was a car-driver by occupation. He lived in the small village of Balruddery, about fourteen miles from Dublin. Larry was a thoughtless, happy-go-lucky sort of fellow, whose favorite maxim was to "trust to luck and take the world easy." Those who have never travelled in the Green Isle can form but a very inadequate idea of the wit and humor of an Irish jarvy.

Larry Doolin, for instance, if you happened to be a passenger of his, had a hundred methods of gaining your confidence, yet in such a manner as to render it impossible for you to subject him to the charge of impertinence. He could offer advice without appearing intrusive, and even command your movements without seeming to interfere in the least with your own free-will. It has been remarked that in England and France the postillions bully the traveller out of his money, but with Larry Doolin's passengers his simple plan was to laugh or coax it out of them. "In troth, sir," he would say, "I know 'tis every farthin' I have a right to expect, but jist for the sake o' your own dacint reputation, to say nothin' o' mine, another shillin' wouldn't do ye the laste harm—'twould prove ye wor well plazed with the jaunt an' wished to show like a gintleman, as I'm sure ye are, sir, the high regard you had for the counthry."

Larry was a very tall, powerful man, but good-tempered and gentle as a child. It was through the liberality of Malachie O'Brien, a courtly Irish gentleman, who resided on his ancestral property in Balruddery, that Larry Doolin was enabled to purchase his own car. It was about the fifth year after Larry had started in business on his own account, that he called one morning, as was his custom, upon his old friend and patron, to ascertain what orders he had for Dublin, for Larry had daily commissions from several of the Balruddery people, which he always executed, as he said himself, with "promptitude and dispatch."

It happened to be Christmas Eve, and the next day the noble-hearted Malachie O'Brien would have celebrated the sixtieth anniversary he had spent in the house where five generations had preceded him. For sometime previous to this, Larry had heard rumors from the lips of Mary that the circumstances of the O'Briens were changed for the worse.

Larry felt the situation keenly indeed.

"I hope it's not true," he would frequently say; "but I'm afeerd it is. What would I be doin' to-day if it wasn't for the warm-hearted gintleman, Malachie O'Brien? Maybe it's stone-breakin' I'd be for a bit an' sup, instead o' bein' the proprietor of a horse an' car."

On being sent for to the parlor he was much more civil than usual. Yet his heart smote him when O'Brien placed in his hand a far shorter list than heretofore of the fare that was required.

"An' has it dwindled to this, Miss Eveleen?" said Larry, addressing O'Brien's daughter. "I'm sure 'tis little you or your father ever dramed that the fine owld family would come to this pass. In the Christmas times not so long ago it used to tax my car to hold the stock I'd be bringin' yez from Dublin, but now, faix, a small-sized port-mantel would be too big to carry what's on this list."

"You forget, Larry, there's only Eveleen and I now," observed O'Brien.

"Troth, that's thrue, sir. Your two noble sons, Dermot and Cormac, I know they're both far away beyond the big Atlantic. May Heaven prosper them and send them back safe and sound to their own land."

About half an hour after this interview with the O'Briens Larry was seated on his jaunting car, as bright and jovial as usual, driving along the Dublin road and singing snatches of an old ballad, a few lines of which, as well as we can remember, were as follows:

"I've roamed the world over, from Dublin to Dover,
But in all the strange countries wherever I've been
I ne'er saw an island, on sea or on dry land
Like my own little, sweet native island of green."

He had not proceeded two miles, however, when he began to assume a serious air.

"Poor darlin' Eveleen!" he mused; "I believe there was far more sorrow than gladness in the smile she gev me when I was lavin' the house. I thought I could spy the silent tear glistenin' in her mild blue eye, but if it's thrue what I'm towld consarnin' the noble owld family, I'm not surprised at the tears o' the poor lady. Oh, tatheration! but doesn't it bate the mischief, that such a noble family should ever know what it is to be in want.

"I hear there's a chance open to them yet, that is if Malachie O'Brien would only keep out o' the clutches o' the sheriff's officers and bailiffs by hidin' himself for a few months, so as to avoid arrest; but I know him too well, he's too proud-spirited to shrink from danger. Why, sure, the very ivy on the walls o' the owld mansion doesn't cling to it as much as the heart of Malachie O'Brien does. No; I feel convinced he'll never lave Balruddery or the home of his ancestors until the full force o' the law compels him."

Larry arrived in Dublin early in the day, and made all the haste he could in executing his commissions, and in the course of a very few hours his car was pretty well loaded.

"I don't think I've done so bad, when I take into consideration the number of ordhers I've to attend to," he soliloquized with a self-satisfied air, while arranging his stock.

"There's the hams for the Nugents, the leg o' mutton for the Blakes, the pair o' ducks for Tim Hennessy, the twist loaves for Mrs. Lynch; ther's the plums, the raisins, the Christmas candles, the eggs, the butter, an' the turkeys for the O'Briens, long life to them. An' here's the essence o' bog an' barley I got in Capel Street, as a Christmas-box for myself—a quart bottle, no less—besides the tay, an' sugar, an' spices, with many other little odds an' ends too numerous to mention. Oh, bedad, I was nearly forgettin', there's the side o' pork to be got for Frank Keating, an the slate and pencil for Pat Cavanagh's child, an' the jumpin' jack an' hobby-horse for the Kinchellas."

Before sunset Larry left Dublin in excellent spirits, himself and his mare refreshed by rest and abundance of good provender; but before he had reached the first mile-stone on the road to Balruddery he saw two men standing beside the hedge.

"It's a grand evenin'," cried Larry as he cracked his whip and admonished the mare that it was his desire that she should forthwith proceed with the speed o' lightnin'.

"It's a grand evenin' entirely, sir," replied the two strangers as they approached the car.

"Which direction are yez thravelin'?" asked Larry.

"Indeed, we have had a long trudge of it," responded one of the men; "we must reach Balruddery to-night, an' we've nothing to carry us but shanks pony."

"Balruddery!" cried Larry, "then you're in luck. Jump up, both o' ye. Ye get one o' ye on aich side o' the car."

Larry then set about arranging his Christmas stock, and balanced his passengers according to the usual mode, one on each side.

They had proceeded but a short distance, when the strangers commenced questioning Larry, who was nothing loth to reply to their interrogatories. He soon found that his information was received with avidity. They asked several questions touching the present condition of his patron, Malachie O'Brien.

"Poor gintleman, unless he can get a big amount o' money before this day week, I'm afeerd he'll be biddin' good-bye to the owld mansion that has sheltered the O'Briens for more than five generations."

"He had two sons, Dermot and Cormac; what has become o' them?" asked one of the strangers.

"Two noble boys," said Larry. "They're both abroad, in Ameriky, I believe, seekin' for a fortune, which I hope they'll soon find."

"Abroad!" exclaimed one of the men. "So much the better for our little plan; what d'ye think, Rory?" he added in a whisper to his companion.

"'Twill be all the more asey to sarve owld Malachie with the papers," answered the other, sotto voce.

Now, it happened that Larry, although he was driving at a furious rate, had overheard every word of the whispered conversation of his mysterious passengers.

"It's the sheriff's officers I'm carryin'," he muttered to himself; "the bareface pair o' thimblemen; but I'll purtind to be ignorant an' take them the wrong road."

"Gintlemen," said he, "I see it's beginnin' to snow, an' the night is gettin' mighty cowld, but there's a dacint friend o' mine—one Ned O'Loughlin—keeps a shebeen not two miles from here, an' I'll go bail when he mixes us one o' his tumblers o' punch we'll be able to face the storm."

At length they came to a certain cross-roads, where Larry's mare tried to get the reins between her teeth and go one way, while her master was even more obstinate in his resolve that she should go another. At last, by dint of blows and abuse, he succeeded in compelling her to take a very lonely and disused road, and in a very short time he drew up before the shebeen of his friend, Ned O'Loughlin, where he persuaded his passengers to alight and get a drop to warm them.

Having succeeded so far, there was little difficulty when their object and occupation were known in prevailing on O'Loughlin and two or three more trustworthy friends then in the shebeen to forcibly bind the obnoxious sheriff's officers hand and foot and keep them there for as many hours as Larry Doolin should think proper. Leaving Larry for the present, I shall relate what occurred at the mansion of the O'Briens.

"I wonder," said Eveleen to her father, "what can possibly have delayed Larry Doolin?" It is now half past ten."

The old gentleman, who had been walking up and down the room with a restless step, paused.

"I wish he was come, my dear. There has been a heavy snow storm; I shall have no letters to-night. You must be fatigued, Eveleen; it is time to go to bed." And then he sighed heavily and resumed his walk.

The gentle colleen retired to her own room, but not to rest. Even had she felt so inclined, the heavy tramp of her father's footstep overhead would have banished repose. Suddenly the bough of an aged oak which grew almost against her chamber window became violently agitated, and at the same instant she saw a man look into the room.

Her first impulse was to scream, but she checked herself and rushed to the door.

"Miss Eveleen," said the man at the window, "don't be afeerd, machree, for Larry Doolin would lose his life to save wan hair o' your darlin' head from harm."

Eveleen being thus reassured, approached the window, which she raised and admitted Larry into the chamber.

"Now Larry," said she, "be good enough to explain the cause of this strange conduct."

"In wan minit, Miss Eveleen," said Larry, leaning out of the window and shaking the sleet of a December night from his rugged coat. "I see there's a light in your father's room above, an' that's his step all the world over. I've had a purty lively time of it, but I've got the thieves snugly trapped at last."

"Trapped!" exclaimed Eveleen.

"Yes, miss—the dirty sheriff's officers; I've got them netted in their own burrow. Oh, if ye can only coax your father to quit the owld house till the danger is over! I'll get the car ready an' dhrive him to the world's end and back—'tis that brought me here; that's why I climbed the tree, thinkin' to rache his room unbeknownst to you. But maybe, jewel, you will go up to his room and raison out the case wid him Tell him that Larry Doolin has a true heart an' a good memory. Tell him my car is at his sarvice. Sure, isn't it his own car, an' the mare—the decaiver—

she was near sellin' the pass on me at the cross-roads; but go, asthore, for every minit is worth a pot o' goold."

The next evening Larry Doolin was seated beside a blazing turf-fire in the shebeen already referred to, taking a warm glass of punch. He appeared to be exceedingly happy, and no wonder, for it was Christmas Day, a time of joy and festivity.

"Bedad, Ned," said Larry, addressing his host, "I niver made sich a foo paw before—the two buckoes I left in your charge last night."

"The sheriff's officers, ye mane," interupted Ned. "They gev me the slip in grand style. They bruck loose about 4 o'clock this mornin'. I gev chase after them through the snow, but they wor too fleet on their pins for me."

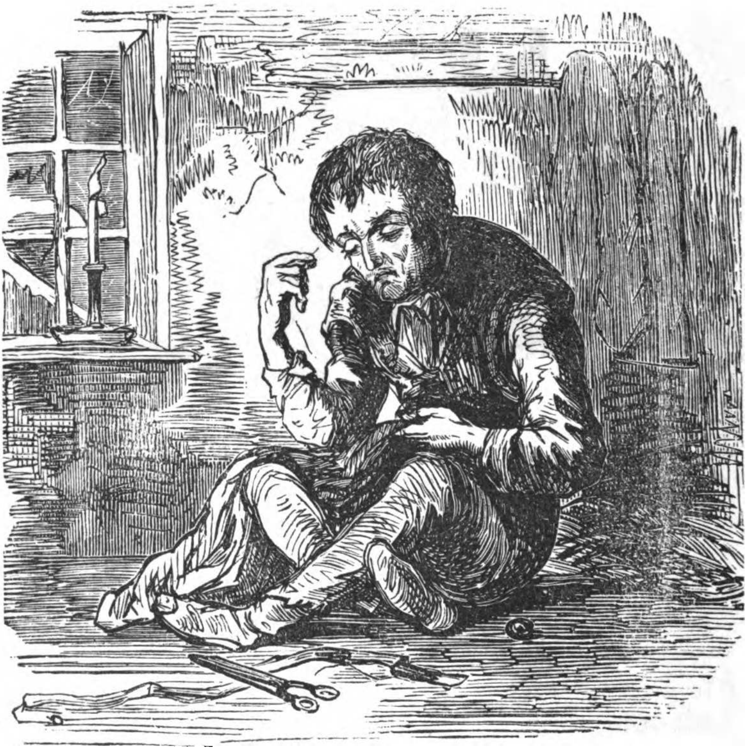
"Why, man alive," said Larry, "haven't ye guessed yet who they wor? No; nor ye wouldn't if ye cudgeled yer brains till this time next Christmas. They wor too well disguised wid the false beards they wore on their faces; but I'll make it clear to you. One o' them was Dermot O'Brien and the other was Cormac, his brother."

"D'ye tell me that for a fact? I thought they were in Ameriky."

"So did I, but they're in Ireland to-day, for I had my Christmas dinner wid them at their father's table in the owld mansion. They kem over to the house this mornin' early, just as I was preparin' to carry their father far away from Balruddery, beyond the reach of the law, and what do you think, but they've brought home money galore, that was left to them by an uncle, the owner, I believe, of a big cotton plantation. So, after all, ye see, Malachie O'Brien will be able, in spite o' the law, to keep the roof that sheltered his ancestors for generations over his own head as long as he lives."

Larry Doolin is now the proprietor of three jaunting cars. He is making money hand over fist, and is just as happy a man to-day as you would find within the four seas of Ireland.

The Hunchbacks.



AT one end o' the Valley o' Glendalough, there is a narrow road lading to the ruins of the Ancient City, about a mile away, an' the first thing that'll ketch your eye will be the Ivy Church, as 'tis called, bekase o' the green coverin' which has clung to it ever since the days when Ireland was a grand an' glorious free nation. Well, sir, not a thousand miles from the Ivy Church is a fairy rath, which is a round, circular meadow, surrounded by a mound overgrown with furze bushes. At the time I'm spakin' of, there lived near Hollywood, on the borders o' Kildare, a little man, by the name of John O'Hara. He had a pleasant, smilin', open face, an' he was known by owld and young to be as dacint and honest as the sun above our heads. The only imperfection about him was that he'd a hump on his back. He was a brogue-maker by trade, an' a better brogue-maker, I'm towld, 'twould be hard to find. He had plenty o' custom, an' was always as busy as a bee.

However, wan pleasant moonlight evenin', little John O'Hara started out for a ramble, by way of divarsion, after gettin' through a hard day's work, and where would he make for but the fairy rath. So, wid the help o' the steppin' stones, he crossed the Glendason river, an' after passin' a strame which is called St. Kevin's rivulet, it wasn't many minits before he kem up to the rath; an' no sooner did he rache the spot than he said to himself:

"What's this at all comin' over me. If I got a king's ransom this minit I don't think I could keep my eyes open."

At last, when he felt the drowsiness so heavy on him, he filled his dhudeen an' tried what virtue there would be in a few whiffs; but 'twas of no use. The more he thried to rouse himself, the sleepier he got, till at last he was so overpowered, he was forced to lie down in a dhry ditch, where he was soon snorin' away like a good fellow. An' such drames as he had! He thought he could see tremenduous armies dhrawn up in line o' battle, an' he could hear the loud roar o' the cannon, an' the sound o' trumpets an' drums.

When all of a sudden he awoke, an' found that he was forninst a big gap in wan o' the Wicklow Mountains. After makin' his way through the gap, he thought he was at some grand ball, for there was bright lights, an' music, an' green, velvet-cushioned chairs, an' great galleries; in fact, it was a dale finer than the round room o' the Rotunda in Sackville Street; but such a gatherin o' quare lookin' little men and women, I don't believe, was ever seen before nor since. Every wan o' them seemed to dote upon music, for they had all sorts of instruments: harps, fiddles, bugles, bagpipes. But sure, 'twould take me till this time tomorrow to name them all to ye.

Well, when John O'Hara entered, every mother's son of the little cratures had their little piercin' eyes fixed on him; but for all that, it didn't interrupt their sports, for the singin', dancin', laffin', an' music went on just the same, an' 'twas a comical sight to see the little attomies in their red steeple-hats, an' their merry, roguish faces, an not wan o' them much bigger than a midget. But the strangest thing of all was the quare drone of a song they wor singin'; it hadn't any change at all, at all, but was the same dhrawl from beginnin' to end. Troth, wan 'ud think they'd get tired of it some time, but not a bit of it. They kep' on just the same as if it was the beautifullest an' sweetest o' melodies. As near as I can jog my memory it was something after this fashion:

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday."

That was about the whole sum an' substance of it. Well, little John O'Hara shook his head as much as to say:

"'I think I could do a thrifle better than that myself.'

For John was bit of a poet, an' was thought a good singer to boot. So he tuck pity on the little people, seein' them doomed, as he thought, to sing such a humdhrum air as that, without any variation. So, bein' a polite, civil-spoken man, he ups and says:

"Ladies an' gintlemen, if I'm not makin' too free, I'd like to improve that song o' yours; you'll find it pleasanter and more melodious, after I put the finishing touch to it, that is, provided you're all agreeable."

After he said that he thought they wor goin' to kill him with kindness, for the good people, they say, always have respect for a man wid a civil tongue in his head. They wor all united in allowin' him to improve the song, an' yelled out their consent like a chorus o' school childher.

"Well, then, good people," siz O'Hara, clearin' his throat, "since I have your lave, I'd like to add these three lines."—An' away he started to sing in fine style:

"Thursday, Friday, Saturday,
Thursday, Friday, Saturday,
Thursday, Friday, Saturday."

The cheers that followed this improvement wor enough to lift the roof. O'Hara plazed them so much, that a little fiddler and a Tomtit of a piper wor so full o' delight, that they perched on his two shoulders, an' began pattin' him on the back to show their kindness an' respect; but O'Hara didn't care a farthin' for that, for he wasn't aisy to flatther. After a while they all gathered round him, an' towld him they wor under great obligations to him for the magical change his words made to their song.

"Well, if its plazin' to ye, good people," siz he, "we'll start from the beginnin' till we see if it's much improved by the addition I've added to it. Now, then, fire away—

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.
Thursday, Friday, Saturday,
Thursday, Friday, Saturday,
Thursday, Friday, Saturday."

A merrier crowd ye couldn't find, as they rattled away, an' when the song was over, another burst o' fairy cheers was given, so shrill an piercin' that they made O'Hara's head ache.

"Now, my dacint man," siz the lader o' the party, steppin' up to O'Hara, carryin a fiddle in his fist about the size o' himself,—an' that's not sayin' much, for a small-sized brogue would howld both fiddle an' man —"now," siz he, "just say what you'd like for a reward, an', take my word, 'twill be granted t'ye an' no questions axed."

"I'm very thankful to you, good people," sez O'Hara, "but I'll ax no reward in the shape of worldly riches. Still, there's wan favor I wish you'd do me, an' that is to remove this inconvanience from my back. If you do that much for me, I'll be able to howld up my head wid any other man in the County Wicklow."

"Oh, that's simple enough," sez the lader, snappin' his finger as the signal, an' the minit after all the little people collected round O'Hara like a swarm o' bees, from every part of the buildin', some o' them droppin' down from the roof, an' the whole o' them lit on his shoulders till they had him weighed down with his nose almost to the floor. But it wasn't for long, for the lader snapped his fingers agin, an' when O'Hara riz up he found himself as straight as a rush, with no hump or incumbrance whatever to his back.

Bright and early the next mornin' O'Hara was trudgin' back with a light heart to Hollywood, as comely a lookin' man as you'd clap eyes on in a day's walk. When he got home every friend o' his in the parish wor as glad as himself to find he was no longer a poor hunchback, but as stately an' handsome as an Irish prince o' the good owld times.

O'Hara's wondherful cure spread like wildfire both near and far, from parish to parish; it was soon on every lip in the County Wicklow.

Now it happened that in the Vale of Glenmalure there was another humped-back man. He was a tailor by trade, but he was different from O'Hara both in manner and appearance. He was a dhawny, sour, cross-grained, crabbed hop-o'-my-thumb. You'd think he was fed on nothin' but lemon-juice all his life. He lived with his mother in a small bit of a cabin, an' his mother was the only friend he had in the world, for no wan liked to cotton to him bekase of his spiteful, crooked timper. His name was Peery Gilligan. Well, his poor mother, hearin' of how O'Hara was cured, towld her son Peery about it, for in spite of his failin' she tuck great pride in him. Well, after coaxin' him awhile he consinted to try the experiment. So off they started wan evenin' after sunset, an' when he got near the rath he felt the same stupid, sleepy sensation as O'Hara did.

"So, when his legs gave way, he lay down in the dhry ditch, an' was soon in the land o' drames. The mother then left him alone for fear o' spoilin' the charm, an' went home to her cabin. Peery had drames the same as O'Hara, and was soon in the big round room among the good people, but their singin' seemed to displaze him, an' he was too ignorant to keep his opinion of it to himself while in their company.

"D'ye call that singin'?" sez he; "why, I can find a lot o' chatterin' magpies that will bate yees hollow. If yeez can't produce more harmony than that, take my advice an' fling away your instruments be the husht, and go off quietly to bed."

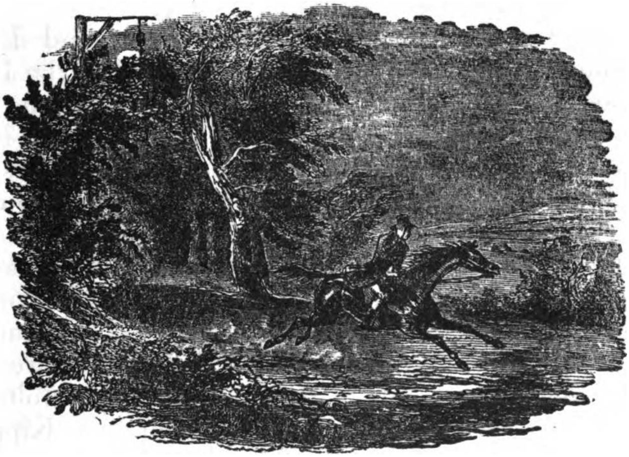
"Who is this darin' vilyun?" siz the lader o' the good people, "that has the impudence to show his nose among his supariors. Get at him and teach him manners."

Well, in a jiffy poor Peery Gilligan was covered with them from head to feet.

"Fleetwing," siz the lader to one o' the nimblest, "bring down O'Hara's hump till we reward this gentleman," an' before ye could turn round Fleetwing was up to the roof an' down again with O'Hara's hump, which he fastened to the little tailor's back, so that Peery Gilligan, when he left them, had two humps to carry away instead o' wan. So ye see, a civil tongue is the best after all; it's chape enough, at any rate, for politeness doesn't cost a single farthin'.

An' as ye see yourself, it was just the want o' civility that brought the double affliction on the back o' little Peery Gilligan, the tailor o' the Vale of Glenmalure.

The Phooka.



"In Luggelaw's deep wooded vale,
  The summer eve was dying;
On lake and cliff, and rock and dale,
  A lulling calm was lying;

Soft gloom fell from the mountain's breast
  Upon the lake declining;
And half in gentle shade was drest,
  And half like silver shining."
—*Gerald Griffin.*

OF the mischievous class of beings composing the Irish fairy mythology, the Phooka is pre-eminent. In form he is a very Proteus—generally a horse, but often an eagle. The great object of the

Phooka seems to be to obtain a rider, and then he is all in his most malignant glory. Headlong he dashes through briar and brake, through flood and fell, over mountain, valley, and moor, indiscriminately. Up or down precipice is alike to him, provided he gratifies the malevolence that seems to inspire him. He bounds and flies over and beyond them, gratified by the distress and ruthless of the cries and suffering of the luckless wight who bestrides him.

In the County of Wicklow is the solemn and dreary solitude out of which rushes the waterfall of the Poul-a-Phooka, terminating in a whirlpool of depth, it is said, unfathomed, and where the famous spirit-horse holds its nightly revels, luring unhappy wayfarers into the frigthful vortex formed by the waters of the cataract; its summit is crowned by an exceedingly picturesque bridge of a single arch, the span of which is sixty-five feet thrown from rock to rock. Poul-a-Phooka is the name given to a succession of cataracts one hundred and fifty feet in height and forty in breadth, over which the waters of the Liffey are precipitated. This river rises in the northeast, in the Kippure Mountains, and here, at one bound, as it were, springs from the hills to the valley.

One strange tradition of the Phooka, which was related by a Wicklow peasant, I shall endeavor to present to the reader as nearly as I can in his own diction.

"'Pon me word, sir," said he, "I often wondher how little Dinny Hennessy contrived to keep his sate on the Phooka's back. Dinny, you see, sir, was a tinker by trade, and a betther tinker niver carried a budget than the same Dinny Hennessy; but how he managed the fairy horse, sir, surpasses my knowledge intirely."

"Does the Phooka always appear in the form of a horse?" I ventured to inquire.

"A horse, is it? Faix, sir, there isn't an animal in the Zoological Gardens that the Phooka couldn't turn himself into. You'd not be able to find a more thricky vagabone of a fairy from this to himself. Why, man alive, when it plazes him he can take the shape of a crowned king or a hungry beggarman while ye'd be snappin' yer fingers. You may look on him now as a poor cripple limpin' about wid a crutch, an' whoo! before ye have time to wink an eye he'll stand before ye dressed like the Juke o' Leinster or maybe the Lord Mayor o' Dublin. Yis, indeed, he can take any shape he likes, the rapparee; but when he's bent on playin' his pranks on a poor mortal I'm towld he appears mostly as an aigle or a horse.

"But as I was tellin' ye about the brave little tinker. Wan warm evenin' in June, just before the sun went to its bed in the west, Dinny Hennessy was sittin' at the back of his snug thatched cabin, as busy as a bee, mendin' the bottom of a bright copper kettle that was to be got ready for the hot water to make the punch that night at Murty Tierney's weddin'. The same kettle was used by Murty's ancestors many a day before in the good owld times. It was a precious relic that sarved to brighten up scores o' gay weddin' parties before it kem into Murty's family. Faix, sir, Murty prized it so much that he promised to pay Dinny Hennessy a golden guinea for his work if he med a clane job of it, an' tuk it home safe in time for the weddin' faist, though, I declare to ye, wan could buy as good an article bran-new for half a crown, or three shillin's at the most. But Murty had the proud blood in him, and, of coorse, would scorn to be mane or nagerly, more betoken on his weddin' day, for that's a day that rarely comes more than wanst in a man's lifetime. Well, sir, just as little Dinny was puttin' the finishin' touch on the copper kettle, who should salute him by name but a big, tall man, dressed like a comfortable farmer.

"'Mr. Hennessy, I believe?' siz the stranger.

"'That's what they call me,' siz Denny. 'Though I haven't the pleasure o' knowin' your name.'

"'You'll know it before you're a day owlder,' siz the stranger.

"'Here's to our better acquaintance,' siz Dinny, takin' up a flask o' spirits he had beside him on his bench. 'Will ye take a gurlogue?'

"'That's something I never use,' siz the stranger. 'There's mischief in the very sight of it.'

"'If that's the case, I'll just put it out o' sight,' siz Dinny, takin' a mighty long pull at the flask till he left it as empty as a drum.

"'You are busy this evenin', I see,' siz the stranger.

"'I always am, sir, when there's an honest shillin' to be airned,' siz Dinny, givin' the kettle a rub to put the shine on it.

"'If I'm not mistaken,' siz the stranger, 'you're to have that kettle ready for Murty Tierney's weddin' to-night.'

"'Faix, that's the truth, anyhow, an' there it is now, as sound an' solid as the first day it was made.'

"'Isn't it nearly time ye wor takin' it home?' siz the other.

"'That's far asier said than done,' siz Dinny. 'Look at the hour it is, and the distance. Musha, sir, but isn't it a murtherin' shame they wouldn't build a bridge across the Poul-a-Phooka? Look at the round it would save me if there was only a bridge there this night.'

"'I can take ye over a short cut as asey as kiss yer hand,' siz the stranger.

"'If ye do that,' siz Dinny, 'although you're a black stranger to me now, I'll look upon ye as the best friend I have in this world.'

"'Fill your pipe, an' we'll have a chat before startin',' siz the stranger.

"'I will,' siz Dinny, as he stood upon his bench an' put the kettle on the thatch for safe-keepin'. 'This dhudeen,' siz he, takin' a pipe from his pocket and clearin' it wid a straw, 'is mighty cross-grained sometimes. When it's conthrary I might as well attempt to lift the round tower o' Glendalough an' carry it off under my arm as to get a whiff out o' this same pipe. Hurroo! The road is clear at last. It's as clane as a whistle.'

"'Fill it from this,' siz the stranger, givin' him a box of beautiful tibakky.

"'Anything to oblige a stranger,' siz Dinny, stuffin' his dhudeen.

"'Strike a light now an' puff away till you're tired,' siz the other.

"'Ye may lave it to me for settin' the machinery in motion,' siz Dinny. But, sir, no sooner did he turn his back to strike the light than—murder alive! he felt the collar of his frieze coat caught from behind by the claws of a great aigle, an' before he had time to enjoy a whiff he found himself flung, neck and crop, body and bones, over the roof o' the cabin, and never stopped till he landed on the other side of it, upon the back of a coal-black horse. An' maybe he didn't let a roar out of him that ye'd hear a mile off when he got sight o' the blood-red eyes o' the baste flashin' fire, and the dazzlin' light shinin' from his nostrils.

"'Och! be this an' be that,' roared the little tinker, 'my bread's baked this time, anyhow. It's the Phooka!'

"'Is it to Murty Tierney's weddin' I'm to carry ye?' siz the horse, with a leer on his ugly mouth by the way of a smile.

"'Yis that's the spot, good Mr. Horse,' siz poor Dinny, thryin' to soother the brute. 'I'm obligated to take the kettle home in time for the weddin'.'

"'Is that all ye want?' siz the Phooka.

"'To take the kettle to the bridegroom is all I have to do, your noble Horseship,' siz the coaxing tinker.

"'It's asey plazin' you, my little tin-merchant,' siz the horse, with a grin.

"And with that sir, the terrible Phooka shook his mane and tail, and gev wan big spring that brought him and Dinny within an inch o' the brink o' the tall cliffs.

"'For a little spidogue like ye,' siz the horse, ketchin' his breath, 'you're the heaviest load I ever carried.'

"'If you're tired,' siz Dinny, 'I'd better get down and walk, for I never like to impose on good nature.'

"'Stay where you are,' siz the Phooka; 'only I'm bound to take you to Murty Tierney's an' deliver him the kettle, I'd not lep another inch with ye to-night.'

"'I'm willin' an' able enough to walk if it's plazin' to ye, an' indeed I think it would suit me better than this rate o' goin' a mile a minute.'

"'A mile a minute!' snorted the Phooka. 'I've carried your betters a hundred miles a minute, an' wasn't half as tired as I am with you. It must be the roguery that's in you makes you feel so weighty. How much are ye to get for mendin' the copper kettle?'

"'Only wan guinea, your worship.'

"'Only a guinea!' roared the Phooka; 'why, ye little extortioner, did ye want the Wicklow goold mines for mendin' an owld kettle no honest tinker would charge more than a shillin' for, an' think himself well paid for into the bargain?'

"'Is it me, Misther Phooka? Sure, I didn't ax for it. Murty promised the guinea on account of it bein' his weddin' day, long life to him.'

"'No matter, you're a chate,' sez the horse, making a dart for the waterfall, and the poor little tinker, still howldin' on bravely to the horse's mane, found himself tumblin' down like a shot through the foamin' wather, and when he kem to himself he looked up, an' there, wid the light o' the moon streamin' on him, stood the big, black horse pantin' and puffin' forninst him, not able to spake a single word, wid the murtherin' big rage he was in, when all of a sudden the thought struck him that he had his gallop for nothin', for the poor tinker found himself without the kettle.

"'Och, meelia, murdher, Misther Phooka,' siz he, 'what did ye do with Murty Tierney's kettle?'

"'What!' siz the horse, and every puff o' wind that blew from his nostrils was like a hurricane. 'Why, then, ye vile patcher of pots and pans, ye false tinker, ye chatin' schamer o' the world—is it before my very face ye'd dare to lay the burden o' your dishonesty on the back o' the Phooka? Is this your gratitude, after all my kindness to ye? Take that to mend your morals, you thievin' sleveen,' an' he gev little Dinny a kick that sent him into the noisy waters o' the lower pool, and how he was lucky enough to get out of it without a scratch bates Europe. But there's wan thing beyond doubt, sir—Murty Tierney had to do without the kettle at the weddin' that night.

"'Was it never found?' I asked.

"It was, sir—bright and early the very next mornin', on the thatch, where Dinny put it for safe keepin' the night before. An' Dinny was found, too, fast asleep on his little bench, beside an empty flask. And some o' the knowin' wans often wink and hint that it was the flask, or its contents, which Dinnny made purty free wid the day before, wid the prospects o' gettin' his work done early, an' bringin' home his guinea, that accounted for his moonlight excursion wid the Phooka."

Squire Darcy's Fetch.

She only looked with a dead, dead eye,
And a wan, wan cheek of sorrow;
I knew her fetch! She was called to die,
And she died upon the morrow.—*Banim.*

THE fetch is still believed in Ireland to be an exact resemblance of some individual well known to its beholder.

If this phantom is seen in the morning it betokens good fortune and long life to its prototype; if in the evening, a near death is predicted.

"Do I believe in them?" exclaimed Dan Slevin, my informant. "Musha! then, sir, isn't that a mighty foolish question for a gintleman like you to ax? Och, but that's the fruits o' livin' out o' yer own country so long. I'll go bail you'll be axin' me next do I believe in the banshee?"

"Never mind the banshee, Dan; stick to the fetch. Did you ever see one?" I asked.

"Did you ever see the North Pole?" was Dan's query.

I was obliged to reply in the negative.

"No, I'll wager a gallon o' porther ye didn't," continued Dan; "still ye believe there is such a spot, and by the same token, it isn't a very warm spot; as for fetches, they are seen by high and low, rich an' poor; and to give ye an example to prove the truth o' what I'm sayin,' I'll go no further than Mrs. Darcy, that lives beyant in the big mansion you see on the green slope, and the sun doesn't shine on a better friend to the poor in Ireland this blessed day than the same Mrs. Darcy. I only wish all the landlords wor like her, but they're far from it; she's wan in wan thousand, but shure she isn't a landlord at all—she's the wife o' wan that was. But I'm straying away from my story. Well, then, it was that same Mrs. Darcy that had the sorrow o' seein' the fetch o' the husband she loved.

"It happened in this way: In wan of the rooms that looks out on the flower garden, the moonbeams of a summer's night fell like a shower o' gold in through the window over the floor, and on an owld oak table, belonging to the squire, that stood in a corner beside the open window. It was nearly midnight at the time. Mrs. Darcy was lying wide awake, wid her eyes fixed on the window; but she got such a terrible fright, that she started up all at wanst from her pillow, for what did she see but the appearance, or apparition, as they call it, of the squire, her husband, sittin' quietly at the table, where he seemed to be writin' out a rent recaite for one o' the tinants; but her husband, the living Squire Darcy, was lying by her side at the same time, and appeared to be sleepin' as sound as ever he did. Ye may be sure the poor wife was greatly surprised and put about over it, though she never let on; the crathur had that guard over her tongue not to spake about it, for fear o' causin' the squire the terror she felt in her own heart; she didn't even wake him, but let him sleep on. After lookin' at what she now knew to be the squire's fetch, the poor lady acted very coolly and sensibly through it all. She looked at her husband two or three times an' felt shure that he was fast asleep. She looked again through the moonbeams at the oak table, but the fetch of her husband was gone; she didn't close an' eye or sleep a wink all that night. Howanever, she kep' a cheerful heart, like the brave, gintle lady she ever was, an' never med her husband wan bit the wiser."

"The next day the squire noticed the look of pain an' sorrow in her purty pale face, an' axed her many a time at the breakfast table if there wasn't something strange happened to disturb her during the night, but she managed to steer clear o' the unpleasant subject and kep' the painful knowledge to herself. After spendin' a half hour at the chapel he took the road to Danamon Castle, when he happened to meet his owld friend an' college chum, Dr. Sullivan. Well sir, in the very height o' their conversation, the very subject that we're upon now was broached by Squire Darcy to the doctor.

"'Tell me, Sullivan,' siz the squire, 'for I know you're good authority on such matters. Now what is your opinion in regard to fetches?'

"'If it's all the same to you Darcy,' siz the doctor, 'I'd rather you'd ax me something asier—for I must confess I'm but a poor hand at solvin' riddles.'

"'Have ye any belief at all in the fetch?' siz the squire.

"'My belief is this,' said the docther, 'the whole thing is a delusion from beginning to end. And whoever tells me he has seen a fetch must be a man of a very dyspeptic constitution or a mighty wonderful imagination.'

"'In that case, doctor,' siz Squire Darcy, 'my imagination must be above the common, for as sure as I see you now, I saw my own fetch last night in my own bed-chamber, sitting in the moonlight at my old oak table making out a receipt for one of my tenants, and I more than suspect that my wife saw the same apparition, but I didn't speak to her on the subject, for fear it might alarm her.'

"'That's right,' siz the docther, 'keep the knowledge to yourself, for your wife might take the matter too seriously.'

"The squire then went about his business, an' nothing remarkable happened for the remainder o' the day.

"But, sir, about the same hour an' minit on the very next night Mrs. Darcy, the poor lady, was disturbed again, but what happened when she was roused from her sleep was something more terrifyin' than what took place the night before—it makes a chill creep through my marrow-bones even now when I think of it—but to go on wid my thrue story. The moonbeams streamed in, as before, through the open windows. But this time she felt her husband movin' like one in convulsions. An' the next minit he cried in a soft voice, wid a very long pause between his words, 'Mag—Mag—darlin'—I'm—I'm chokin'—go—or send —at once, dear—for Docthor Sullivan.'

At that his wife leaped from the bed, an' in less time than I'm tellin' ye she got ready herself, without callin' any o' the sarvints, an' started out wid the speed o' lightning, for she knew that life an' death hung on every step she took till the docthor was brought to the bedside of her husband.

The docthor didn't waste a minit either, but his services wor of no use, for poor Squire Darcy was beyond the help of all the docthors in this world by the time he reached his bedside. The wail of sorrow that kem from the heart-broken wife, I'm towld, was pitiful to hear.

"'Oh, docthor!' she cried, 'I dreaded this, for it was his fetch; my lovin' husband's fetch appeared to me by the light of the moon, sitting at the oak table there at the window last night.'

"And now, sir, if ever ye should chance to meet wid any wan, like yourself, inclined to doubt the truth consarnin' such like apparitions, just be obligin' enough to convince them to the conthrary wid what I am just after relatin' to ye about Squire Darcy's Fetch."

The Poetical Prisoner.

SOME few years ago, at the petty sessions of Nenagh, one Junius Anthony Maloney, an impecunious ne'er-do-well, who had been leading a roving, vagabond life from town to town, was brought up in custody by a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary. Junius Anthony was an ex-steward, having formerly held a lucrative position, from which he was rather summarily discharged, in consequence of an inveterate habit he possessed of putting an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains. Junius was also a poetic genius in his way, though it must be confessed that many of his lofty effusions contained a little more rhyme than reason.

On the day in question, Junius was charged by the constable with having "unlawfully" purloined a silk umbrella from the residence of Dr. Shackleton of Summerhill. The prisoner "conducted" his own defense with much ability, and with all the assurance of an experienced practitioner, yet with an assumption of injured innocence, as if he were a martyr to circumstances. The principal evidence for the prosecution was that of Shelah Rooney, a servant in the employment of Dr. Shackleton, who deposed that on the day in question the prisoner called at her master's house and asked if Dr. Shackleton was at home?

"I towld him my master was out, and asked him if the mistress would do?"

"Yes," said he, with a consequential toss of his head; "don't let the grass grow under your feet, but send her to me this minit."

"By all that's impudent, your worship, if you could only see him then, you'd think it was the Lord Mayor himself stood in his two shoes. Well, with that, I went in a twinklin' to do his biddin', an' when I kem back, what was my surprise to find that my shabby-ginteel schamer had taken his lave; but that wouldn't have been much loss, if he hadn't taken a companion along wid him in the shape of a bran-new silk umbrella, the property of a young lady that was then on a visit to Mrs. Shackleton, and that very umbrella, your worship, showed in the court a while ago, is the same one that was taken from the hall."

"Is the prisoner the man you saw in the hall?" asked the magistrate.

"The same, your worship; I'd know him among a thousand."

"The prisoner, assuming a tragic air, exclaimed:

"Lady, look me straight in the face—
I am but the wreck of a royal race;
Of fortune and friends the world's bereft me;
My honest name is all that's left me."

Evidence was then given by a Mrs. Callaghan, that on the same evening the prisoner came to her husband's house, and asked her to buy the umbrella for two shillings. She told him she had no use for it. He then said he was hungry, and only wanted money enough to buy his dinner.

"An', your worship, he said I might have the 'article' for a shillin'. So, out of compassion, and not knowin' at the time who or what he was, I gave him the money an' he left the house."

Junius Anthony, who was all impatience to make a speech, was at length accommodated.

"Well, gentlemen of the court, what do you charge me with? I went into a certain house, the hospitable abode, I believe, of Dr. Shackleton. I was hungry, and you are aware, gentlemen, that nature abhors a vacuum. I was thirsty—nay, I was delirious; in fact, it was our old, familiar friend, John Jameson,* that did it all through me. I was but the instrument, or, as the national bard would put it:

> "'I was but as the wind passing heedlessly over,
> And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.'

"And now, gentlemen, if I took the umbrella—and we will admit for argument's sake that I did—I was quite unconscious of the fact; such is the head and front of my offending. There was often ten times as much taken from me, and I never kicked up a pillalue over it. The last valuable article I lost was a gold watch and chain, that stood me nineteen shillings, eleven pence, three farthings, at first cost. I haven't seen head or tail o' them since. I would, gentlemen, that I were stretched in the green church-yard of Roscrea, beside the bones of my illustrious ancestors. There, at least, I should be free from the 'blows and buffets' of this most degenerate age."

"You are a noted sponge," interposed the magistrate. "You wander about from place to place, victimizing all who are simple enough to trust you; why did you leave Rathdoney?"

"Thereby hangs a tale, your worship. One fine evening in May, as the setting sun——"

"Leave the sun where it is," said the magistrate, "and listen to me."

"Listen to the mocking bird," quoted the prisoner.

"I have here your photograph," said the judge.

"What, mine?" exclaimed Junius Anthony, with well-feigned surprise. What, mine? your worship; did I hear aright? Did you say my photo? My second self?"

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* A noted Irish distiller.

"Yes, and it is an accurate likeness; look at it."

"Junius is himself again," cried the prisoner, scrutinizing the picture with the air of an art critic. "Indeed, your worship, I cannot compliment the artist, for it is not a speaking likeness. Look at that picture and then on this, for you may ne'er look upon the like again!"

"I have also a record of many previous convictions against you, and by which I find that you were four times convicted of larceny——"

"He who filches from me my good name, your worship——"

"And seven times for drunkenness; in fact, we have such a good record of you here, that we shall give you the benefit of it, and send you for trial, on the present charge, to the next Quarter Sessions."

"I should like to know who went through the trouble of jotting down all my little peccadilloes. You've laid bare my misdeeds, but you don't say a word about all the good things I've done.

"Oh, if all my meritorious deeds were stated,
They'd more than balance all you've enumerated."

"That will do" said the judge; "you may go down——"

"Down to the dust from which I've sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

"Constable, remove the prisoner. The case is now returned for trial to the next Quarter Sessions."

"When will that be?" asked Junius Anthony.

"On the 14th of October next."

"Melia, murdher! and this is only August. Junius

Anthony, my boy, your propitious star has left you in the lurch to be cut off in the blossom of your sins,

"And cast upon a plank bed;
With all your imperfections on your head,
And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail,
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances uplifted, the trumpets unblown."

The Horse-Tamer.

IN the County of Cork, and in the immediate neighborhood of Kanturk, there lived, some years ago, a man whose power to subdue and control the vices of the horse was so extraordinary that the account of it would be incredible if the facts were not borne out by the testimony of many living witnesses.

His name was James Sullivan. His business was that of a farrier, although he was better known throughout the barony of Dunhallow as the "Whisperer," for it was supposed by the peasantry, and many of the wealthy class, also, firmly believed, that it was a most essential part of his mysterious skill to whisper his commands into the ear of the animal he tamed.

Sullivan had one son. And after the ceremony of taming a vicious animal had terminated he generally placed his youthful son and heir upon its back and made him ride it about the stable-yard, and no matter how untractable had been the animal committed to his charge, its spirit was completely broken. His reputation was enhanced daily, and in the course of a very few years James Sullivan became so popular in every town, village, and hamlet of his native county that he began to be looked upon as a world's wonder.

"Did you ever see anything like it in all your born days?" one curious spectactor would say.

"No, nor any other man livin'," another would reply.

"D'ye think Jimmy has sowld himself to man's inimy for goold?"

"Not at all. Shure, the whole saycret o' the matter lies in his eye."

"Musha, then, you're out in your calculation this time; the great saycret lies in his lips, or else what sense or raison would there be in callin' him the 'Whisperer?'"

"Did ye see how he managed owld Major Morrissey's wild pony? By my song, when he tuck her in hand you might as well thry to stop a hurricane with whistlin' at it. But, by all that's remarkable, in less time than you'd be polishing your brogues he had her undher his thumb as tame an' gintle as a dove."

Horses which the boldest riders were unable to mount, and which the bravest smiths would not attempt to shoe, were restored to their owners as meek as lambs. If the animal returned to its vicious habit a word or a look from Sullivan was alone necessary; it knew and recognized the mysterious influence that had been exercised over it, and trembled as the horse is said to do when it encounters some preternatural object. An actual observer of the Whisperer's skill remarks that "Every description of horse, or even mule, whether previously broke or unhandled, whatever their peculiar habits might have been, submitted without show of resistance to the magical influence of his art, and in the short space of half an hour became gentle and tractable. The effect, though instantaneously produced, was generally durable.

Though more submissive to him than to others, yet they seemed to have acquired a docility unknown before.

When sent for to tame a vicious horse, he directed the stable in which he and the object of his experiment were placed to be shut, with orders not to open the door until a signal given. After a tête-a-tête between him and the horse for about half an hour, during which little or no bustle was heard, the signal was made, and upon opening the door the horse was seen lying down and Sullivan by his side, playing familiarly with him, like a child with a puppy dog. From that time he was found perfectly willing to submit to discipline, however repugnant to his nature before. Sullivan not only placed his little boy on its back, but actually under its feet, made the horse lie down and rise at command, enter the stable and come forth at his bidding."

Some saw his skill tried on a horse which could never be brought to stand for a smith to shoe him.

"The day after Sullivan's half-hour lecture," said an eye-witness, "I went, not without some incredulity, to the smith's shop, with many other curious spectators, where we were eye-witnesses of the complete success of his art. This, too, had been a troop horse, and it was supposed, not without reason, that after regimental discipline had failed no other would be found availing. I observed that the animal seemed afraid whenever Sullivan either spoke or looked at him. How that extraordinary ascendancy could have been obtained it is difficult to conjecture. In common cases this mysterious preparation was unnecessary.

"He seemed to possess an instinctive power of inspiring awe, the result, perhaps, of natural intrepidity, in which, I believe, a great part of his art consisted, though the circumstances of the tête-a-tête show that, upon particular occasions, something more must have been added to it."

Sullivan's ruling passions were an attachment to his native soil and the fox-hounds. The manner by which he obtained his extraordinary power is still a secret; and likely to continue so, for he went to his grave without divulging it.

His son, indeed, pursued his father's profession, but with little or no success; he was either ignorant of the mode of proceeding or unable to adopt it.

Had Sullivan been an ambitious man, desirous of possessing worldly wealth, he had every opportunity of realizing a snug fortune, for many excellent offers had been made to him for the exercise of his art abroad, but as he was wont to remark to his numerous friends, "All the goold o' the three kingdoms will niver coax me to lave the owld sod."

Serving A Writ.

SQUIRE Tallyho was a Member of Parliament many years ago for an Irish borough; his residence at the time was an old, dilapidated castle not a great distance from the town of Ballinasloe; it was a rambling sort of structure, without any architectural pretensions.

For nearly forty years Squire Tallyho was regarded by high and low, rich and poor, as an open-hearted, hospitable man of the good old school. The lord on horseback or the beggar in his rags received alike a cordial welcome under the roof of Tallyho Castle. At length, through mismanagement, extravagance, and the rascality of a dishonest steward, bankruptcy stared the squire and his family in the face. The squire himself was literally a prisoner in his own castle. At that period the innumerable stratagems and schemes resorted to by many a bankrupt gentleman to escape the clutches of the law were often strange, not to say highly amusing. In fact, a certain member for a southern county was said to be obliged to return home in a coffin during every dissolution of Parliament—most of our readers need scarcely be reminded that members of Parliament enjoyed the privilege of freedom from arrest in cases of debt, and that at every dissolution that privilege ceased, that is, until their re-election.

Squire Tallyho, we have remarked, was a prisoner in his own house, and the pestilential presence of a bailiff was more dreaded by him than a plague.

The gates were chained, the windows barred; indeed, it was as much as any seven bailiffs' lives were worth to approach within gunshot of Tallyho Castle. The squire never ventured beyond his own domains, except on the back of a fleet horse. On such occasions he was accompanied by a pretty strong body-guard, especially when attending the neighboring races or participating in a fox-hunt, and very often there was from one to half a dozen bailiffs after him. If, however, to feast their eyes upon him might be considered a gratification, they undoubtedly enjoyed it, but there their satisfaction rested. To attempt serving him with a writ, much less the fearful hazard of arrest, was what none of them—aware as they were of the hatred that animated the people against all law-proceedings—would any more think of doing than he would deliberately put his head in a lion's mouth.

In a roadside shebeen, about half a mile from Tallyho Castle, two men, apparently well-to-do farmers, dressed in comfortable frieze, were seated at a table, drinking Dublin Stout from pewter mugs. One was known as Jerry Hogan, a celebrated bailiff, who in his official capacity assumed various disguises to assist him in the serving of "writs." His companion was Ned Geraghty, a cattle dealer.

"I tell you, Ned," said Hogan, "I'll sarve it on Tallyho before the sun goes to bed in the west."

"Take care 'tisn't the last you'll be able to sarve," said Ned.

"As sure as I'm howldin' this imparial pint mug in my hand, I'll do it," cried Hogan, with vehemence.

"Don't you know, Jerry, that Squire Tallyho has people around him that loves the ground he walks on, and every mother's son o' them as cute as foxes on the scint of a bailiff?"

"No matter, Ned, I'll put a true copy of the original in his fist, in spite o' them all."

"I know, Hogan, you're as deep as a draw-well; but Tallyho has a set of dogs that would tear a bailiff into ribbons. Why, man alive! there's not one of your trade in the Thirty-two Counties would risk his life in the attempt."

"Maybe, Ned, you'd sooner I wouldn't sarve it—isn't that the truth?"

"It is, Jerry. Squire Tallyho is the best-loved landlord in Ireland by poor and rich. Sure, it was his big, kind heart that got him steeped to the lips in debt and difficulties; what with canting of cattle, and mortgages, and one throuble with another, it is heart-breakin' entirely. He was never known to disturb a tenant like others, if they hadn't the rent to the minute. Did you ever hear of an eviction on his estate? No, faix; I'll go bail you didn't. But it's the law in this unhappy country to persecute the good, while the guilty go scot free."

"What you say, Ned, may all be true enough. I must admit that Squire Tallyho let the money fly while it lasted. He enjoyed the fun, and, of coorse, he had to pay the piper. But let him be good or bad, I must do my jooty; every one to their calling; mine is not the choicest, but the serving of this writ means fifty pounds sterling to me, and that's not to be picked up every day."

"If it was a thousand pounds," interrupted the cattle dealer, "no one with a drop o' manly blood in his veins would undertake such a contemptible piece o' work."

"Whoo! Ned, you're too scrupulous for a man o' the world, but I'm losin' time, an' time is money. I've opened my mind too much about my private business; I'll keep as close as wax hereafter. What's the matter? You look as cross as two sticks; drink the deoch-an-dhorries wid me. Landlord, fill two more pints, an' then I'll be off in a pig's whisper to circumvent Squire Tallyho!"

On the same day the squire's gamekeeper detected a countryman dressed in tattered frieze, without shoe or stocking, with a plump young hare under his arm and a dangerous-looking cudgel in his hand. He had evidently been poaching on the Tallyho estate. The moment he saw the gamekeeper he hastily threw the hare and cudgel aside and took to his heels.

The gamekeeper, however, who was a young, active fellow, pursued him at an extremely rapid pace, overtook, and made a prisoner of him.

"Come, my bowld poacher," said he, "you must take your plunder along with ye. I'll tache you to kill hares on my master's property. He then led his prisoner to the spot where the hare and cudgel lay.

"Oh, sir," beseeched the poacher, "for the love o' goodness, if you have a mother o' your own, have compassion on me."

"Your whining won't do with me. You're aware that Squire Tallyho is a magistrate, so trot along, for you must appear before him."

"Oh, don't take me, kind sir; if ye do it may be a death-blow to my poor mother."

"What's your name?" asked the gamekeeper.

"Barney McGurk, a cousin by the mother's side to Jemmy Kehoe, the thatcher."

"Why did ye kill the hare?"

"For the poor, sick mother, kind gintleman."

"Whose mother?"

"My own good mother, that is lying at home in the cabin, given up by all the doctors; I was towld there was only one hope o' savin' her, an' that was to give her a bowl o' hare-soup; they say it's very nourishing to a cratur that's wake, an' wouldn't I be an ondootiful son if I did not run some risk for her. So what was I to do? I'm a poor boy; I had no money—and——"

"An' you thought you'd stale a hare from the Tallyho domain. I've met the likes o' you before, my fine sleveen. You're a chisler. I could tell ye by the cut o' yer jib. Pick up that hare and cudgel. Now come with me to the squire. There's wan comfort, anyway; you'll soon be locked in the stone jug."

Grief, deep, vehement, and loud, prevented the poacher from making any reply. In the course of about a quarter of an hour they arrived at the castle, the prisoner crying at the top of his lungs as he descended the hall steps in the firm grip of his captor. A knock of confidence and business, accompanied by a hasty ring at the bell, gave indication that the squire was wanted to attend something earnest and pressing in his magisterial capacity.

The squire was in the front parlor, and hearing the gamekeeper's voice knew there could be no danger. He accordingly threw up the window, looked out, and asked:

"What is the matter?"

"A poacher, sir."

"Is that all?" said Tallyho.

Now, the parlor windows of the castle were not more than four feet from the ground, but it is necessary to state that for the purpose of watching both person and property they had been powerfully secured by removable iron bars, which were laid aside every day.

"Did you catch him in the act?" asked the squire.

"I did, sir; here is the hare; and this frightful lookin' cudgel, stained with the animal's innocent blood, is the prisoner's property."

In the meantime the unfortunate poacher was howling with the most outrageous grief and throwing himself on his knees, with uplifted hands, in an attitude of the most abject despair, toward Squire Tallyho, while the gamekeeper pointed to the hare and cudgel as indisputable testimony against the prisoner.

"You scoundrel," said the squire, assuming an air of gravity; "are you not ashamed to look me in the face?"

"Ah, yer Honor, I ought to blush like a piece o' scarlet when I look upon yer handsome face, the face of a gintleman, a scholar, the face of a man that was wanst a mimber of Parliament, but 'tisn't in your face alone where the beauty is. You've a ginerous heart, a heart as big as the Rock o' Cashel, and, as for your hand, it bates Bannagher. There isn't such a hand in Ireland—not a hand in the three kingdoms its aquil—a hand always ready to give, always rached out to the distressed, always givin' something away, but by all accounts the same hand gets very little in return. No matter, it's a good, open hand, however, and I see it's open now," he added, starting to his feet and clapping a "writ" into it.

"Just take that, sir; it's a true copy, and here is the original. Now you're sarved, sir."

He had no sooner uttered these words than he whipped up the hare aud bludgeon, and with one blow of the latter turned the unsuspecting gamekeeper upon the steps, exclaiming as he did it:

"This hare, my bucko, was never reared on the Tallyho estate. I brought it with me as a trump to win my game."

"Thunder and lightning," exclaimed the squire; "it is Hogan, the bailiff!"

"The same, at your sarvice," answered that functionary. "The best man within the four says for sarving a writ."

After which he bounded away like a deer, dropping from the wall near the lodge, which was banked up inside nearly to the top; he mounted a horse and was soon beyond the reach of pursuit!

Gra-Gal-Machree.

DENNIS O'Rourke was a small farmer in the County Kerry, who held about ten acres of land at the period of which we write, which is not a thousand years ago. Poor Dennis was sorely embarrassed in consequence of blighted and failing crops; in fact, he was on the point of being evicted by the owner of the estate, one Squire Black. Dennis was a widower; his only hope, the sweet sharer of his joys and sorrows, was his daughter, Mabel, or, Gra-Gal-Machree, as she was affectionately styled by the villagers, which in English signifies "Bright Girl of My Heart." Though then but seventeen, Mabel was famed far and near for her beauty. Her abundant hair was black and glossy as ebony, her face was fresh, radiant, and spotless. She was arch and full of spirits; but her humor, for she possessed it in abundance, was so artless, joyous, and innocent, that the heart was taken before one had time for reflection.

On the morning in question, Mabel stood outside her father's snug thatched cottage. The trim hedge, the grass-plot before the door, the little flower-bed, the woodbine trained up against the wall and hanging its blossoms about the lattice, the pots of flowers in the windows, all bespoke the taste and refinement of young Mabel's nature. By her side was her lover, young Shaun, or John O'Gorman. As was natural, and as they often did before under similar circumstances, each paused on meeting, but somehow, on this occasion, there was visible on both sides more restraint than either had ever yet shown. At length the silence was broken by Shaun.

"So, Mabel, you're to be the wife of another?"

"It's not with my own consent, Shaun," she replied.

As she uttered the words, she looked at him, their eyes met, but neither could stand the glance of the other. They were instantly withdrawn.

"I'll not forget you, at all events," said Mabel; "nor couldn't if I was to get a million of money for doing so."

Her face and neck, while speaking this, were in one glow of crimson.

"Mabel," said Shaun.

He gazed at her, but could not proceed; his heart was too full.

"What's amiss, Shaun, darlin'?"

"Nothing, aroon," said Shaun, as he turned aside to brush away a crystal drop that trickled down his cheek. "Nothing, Mabel. I thought I felt a rain-drop fallin' from the sky; its clearer now, the mist is gone. Ah, I didn't think, acushla, this was the welkim I'd get, after trudgin' twenty miles from Killarney."

"You were at Killarney yesterday, I believe," said Mabel, anxious to change the former subject.

"I was; and I'm lucky if I don't ketch a terrible cold."

"How's that, Shaun?"

"With a wettin' I got in the lakes. You know owld Colonel O'Hara, the richest man in the County Kerry. Well, he has a twelve-year-owld daughter—a little angel that he worships. However, to make a long story short, I was restin' yesterday on one of the banks; the boats, loaded with the quality and other foreign visitors, wor glidin' along the lake, when all of a sudden I spied the Colonel's little girl overraich herself and tumble into the water. In a minit she was carried far away from the boat. So I peels off my coat, and in I went like a duck. I swam like a fish to where the child was sinkin' for the third time. When I got sight of her goolden hair under the wather, I got my arm around the darlin', and brought her safe and sound to dhry land. I thought the Colonel would kill me with kindness and thanks. He knew me well, for my mother's bit o' land is on his estate. When I left him, says he:

"'Shaun, my hayro, you'll hear from me again; I'll not forget you.'

"Maybe he'll lower the rent, or remember me in his will. But, sure, I'm only killin' time, Mabel, in talkin' this way. I'll come to the point at once. It is this, Mabel: Am I to give up all hopes of ever makin' you my wife?"

"Shaun, dear, if it wasn't to save my father, and keep the roof over his head, I'd sooner die than refuse you."

"I believe you would, acushla," said Shaun. "I partly guess how you're situated. Squire David Black, bad lu—, I was going to curse the robber, but I'll swally my bad intentions for your sake, Mabel. I know the hobble you're in, mavourneen. Your father is head and ears in debt to this same David Black; unless it's paid in a fortnight, you'll be evicted from this purty little cottage. Black purtends to love you, and offers to keep the roof over you and your father if ye only marry him—isn't that the whole history in a nutshell?"

"It is, Shaun, and I'd as lief go into my grave as make the sacrifice. Oh! but Black is the soft-spoken, oily-tongued hypocrite. He says to me yesterday in the presence of my father—"

"'I think, Mabel,' says he, 'if you refuse this offer the whole barony would consider you an ungrateful daughter; if you stand by and see the father that reared you turned out of this cosey cottage to beg, starve, or maybe die in some ditch on the road-side, and it in your power to save him, your heart would be harder than the hardest stone.'"

"Ah, my gra-gal," said Shaun, "I'm sorry that David Black ever blew his foul breath over you. I'm afeerd it's a heavy heart you'll carry if you become his wife; but whatever you do, jewel, don't let my love interfere with your jooty. You have more at stake than I have. I'll strive to forget I've lost you. I'll pray that he'll not walk on your heart, an' trample the tender young life out of it, an' that he may prove a better man, with a truer love for ye, than poor Shaun O'Gorman. But look, Mabel, who is that over there on horseback, gallopin' through the boreen? Bedad, it's David Black himself. He sees us. Every tramp of his horse's hoofs is like a dagger proddin' at my heart. I'll go inside for a while, Mabel, for if we met it would be like a lump o' red-hot turf pitched into a powdher magazine!"

Shaun had barely time to enter Mabel's cottage, when David, having leaped from his saddle, led his horse near the cottage, and addressed Mabel.

"Good morning, Mabel. I see my sturdy rival, Shaun O'Gorman, has just left you."

"The poor fellow," said Mabel, "didn't care about spakin' to me in your presence."

"My presence need be no bar to your meeting," said Black, carelessly. "I know he is an old admirer of yours. You were brought up from childhood, and all that. But," he added, growing more serious, "after you have named the day, you must see Shaun no more. Have you weighed over in your mind what we spoke of yesterday?"

"Partly, sir."

"Why, you told me yesterday that you would be able to give me your final answer to-day."

"Will you give me one more day? Give me until to-morrow."

"To-morrow be it, then," said Black. "Consider well on the step you are about to take. The money your father owes me is a small fortune to a man in his humble station. Twenty pounds is the amount; a sum he will never be able to realize. Your word can save him. I'll call to-morrow; if you then answer *no*, in two weeks hence you and your father will be homeless—"

"Gra-gal, aroon, are you there?" whispered Shaun, as he emerged from the cottage.

As he spoke he glanced at Squire Black. Their eyes met.

"Powers preserve me!" exclaimed Shaun, with feigned astonishment. "I kem out to spake to an angel, an' here I am face to face with the divil—"

"What do you mean, fellow?" cried Black.

"Never mind what I mane," said Shaun.

"I know what you mane. You mane nothing that's good. You're snakin' after Gra-Gal-Machree."

"Now, I know your pedigree, Squire Black, and all the other Blacks, an' there's not a white sheep in the flock. A near relation o' yours wanst palavered a fair crature with soft words as false as wather, as false as the words you're spakin' to this angel by my side. He dhruv poor Jerry Hynes's daughter, heart-broken, to an untimely grave; but if you injure this Gra-Gal-Machree by the whisperin' of a word, the winkin' of an eye, or the snappin' of a finger, you may say your prayers, for I'll welt ye till you're blue-mowldy, an' when you see your face in the lookin'-glass you won't know your own mother's son."

"Oh, indeed," said Black, quietly vaulting into his saddle. "You are quite a moralist. Mabel, good morning. You are under no further pledge to me. You are free to marry your manly champion, Shaun

O'Gorman. Perhaps in two weeks he may be able to furnish you and your father with a new home."

"The clattering of his horse's hoofs was soon lost in the distance.

"Och! Mabel, my own Gra-Gal!" cried Shaun, "what'll you do at all at all. Och! I could cut my tongue out, darlin', for through it I've spoilt everything."

"Don't be blamin yourself Shaun," said Mabel, "for you've made my heart lighter than ever it was before."

"Begorra, Shaun, I've had a long trot to find ye," said a young man who seemed panting for breath, as he approached the cottage. "I spied ye from the bridge beyant. I wouldn't have hurried so, but this letter has 'importance' scribbled on the face of it. Here, it's for you."

"Who's written to me? Maybe it's a notice to quit," said Shaun, tearing open the letter. "Och, mille murdher! What's this?" he cried. "Oh, look, Mabel, at the fist-full o' ten-pound notes. Och!" said he to the letter-carrier, "I don't think you're a postman at all; it's a Leprechaun in the guise of a letter-carrier you are. See, you've brought me a fortune in a bit o' paper hardly big enough to light my pipe with. Mabel, jewel, count how many notes is there."

"Ten," answered Mabel

"Ten—d'ye tell me so? Ten tens is one hundred pounds!" cried Shaun. "Begorra, Mabel, we're millionaires. We can open a bank after this; but I must read the letter."

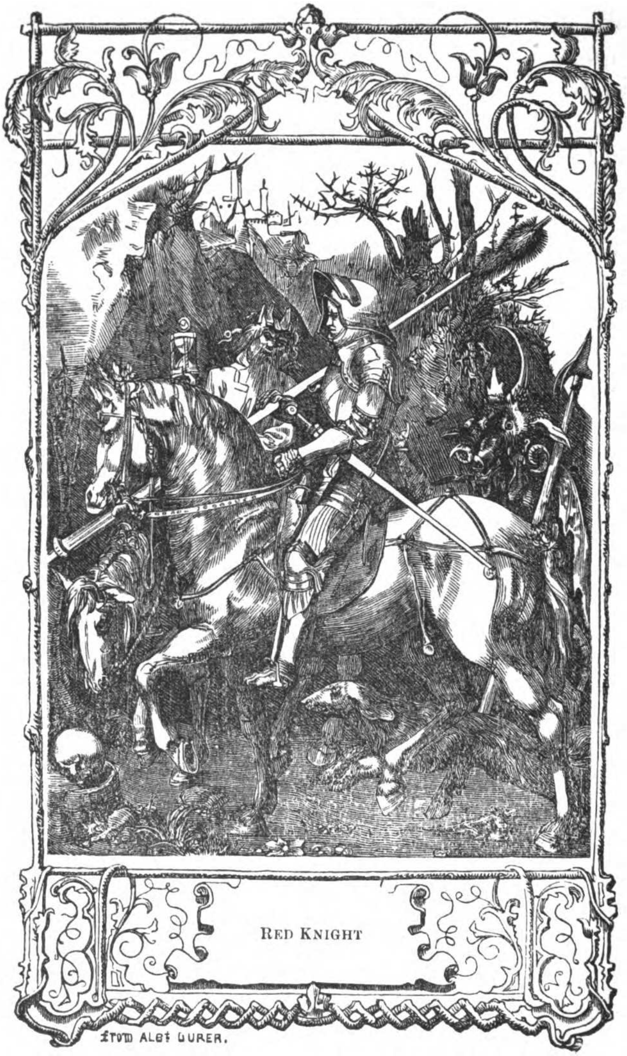
"'DEAR SHAUN——'

"That's me, sure enough—'inclosed you will find one hundred pounds as an installment of what I intend presenting you with for the noble service you rendered me yesterday in saving from a watery grave my beloved child.'

"Do you hear that, Mabel? It's from Colonel O'Hara, for here's his name at the bottom. Isn't this an angel's visit? You have nothing to fear now from David Black. Can I call you mine now, Mabel?"

"Yes, Shaun, yours forever—and only yours."

We have nothing further to add, dear reader, except that Shaun is to-day a prosperous farmer, and, as he himself says, he is happy as the day is long with his Gra-Gal-Machree.



RED KNIGHT

From Albt Durer.

The Red Knight.

Let Erin remember the days of old,
  Ere her faithless sons betrayed her,
When Malachi wore the collar of gold
  Which he won from her proud invader.
When her kings, with standards of green unfurled,
  Led the Red Branch Knights to danger,
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
  Was set in the crown of a stranger. —*Moore.*

YOU wish to know who the Red Knight was? Well, to be candid with you, it will puzzle me somewhat to give you a lucid explanation. However, sir, he was not a puckaun, and I am sure he wasn't a leprechaun, neither did he belong to the phoukas, fetches, or the banshees, besides a host of others too numerous to mention; history does not relate that he came either as a warning or luck sign to any special family. Nevertheless, I most positively maintain that he was a lineal descendant of somebody supernatural.

It was in the good old times, sir, when contentment, like an atmosphere of perpetual summer, rested upon our beautiful land. There were no middlemen, agents, or absentee landlords in those days.

The ring of the rack-renter's crowbar, the crash of the peasant's falling homestead, the wail of the evicted, the overcrowded emigrant ship, were things unheard of in those days. As the gifted Mangan wrote:

"The clime
Is a clime to praise.
The clime is Erin's, the green and bland;
And it is the time,
These be the days
Of Cahal Mor, of the wine-red hand!"

That was Ireland's golden age, when our race scorned to brook with calm submission the approach of the invader.

If you have read our history, let your memory go back to the early part of the eleventh ceutury; let your mind's eye behold the white-haired monarch, Brian Boro, mounted for battle on his richly-caparisoned charger, dashing through the Irish lines with his sword in one hand and a crucifix in the other, the watch-word Faith and Fatherland, against paganism and bondage. Hark to that wild shout as he leads his soldiers on to conquer. See how their battle-axes fall crashing on the mailed warriors of Norway. See how the brave old king is hewing his way to the Danish standard; the heathen Danes fly toward Dublin city. See how they plunge into the waters of the Tolka. The fight has ceased; Brian Boro has won a glorious victory on the bloody plains of Clontarf.

But to return to the Red Knight. What I have to say regarding him will take but a few moments. To be brief, then, you must know that the Danes had pitched their camp about half a mile from that old castle now crumbling into ruins, near the borders of the town. Well, sir, according to tradition, it was as much as an Irish soldier's life was worth to enter that same camp, no matter how well armed he might be; for if he went there to challenge a Dane to meet him in combat the mysterious Red Knight would invariably ride into the camp, armed at all points, prepared to meet the challenger; and the result cost the life of his adversary.

One night an Irish soldier, who had won his spurs by deeds of valor on many a battle-field, sat in the hall of the old castle, sharing the hospitality of its lordly owner. This brave soldier was known far and near at the time as the Knight of the Hills. After supper the household closed round the great fire, and each man in his turn told his tale of love and war. The Red Knight of the enemy's camp figured in many a tale.

Now the lord of the castle had already promised as a bride his fair daughter, Lady Eva, to the conqueror of the much-dreaded Dane. The Knight of the Hills, having heard of the peerless prize, determined at once to win and wear it.

"I am ready to meet him," said he, preparing to depart; "this very night I mean to test which lance is the truest, his or mine."

It was in vain that the beautiful Lady Eva and her father endeavored to dissuade the Knight of the Hills from his rash resolve. Armed at all points, he sallied from the castle-gate. His trusty squire, a youth of noble blood, rode by his side.

Some hours passed. The castle hall was sadly silent during the warrior's absence, for they all feared the worst for him At length, a horn was heard at the gate. The warder hastened to open the doors, and the Knight of the Hills rode into the castle court; his squire followed him, leading by the bridle a horse of perfect form and figure, of enormous size, and coal black. The valorous knight hastened to the hall. All clustered round him to hear his tale, but the lord of the castle bade them first release him of his armor and bring in refreshments. At last they proceeded to take off one of his mailed gloves. It was filled with blood, and even then a few drops were seen to ooze from a slight wound on his wrist. His wound dressed, his fatigue refreshed with good wine and meat, the lord of the castle requested him to relate the particulars of his meeting with the Red Knight.

"My lord," said he, "you know how in despite of the earnest remonstrances of you and your devoted daughter I rode from your castle-gate. The moon was bright and clear. I soon succeeded in reaching the enemy's camp. Without a pause I rode in and blew my bugle. I waited for a moment, expecting a reply, when suddenly a mounted champion approached me and without a word prepared for the charge. I raised my shield, couched my lance, and darted toward him on the instant. We both staggered with the charge. Our lances broke in half, but the points glided harmlessly from our armor. I still pressed on. My adversary's horse stumbled and fell. The phantom knight—for such he proved to be—was rolled on the ground.

"In a moment I was by his side and seized his horse's rein. The phantom appeared to revive, he saw my action, snatched a portion of his broken lance and darted it at me like a javelin. It struck my wrist, but in my eagerness I felt it not. Presently he seemed to vanish from my sight, and had I not that dark horse as a proof of the combat, I should begin to doubt very much whether I had really met the Red Knight, for it seems to me at the present moment as if I had been under the influence of a wild dream."

"Let us see the phantom Dane's steed," said the lord of the castle. In the court-yard they found the coal-black horse, his eyes lustrous, his neck proudly arched, his coat of shining black, and a glittering war saddle on its back. The first streaks of dawn began to appear. As they entered the castle-yard the steed grew restless and tried to break from the hands of his groom; he champed his bit, snorted as in pain and anger, and struck the ground with his hoofs until the sparks flew; but as soon as the cock was heard to crow the black horse had disappeared as mysteriously as his master, and was never seen again.

It is almost needless to add that the Knight of the Hills and Lady Eva were united and lived happily.

But as the subject has been a dry one, let us moisten it with a patriotic toast. Here is, wishing we may both live to behold the fulfilment of our poet's prophetic lines:

> "Erin! oh, Erin! though long in the shade,
> Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade."

The Silver Snuff-Box.

WITHIN a stone's throw of Templederry, in the County of Tipperary, in a wayside cabin, lived two brothers, Dinny and Jerry Sheehy. Dinny was a warm-hearted, comely youth, with a frail form, but a clear understanding; Jerry was a tall, muscular, able-bodied fellow, but dull of comprehension and stubborn as a mule; Dinny was a wheelwright, Jerry was a blacksmith.

Rose Cumisky was Dinny's sweetheart, and I'll go bail that the fairest rose that ever grew among the golden vales of Tipperary would fade into insignificance if compared with the beauty and sweetness of Rose Cumisky. But true love is sometimes under a cloud, and so it proved to be in this case, for big Jerry had his evil eye on the same Rose and tried to circumvent his brother. But the fragrant flower was too pure to bloom in such a barren, stony heart.

One calm autumn evening, after a hard day's work, Dinny and Jerry were taking supper, for they both lived in the same cabin. Presently a low cry and a stifled cough was heard coming from the bed chamber. Dinny was on his feet in an instant. Jerry did not budge. Dinny drew aside the bed curtains where his father, Sylvester Sheehy, was lying at the point of death.

"How is it with you now, father, darlin'?"

"I'm afeerd 'tis all over with me, Dinny. No matter, Father John has prepared me well for the long journey I'll soon be travelin'. My voice is wake. Can ye hear what I'm sayin', acushla?"

"I can, father, but don't distress yourself."

"What bright light is that shining near the window where the honeysuckle is?"

"It's the moonlight."

"Where's Jerry?"

"He is aitin' his supper."

"Call him."

"I will, father; Jerry, my father wants ye.

"Don't bother me," said Jerry, "I'm goin' into the garden to have a smoke."

"Did ye call him, Dinny?" asked the old man.

"I did, father, but he's gone into the garden."

"Never mind, Dinny, agra. You wor always a good, thoughtful, lovin' son—it grieves me I haven't much to lave ye—however, take that little silver snuff-box o' mine. You'll find it on the chimney piece. Prize it well, Dinny, for there's a charm in it—an' if ye should happen to be in great need, don't be surprised if the same works wonders."

Before a half-hour had elapsed old Sylvester Sheehy's worldly pilgrimage was at an end. After having prayed for some time beside the remains of his father, Dinny closed the curtains and quitted the chamber. With a heavy heart he went into the garden, where he was accosted by Jerry.

"What's the matter?" said Jerry. "Your face looks as long as a fiddle. Now, listen to me, Dinny; d'ye mane to give up this foolish love of Rose Cumisky? How can a poor pilgarlic like you support a wife? You that couldn't raise a pound if it would purchase a whole county. Now, mind me; this night must end this matter for good or evil, for if Rose despises me for a husband I'll see that you will never win her for a wife."

"Jerry, how can ye spake such unnatural language at a time like this?"

"All times are aquil to me," said Jerry.

"You don't know that all is over within?"

"What d'ye mane?"

"My father is dead," said Dinny, solemnly.

"Well, I hope he's better off; I knew he couldn't last much longer—but that will be more expense on me."

"Is that all that's troublin' ye?" said Dinny. "Ah, Jerry, ye wor always an undutiful son. How can ye ever expect to have luck or grace? I have saved fifteen shillings, and I think that will nearly pay for my poor father's coffin; for if you are so niggardly, you, that has fifty pounds in the bank at Thurles—if you're so mean spirited as to begrudge your money, I'd sooner pay the whole expense myself."

"Maybe," said Jerry, sneeringly, "my father left you a fortune in his will; you are so mighty generous!"

"This," replied Dinny, showing his father's snuff-box, "is the fortune my father left to me."

"A silver snuff-box; how much is it worth, Dinny?"

"I am not hucksther enough to be guessin' at the value of a dead man's gift."

"It wouldn't fetch more than five shillin's at the most," mused Jerry.

"All the money you have in bank, Jerry, wouldn't buy it from me."

"Why, ye simple sumachaun, couldn't I snatch it from you this minit if I cared a rap for it?" cried Jerry.

"If I would allow ye, may be ye could."

"Allow me, did ye say?"

"That's exactly what I said, Jerry, my boyo, an' ye may roar an' fume like a bull; but, as big as ye are, you'll not frighten me with your black looks."

"As sure as the moon is shinin' over us both, Dinny, if I hear any more such chat I'll"—

"You wor always a blatherumskite," interrupted Dinny; "save your breath to cool your porridge."

These words were no sooner uttered than Jerry had his brother by the throat. Dinny struggled desperately to release himself from the vice-like grasp of his giant brother; his efforts were unavailing; at length, after a long struggle, both fell to the ground, rolling over each other until reaching the well near the end of the garden, where Dinny administered a kick with the full force of a goodly-sized brogue on Jerry's shin-bone. A cry of pain escaped the latter, who, springing at once to his feet, with Dinny still in his clutch, and lifting him bodily into the air above his own head, dropped him with a yell of fiendish triumph into the old well.

When Dinny arrived at the bottom of the well—at least so the story goes—he found himself without a scratch; nor was that all—he even found himself in a strange country.

"Begorra," muttered Dinny, "this is a change for the better. What's this? A gray stone wall, and such delightful trees. Faix, I niver saw the likes before, and the birds—och! if I listen to such singin' I'm afeerd I'll be enchanted. Whose domain is this, I wonder?"

"Dinny, look up here!" said a voice.

"Somebody knows me," he cried, as he turned his gaze upward and espied a panoplied soldier pacing the ramparts. "Oh, who is that in shinin' steel from head to foot? D'ye know me, sir?"

"Do you see that lake?" said the soldier, and sure enough, when Dinny turned his eyes to the right he discovered a broad, smooth, blue lake.

"What a purty sthrame," he exclaimed, "an' the posies along the banks—such flowers doesn't grow in Ireland; barrin' wan goes to the Botanical Gardens or the Phanix Park, he'd niver see the likes o' these."

"Dinny," said the soldier, "you are a stranger, and the duty of every stranger is to escort the queen from the lake to the palace; will you obey?"

"To be sure, I will, an' glad o' the chance. Where is she?"

"See, the boat is yonder on the lake."

Dinny was more astonished than ever when he beheld a gorgeously adorned boat, studded with golden stars and manned by tiny sailors, who rowed with silver oars. Over the boat was a silken canopy to shelter them from the heat of the scorching sun. Near the vessel's prow was a pale-faced man wearing a kingly crown, and beside him a beautiful woman, attired in a green robe.

When the boat had reached the landing place, Dinny, with the gallantry of a knight-errant, assisted the queen ashore. The man with the crown, who was apparently an invalid, was carried carefully by his attendants and tenderly placed in a small golden carriage. Dinny was politely requested by the queen to escort her to the palace, which stood on the brow of a hill overlooking the lake. On his way thither he inquired the name of his fair charge, and was informed that she was the queen of the blue lake, and that the invalid in the golden carriage was her husband.

"What's your husband's complaint?—if I may be so bowld as to ax. But, 'pon me word, your majesty, he looks as if his days wor numbered."

"A cold in the head is what he complains of! answered the queen.

"A cowld in the head. Sure, that's only a trifle."

"On the contrary, we consider it very serious. The most eminent physicians our kingdom affords have failed in their efforts to effect a cure."

"How long has he had the cowld, your majesty?"

"Ten years," replied the queen.

"Ten years, that's a long time; he ought to be used to it by this. Maybe I can relieve him."

"Oh, stranger, if you can but cure him all the wealth you desire shall be yours."

"I don't say I can, but I'll do my best," said Dinny, approaching the king, who commanded his attendants to stand still. "Can he sneeze, your majesty?" whispered Dinny.

"No; that is where the great difficulty lies."

"I'll see what virtue there is in this," taking the silver snuff-box from his pocket and applying a pinch of its contents to his Majesty's royal nose.

"Huzza! Huzza! Long live the king!" Shouts such as these rent the air. A clap of thunder, the roar of artillery, in fact, a mighty earthquake would have been merely a whisper compared with the mighty sound produced by that single pinch of snuff.

The effect on the king was talismanic. "Ten long years have passed since I enjoyed such a sneeze. Friend, what is your name?"

"Dinny Sheehy, your Majesty."

"Dinny," said the king, "you have cured me. I am your eternal debtor, and your reward shall be as much gold as you can carry."

We shall pass over Dinny's week of revelry within the palace. When taking his departure a large sack full of golden guineas was the only reward he would accept. The queen having heard the history of his villainous brother, Jerry, presented him with a beautiful ring to place on Rose Cumiskey's finger. "And here," said she, "is a snuff-box, shaped exactly like the magical one you already possess. The only difference is that it lacks the charm of yours. Present it with my compliments to your amiable brother Jerry. When he hears of your good fortune he will doubtless be desirous of improving his own."

To make a long story short, before Dinny knew where he was he found himself once more in the upper world. Standing with his sack of guineas beside the old well in his own garden, his first thought was to secrete his wealth. After pocketing about fifty pieces, he dug a hole behind the cow-shed for his treasure. When he entered the cabin his brother was spell-bound at beholding, as he imagined, the apparition of the murdered Dinny Sheehy; however, he was soon convinced to the contrary. Dinny was sorely grieved when speaking of his enforced absence from his father's funeral, and also from the girl of his heart, Rose Cumiskey.

"Faix, you wor far better engaged," said Jerry; "but how is it you return with a pocket full o' goold after wan short week. Will ye tell me the secret?"

"The secret is in this," said Dinny, producing the Queen's gift.

"What! is it possible? In our father's silver snuff-box?"

"Yes, indeed, Jerry; when I reached the bottom o' the well I was dhry as a bone and hadn't even a scratch on me, when I heard a voice sayin': 'Touch the third stone to the right wid the silver snuff-box.' I did as I was bid an' found myself in the lovely country I towld ye about."

"Lend it to me, Dinny, till I try my luck!"

"On one condition."

"What is it?"

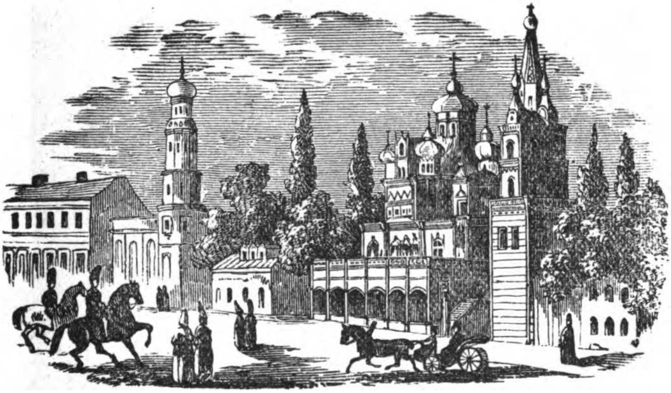
"That you return it when you come back."

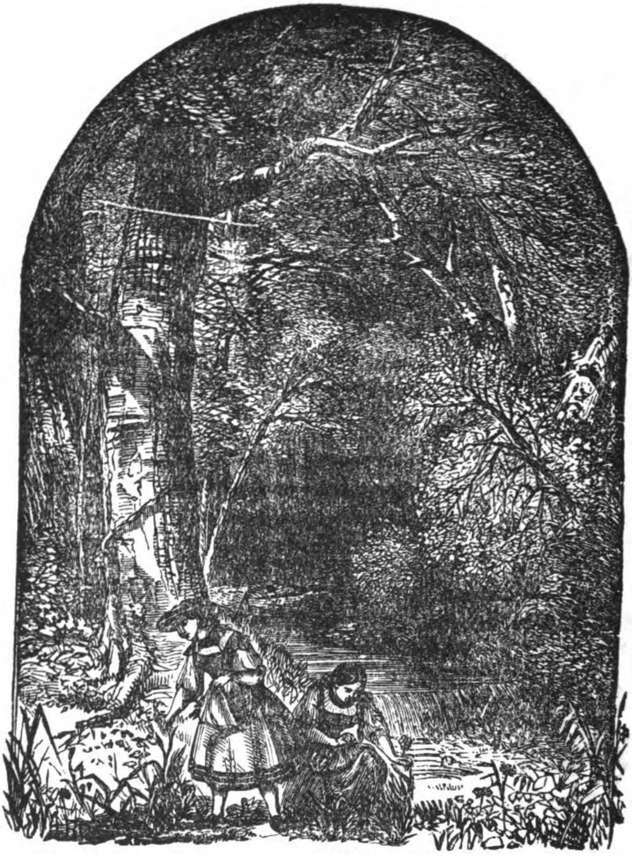
"Agreed!" cried Jerry, taking the box and running into the garden.

While Jerry proceeded on his voyage of discovery Dinny unearthed his treasure from behind the cow-shed and hastened to the cottage of Rose Cumiskey. The scene that followed baffles description. Suffice it that the banns of marriage having been announced from the altar three times before Dinny's disappearance, the young couple were united that night without a moment's delay.

Jerry was pulled out of the well soon after, more dead than alive; and to his dying day he was taunted by his neighbors with the jeering question:

"Jerry, avick, where did ye lave the silver snuff-box?"





ROSALEEN.

Rosaleen.

"From a Munster vale they brought her,
  From the pure and balmy air,
An Ormond peasant daughter,
  With blue eyes and golden hair.
They brought her to the city,
  And she faded slowly there—
Consumption has no pity
  For blue eyes and golden hair."
Richard Dalton Williams.

MR. O'Leary and Mr. Lynch were well-to-do farmers, residing in a charming and richly cultivated section of Tipperary, adjoining the "Golden Vale," so called from its exceeding fertility. It was, indeed, a romantic spot. A pretty trout stream divided the two estates. The cottage of Mr. O'Leary formed a picturesque appearance, with its profusion of roses and woodbine trained by the hand of taste to twine around the lattice. A small grove of trees in front, where the wild-flowers grew in rich luxuriance, and the blackbird breathed his notes of joy and love, cast an air of rural beauty over the scene.

The O'Leary's had only one child, a lovely daughter; her name was Rosaleen. The peasantry, by whom she was idolized, called her Fair Rosaleen, the flower o' the Golden Vale.

From the period of her sunny childhood it had been the dearest wish of her parents to see her united to Darcy Lynch, the only son of their prosperous neighbor.

They gazed with paternal pride on the opening beauty of the fair young Rosaleen, as she bounded through the pleasant, green meadows in quest of the blooming wild-flowers, or rode with Darcy by the glassy lake. They listened to her merry, ringing laugh, and fancied care would never reach a heart that beat so lightly.

Alas, they little thought that even then the cloud of sorrow was gathering over that young head—that the bright young dream of happiness was soon to be broken.

Darcy Lynch, the companion of her happy childhood, the sharer of every joy her heart had known, was about to leave his father's house and proceed to England on a business transaction which would compel him to be absent for at least six months.

The evening before his departure, he walked to Mr. O'Leary's cottage to bid farewell to his youth's companion, the fair, young Rosaleen. It was a lovely night in the glorious month of June. The sun was fast sinking in the western horizon, and its last departing rays had rested on the gray ruins of an ancient abbey, where this young, confiding couple had seated themselves to enjoy, undisturbed, the last evening they might pass together.

Darcy's dark eyes were bent in tenderness upon the face of Rosaleen. She raised her eyes, and, meeting that deep, tender gaze, inquired in a sweet voice the cause of his sadness.

"Rosaleen," he exclaimed, with passionate earnestness, "I am about to leave you, and, perhaps, ere I return, you will be the bride of another. It is this maddening thought that falls like a darksome cloud over my spirits, and at this our parting moment makes me sad indeed!"

Rosaleen spoke not, but Darcy saw the struggle for composure which rent her bosom, and in a moment he was breathing in her ear the dearest wish of his heart, and there, within that quiet sanctuary of ages long gone by, they exchanged vows of eternal constancy.

Weeks passed on Darcy was far away, and fair Rosaleen was left to wander alone by the gentle lake or in the grassy dells, to pluck the wild-flowers which Darcy had so often woven in garlands to twine around her golden tresses. She strove in vain to dispel the melancholy which was preying on her spirits; her wild, gay laugh was hushed; her bounding step became languid and slow; the rose had faded from her cheek, and the sparkling lustre of her blue eyes was dim.

Her parents saw with alarm the fading blossom, yet knew not the cause of her decay, for the secret lay buried in her own bosom. Months passed on, and still she heard nothing from Darcy. The winter ended, spring returned again, with the birds and flowers, but it awoke no responsive note in the bosom of Rosaleen. The thorn was rankling in her heart; the sorrow which kills, but moans not, was preying on her heart's core. She would sit for hours near the ruined abbey, where Darcy first breathed to her the burning words of love, and muse upon the happy past, until her heart swelled almost to breaking. Then would she return to her cottage, and force a smile to light up her pale and pensive face, to cheer her anxious parents.

And where was Darcy Lynch gone? Why did he linger from the smile of his promised bride? Oh! how can I relate it? He was breathing into another ear the same fatal poison which had won the heart of the too confiding Rosaleen.

A short time after his departure, he became acquainted with Eveleen Desmond, a lovely orphan, residing with her aunt. A few weeks passed in the society of Eveleen sufficed to show him that his attachment for

Rosaleen was mere brotherly affection, and he learned to love Eveleen with all the fervor of his passionate nature. She gave him her heart in return, and they were to be united the following spring.

Time passed on, and Darcy, with his lovely bride, was daily expected to return to Ireland. The last ray of hope departed from the agonized bosom of Rosaleen when she heard the fatal news, but she roused her woman's pride, and nerved her heart to meet the trial that awaited her.

Mr. Lynch gave a ball to welcome his son to his old home. The evening came, and Rosaleen repaired to her chamber to dress for the gay scene, when she would meet again the long-worshipped idol of her heart, now the husband of another. Oh, bitter was the anguish of that young heart, as she paced her chamber with a burning cheek and flashing eye, but she stifled her emotion, and ventured to the parlor, where her father was waiting to conduct her to the ball.

Never had she appeared so touchingly beautiful as on this night, to her so fraught with misery. She was arrayed in simple white; her golden hair, flowing in graceful ringlets over her neck, was ornamented with a simple wreath of white roses; her eyes beamed with unearthly brightness, and the hectic flush shed its rich but fearful hue upon her cheek.

That evening she was foremost in the dance and gayest in the song. Darcy witnessed her wild gayety with delight, and thought her love had passed away as lightly as his own. He saw not the aching heart beneath, he heard not the smothered sigh that was hushed within her bosom.

"Remember me not as a lover,
  Whose hope was crossed,
Whose bosom can never recover
  The light it hath lost;

As the young bride remembers the mother
  She loves, though she never may see,
As a sister remembers a brother,
  Oh, dearest, remember me."

The evening wore on, and Rosaleen returned home in a state of mind bordering upon frenzy. She flew to her chamber.

"It is over," she exclaimed. "The last tie that bound me to earth is broken. I have lived to see him who taught me my first lesson of love the husband of another. I have seen him breathe soft words of love into her listening ear, and my breaking heart can bear no more."

Strange! When woman gives her young heart with all its gushing tenderness to one being, without the society of that being, what is all the world to her?

Kind friends may gather around to pour the balm of consolation into her wounded bosom; nature may pour forth her beauties; the loveliest flowers may bloom at her feet, yet she heeds not their varied tints and gentle fragrance.

Thus it was with Rosaleen; the moon was shining in at the window from which she was gazing not at the beautiful rose tree before it, which shed such sweet perfume on the air that stole into the chamber; not at the fragrant honeysuckle that, in happier hours, she had taught to twine around the lattice. No, her thoughts dwelt not on the beauties of that moonlight scene; her aching eye was fixed on her favorite trysting place, the gray abbey ruin; and memory had wafted her back to the time when she sat with Darcy beside that hallowed shrine and breathed her first young vow of love.

Hour after hour she sat buried in a deep and painful reverie, until wearied nature at last gave way, and she sank into a gentle slumber.

She awoke in a burning fever, and in the madness of delirium, first revealed the secret of her long cherished love. She spoke of the inward struggle that had torn her heart, her midnight tears, and called wildly on Darcy to give her back her priceless treasure of a free and happy heart, and restore to her parents their idolized, their only child.

All that the distracted parents could do was done to save her. She was brought to Dublin for change of air; the best medical aid was provided, but in vain. The most skilful hand could could not bind up the broken heart, and in one short year from the night of her last meeting with Darcy, she breathed her last in the arms of the good Sisters of Charity. Thus perished fair Rosaleen, the flower of the Golden Vale.

Purcel the Piper.

JACK Purcel was a good-humored, ruddy-faced young man, compact and vigorous. He was spirited and generous, and as brave as a lion; he could wrestle, kick foot-ball, jump, or hurl better than any boy of his size in the parish of Mullinahone. But the pride of Mullinahone, the mountain maid of Tipperary, was the charming Grace Donnelly, the flower of Slieve-na-Mon. Jack Purcel loved Grace, and, of course, as a natural consequence, Grace returned the compliment.

Now, Phil Donnelly, the father of the fair young Grace, was acknowledged to be the greatest piper in the four provinces. Phil, though a generous, warm-hearted man, had one fault, if fault it can be called, and that was vanity—vanity in his musical prowess—and to such a pitch did he carry it, that one evening, at a merry-making near the cross-roads, he registered a vow that no boy in the whole county would ever get his consent to marry Grace.

"No," said he, "she'll go single all her life, barrin' that whoever would marry her can prove himself a better piper than her father."

"That seals my fate," said poor Jack Purcel, "for I know no more about music than I do o' the Greek language."

"Och, Grace, jewel," said Jack to his colleen, one bright morning in June; "what is to be done, darlin', at all, at all? Your father's vow the other night was like a death knell to my hopes."

"Jack, acushla, don't break down that way—all's not lost yet. Can't ye go into practice for a year or two, an' who knows but in the coorse o' time ye'd be able to bate my father."

"Bate yer father, is it? No, Grace, not if I kep' practisin' from this till Tib's Eve. The dickens in it, for music, it has brought two faithful hearts to a purty pass."

"Do ye know what I was thinkin', Jack?"

"What was it, Grace?"

"Of coorse, ye know the spot called the Fairy Cave."

"I do; in the side of Slieve-na-Mon, about three miles from this. Well, what about the Fairy Cave, machree?"

"I'm towld, Jack, that the sweetest sounds can be heard comin' out of it on a quiet night."

"That's true enough, jewel, if we're to believe what we hear."

"An' 'tis said, if any one has the courage to enter it they get such a knowledge o' music that no human skill can aquil."

"Grace, darlin'," said Jack, "I had my mind med up on emigratin' to Ameriky, but your cheerful words make a new man o' me. So, instead o' crossin' the Atlantic, I'll visit the Fairy Cave to-night."

"To-night?"

"Yis, darlin', I'll make hay while the sun shines."

"But if the good people should make a prisoner o' ye in the mountains for life, what's to become o' me?"

"Don't be afeerd, Grace, darlin'; before you are three days owlder you'll see me again, and even if I don't happen to find the gift o' music, my heart, like your own, will still be in the right place, mavourneen."

After a few mutual promises they parted.

On the evening of that day Jack Purcel set out for the mountains of Slieve-na-Mon, having previously provided himself with a torch and taking with him for company his friend Billy Donovan. The hour was now a little past twilight; the road to the fairy cave was wild and desolate; on each side of them were a variety of lonely lakes and abrupt precipices; the sun had just gone down. In about an hour, however, after much difficulty, they succeeded in reaching the Fairy Cave. The entrance was thickly overgrown with briars and bushes.

At length, having cleared away every obstacle, they soon discovered an opening in the mystic cave, and after lighting the torch Jack Purcel and his friend proceeded on their way, often stopping to admire the beauty of the landscape that presented itself to their view as they advanced. In the far distance rose the outlines of a hill whose green and sloping base melted into the moonlit bosom of a smooth lake.

"Begorra, Billy," whispered Jack to his friend, "Killarney couldn't howld a candle to this purty spot."

Sometimes they were compelled to creep on their hands and knees through the narrowest passes until they arrived at the margin of the lake.

Beside the lake was a green fairy ring, into which as Purcel inadvertently stepped, he was struck to the earth and instantly deprived of all consciousness.

He was awakened by the sounds of soft music, and opening his eyes beheld surrounding him a large company of little people playing on musical instruments, who, the moment they saw that he was awake, desired him to follow them, and touching him with their wands they immediately flew across the lake, Jack having become as aërial as any of them in their midst, and alighted on an island which, they informed him, was named "The Isle of Music." Through this happy island flowed a river of such crystalline clearness that Purcel could plainly distinguish the gleaming of the precious gems which studded its bed. Flocks of birds varying in beauty skimming through the air joined their gushes of melody to the rapturous combination of sounds pervading the island; not a dog barked nor a cow lowed but in the purest harmony.

Purcel was then conducted by the fairies into the presence of a venerable man with a long white beard, descending to his chest. This was the Bard of the Isle of Music.

The bard held his court on a beautiful elevation covered with the softest moss of never-fading green.

"Mortal, whence come you?" demanded the bard, as he looked with a stern eye upon the trembling Jack Purcel.

"From Mullinahone, your mightv bardship," replied Jack.

"What is your name?"

"Misther John Purcel, at your royal sarvice."

"And why are you here, trespassing on our dominions?"

"I kem here, your majesty, to see if I could borry a loan o' the gift o' music before I begin to learn the bagpipes."

"O, you wish to become a piper?"

"Yes, your bardship, the best in Ireland, if it's plazin' to ye."

"Know you not," said the bard, "that the gift of music seldom bestows happiness on its possessor?"

"I know, your majesty, that the same gift would make me the happiest man alive, for it's then I'd be able to marry the colleen o' my heart, Grace Donnelly."

Jack then told the bard the whole of his sorrows, and how his love for Grace had occasioned his visit to the Fairy Cave. The bard was touched and highly gratified by poor Purcel's devotion to his betrothed.

"Well, Jack," he exclaimed, "you shall have your wish." So saying he ordered one of his attendants to pick him a bagpipe off the nearest tree, and then, commanding silence, played that sweetest and most sorrowful of all the melodies, the Irish air of "Shuil Agra," with such exquisite pathos that the tears ran in torrents down the tender visage of Jack Purcel; the dying cadences were softly echoed by the soughing of the trees and the melodious whispers of the flowers.

"By the powers o' delight," cried Purcel, "if I was the owner o' them pipes I'd feel prouder than a king this minit. I only wish they wor mine—it's then I'd bring the joy to the sorrowful hearts o' the poor."

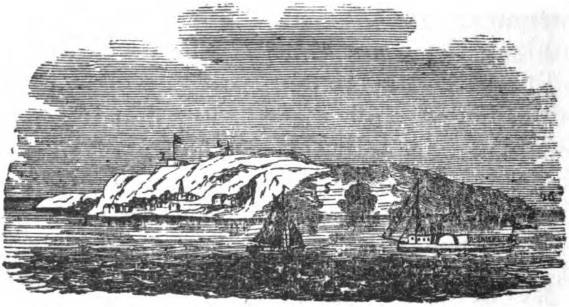
"Jack Purcel," said the bard solemnly, "your request is granted. You came here with a pure motive for the sake of the girl you love, and from this hour," he added, handing Jack the bagpipe, "you are the most celebrated piper in green Erin."

Jack, on being requested to favor the court with a sample of his newly-acquired skill, bowed, and taking the instrument into his hands, felt such a flood of inspiration rushing upon him that the buoyancy thereof nearly lifted him off his feet.

He then began, and, considering that it was his debut, and that his audience was formed of first-rate judges, he displayed considerable confidence and self-assurance. To his ecstatic delight he found himself complete master of the instrument. The piece he performed was the spirit-stirring strain of the "Blackbird," and the shrill chanter, as it rang across the lake, elicited tumultuous applause; after which Jack, in gratitude, prostrated himself at the foot of the emerald throne to tender his warm acknowledgment for his invaluable gift, when suddenly the whole scene disappeared, and he found himself, not in a fairy ring, where the good people had discovered him, but carefully deposited near the entrance to the Fairy Cave. The first terrestrial sound that greeted his ear was the voice of his friend, Billy Donovan.

"Arrah, man alive, d'ye mane to sleep yer sivin sinses away?"

Jack essayed to answer, but could not; he had only time to feel that the inspired pipe was still under his arm, before relapsing again into insensibility; in this state he was borne to his mother's cabin, where he lay in a profound slumber for three days, at the expiration of which he awoke, and, seizing the enchanted pipes, burst forth into such strains of music that in less than an hour brought the whole parish of Mullinahone to listen to him, and so powerful was the impression he made that young and old pronounced him the best piper in the universe. Even Phil Donnelly himself acknowledged his superiority. And, if we are to believe our fireside chronicler, Grace Donnelly eventually became the wife of the finest piper in Ireland.



An Irish Chameleon.

IT is, perhaps, a half a century ago since the hero of our sketch, one Bernard Cavanagh, astonished the inhabitants of the fair city on the Liffy with the startling announcement that he had adopted a new system of diet, which was neither more nor less than going without any food. Now, Mr. Cavanagh was a stout, comely gentleman to look at, who conversed pleasantly on the common topics of the day, and seemed, on the whole, to enjoy his life much like other people.

He was to be seen for a shilling, children half price. His success was so enormous in the Irish metropolis, that several large towns and cities in different parts of the empire requested him to visit them. In fact, Cavanagh was now the cry, and as Barney appeared to grow fat on fasting, his popularity knew no bounds. Unfortunately, however, ambition, the bane of so many other great men, numbered him also among its victims.

He proceeded to England, and if while there he had been content with London as the sphere of his triumphs, there is no saying how long he might have gone on starving with satisfaction. Whether it is that the people are less observant there, or more accustomed to see similar exhibitions, I cannot tell; but true it is, they paid their shillings, felt his ribs, walked home, and pronounced Barney a most exemplary Irishman.

But, not content with the capital, he must make a tour of the provinces, and accordingly went starve- or rather starring it about Leeds, Birmingham, Manchester, and all the other manufacturing towns, as if in mockery of the poor people who did not know the secret how to live without food.

Mr. Cavanagh was now living—if life it can be called—in one of the best hotels, when, actuated by that spirit of inquiry that characterizes the gentler sex, a respectable lady paid him a visit, to ascertain, if possible, how far his system might be made applicable to her guests, who, whatever their afflictions, labored under no such symptoms as his. She was pleased with Barney. He was a man of good address, and, albeit he professed to live on air, was finely proportioned, better, indeed, than many of her daily dinner party, and had withal that kind of joyous, rollicking, happy-go-lucky style that seems to bespeak good condition. But this the poor lady, of course, did not know to be an inherent property in an Irishman, however poor his situation.

After an interview of an hour long she took her leave, not exhibiting the usual satisfaction of other visitors, but with a dubious look and meditative expression, that betokened a mind not made up, and a heart not at ease. She was clearly not content. Perhaps the abortive effort to extract a confession from Mr. Cavanagh might be the cause, or perhaps she felt like many respectable people, whose curiosity is only the advance-guard to their repentance, and who never think that in any exhibition they get the worth of their money.

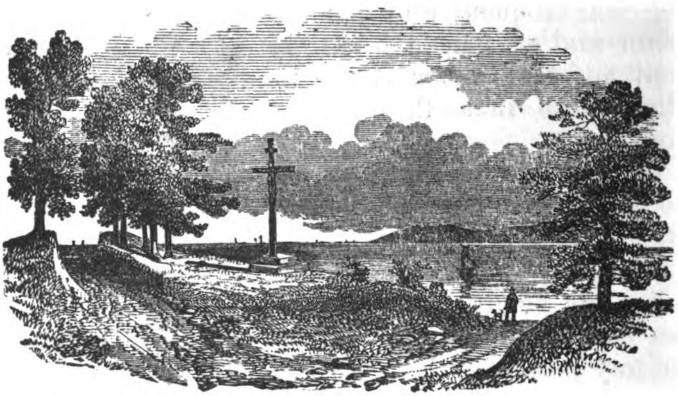
This might be the case; for as fasting is a negative process there is really little to see in the performer. The lady, however, went her way, not indeed on hospitable thoughts intent, but turning over in her mind various theories about abstinence, and only wishing she had the whole of the Cavanagh family for boarders at a guinea a week.

Late in the evening of the same day, this estimable lady was returning from an early tea through an unfrequented suburb of Manchester, when suddenly her eye fell upon Bernard Cavanagh seated in a little shop, a dish of sausages and a plate of ham before him, while a frothing cup of porter ornamented his right hand. It was true, he wore a patch over his eye, a large beard, and various other disguises; but they served him not. She knew him at once. The result is soon told. The police were informed. Mr. Cavanagh was captured. The lady gave her testimony in a crowded court, and he who lately was rolling on the wheel of fortune, was now condemned to foot it on a very different wheel. The magistrate, who was eloquent on the occasion, called him an impostor and sentenced him to three months' imprisonment and hard labor at the treadmill, and all for no other cause than that he could not live without food.

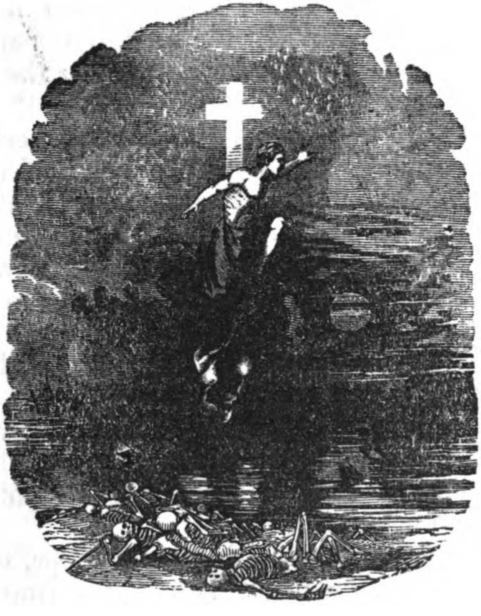
We have never heard of any one who, discovering the fictitious character of a novel he had believed as a fact, waited on the publisher with a modest request that his money be returned to him.

Yet the conduct of the lady toward Mr. Cavanagh was exactly of this nature. How did his appetite do her any possible injury? What sins against her conscience were contained in his quiet repast? And yet she must appeal to the justice as an injured woman. Cavanagh had imposed upon her. She was wronged because he was hungry. All his narrative, beautifully constructed and artfully put together, went for nothing; his look, his manner, his entertaining anecdotes, his fascinating conversation, his time—from ten in the morning till eight in the evening—went all for nothing. This really is too bad.

Do we ask of every author to be the hero he describes? Is Stevenson Dr. Jekyll, and Mr. Hyde? Is Rider Haggard Cleopatra? Is Wilkie Collins the Woman in White? And yet Bernard Cavanagh was no more guilty than any of these gentlemen. He was an ideal representation of a man that fasted; he narrated all the sensations want of food suggests: its dreamy debility, its languid stupor, its painful suffering, its stage of struggle and suspense, ending in a victory where the mind, the conqueror over the baser nature, asserts its proud and glorious supremacy in triumph of volition, and for this beautiful creation of his brain he is sent to the treadmill, as though, instead of a poet, he had been a pickpocket.



The Haunted Cliff.



"And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling, o'er the fatal tide."—*Moore.*

ON the western coast of Ireland, where a wild promontory stretches out amid the waves of the Atlantic, is a small hamlet or fishing station. Its site is in the cleft of a deep ravine, through which a small stream trickles amid sand and sea slime to the little estuary formed by the sea at its mouth.

It was on a cold, gray morning in October that two individuals were loitering up a narrow path from the hamlet, which led to the high main road, passing from village to village along the coast, branches from which, at irregular intervals, penetrated the cliffs to the different fishing stations along the beach.

The road, on rising from the village, runs along the summit a considerable height above the sea.

A reft or chasm nearly perpendicular in the steep wall towards the sea left the mountain path without protection, save by a slender paling, for the space of a few yards only.

As we before mentioned, two persons were loitering up this path; they paused at the brink of the chasm. The lover's gaze was on his mistress, and the maiden's eye was bent on the ground. "Aileen, jewel o' my heart's core, why is it you trate me so cowldly now that my ship's ready and I'm so soon to lave ye? Don't be turning yer pretty blue eye away like that, machree, when ye know that but wan tendher glance would send a ray of sunshine to my heart. Only I'm sure that ye love me, your proud behavior would surprise me."

"If you're so sure," retorted the haughty Aileen, "what more need be said?"

"Only say the word with yer own lips, darlin', an' then I'll be doubly sure. Here's the ring; take it, acushla, an' 'twill be a pledge of our love for aich other."

"No, Gerald, don't ask me to take it yet, for fear—"

"For fear of what, Aileen?" exclaimed Gerald. "If you refuse to pledge me your word now, asthore, somethin' tells me that sorrow will overtake one or both of us. Look, darlin', at this ring—there's somethin' remarkable about it. Look at the gem that's in it; at wan time it's bright and sunny, like your own sweet smile, and the next minute it's cowld an' hazy, like———," like yer own unfeeling heart, he would have said, but he leaned on the slender barrier, as he spoke, and his eye wandered away over the dim and distant wave, across which he was about to depart.

"If the ring is so changeable as you seem to think," said Aileen, "I'd sooner have nothing to do with it."

"Aileen, them words from your lips fall on my spirits like the keen ice-wind, that freezes while it withers."

As Aileen turned aside her head, perhaps to hide a gleam of tenderness that belied her speech, Gerald seized her hand.

"Aileen, listen well to me," he continued. "If ye intend to marry another there's a doom before ye which, I'm afeerd, you'll not be able to prevent." He looked steadfastly upon her, but Aileen spoke not. A tear quivered through her drooping eye-lashes, and her lips grew pale. "But I must lave ye," said Gerald. "My vessel is ready to sail, and"—he drew her gently toward the brink—"it will part us, I'm afeerd, forever. But no, Aileen, not forever. You'll be the wife of another, maybe, when I come back, and—och! I can hardly spake the word—'twould kill me."

He started back as from a spectre which his imagination had created—"but take this ring—an' let it be t'ye like a good angel that's keepin' guard over ye, and if anybody should seek your love, look on this, for it will be a silent witness over your very thoughts—'twill watch ye, my own gra gal machree, as if I myself stood beside ye."

But Aileen returned the ring.

"Don't ask me to take it, Gerald; let me beg of you not to wind the links around me, for fear I might think them fetters and wish to break them."

"Then I vow," said Gerald, vehemently, "that no hand but yours will ever wear it."

He raised his arm, and the next moment the ring would have been hurled into the gulf, but ere it fell he cast another glance at Aileen. Her heart was full; the emotions she sought to quell quivered convulsively on her lips; he seized her hand, but when he looked again upon the ring, it was broken. Aileen turned pale, and Gerald himself shuddered as he beheld the omen. Another train of feeling had taken possession of Aileen, and now that the slighted token was in danger of being withdrawn, she became anxious for its possession. She received the token—a slight crack upon its rim was visible, but this fracture did not prevent its being retained upon the hand.

After this brief development their walk was concluded. They breathed no vows. A lock of hair only was exchanged. The last adieu was on their lips, and the broad deck of the vessel beneath Gerald's feet, whence he saw the tall cliff sink down into the ocean, and with it his hopes, that seemed to sink forever in the same gulf.

* * * * * *

Some few years afterward, on a still evening, about the same time of the year, a boat was lowered from a distant vessel in the offing. Three men pulled ashore as the broad, full moon rose up, red and dim, from the mist that hung upon the sea. One of the passengers stepped hastily on shore. He spoke a few words to the rowers, who threw the oars into the boat, fastening her to the rocks. Afterward they betook themselves to a tavern, but the individual whom the rowers had put ashore strode rapidly up the path and paused not until he approached the cliff, where a few years before the agony of one short hour had left its deep furrows forever on his memory. The incidents of that memorable day were then renewed with such vividness that he hurried forward in the vain hope of flying from the anguish he could not control.

A dark, plain house stood at no great distance, and thither his footsteps were now directed. A little gate opened into a gravel walk. He leaned upon the wicket, as though hesitating to enter. By this time the moon rose high and clear above the mist which was yet slumbering on the ocean, She came forth gloriously, without a shadow or a cloud.

As Gerald approached the house he heard a soft, faint melody from within. It was Aileen's voice. He could not be mistaken, though years had passed by. The melody that he heard was a wild and mournful ballad, which he had once given to her when the hours flew on sparkling with delight, and she had not forgotten him. The thought was too thrilling to endure. His brain throbbed with ecstasy. Unable to restrain his impatience, he applied hastily to the door. Then came an interval of harrowing suspense. He shuddered when he heard the approaching footsteps, and could with difficulty address the person who stood inquiring his errand.

"Is Aileen within?" asked Gerald.

"She is, sir." The door was thrown open, and Gerald stood in the presence of Aileen. The meeting was too sudden for preliminary forms and courtesies. Aileen, after a short gaze of astonishment and dismay, covered her face. A low groan escaped her. She threw herself convulsively on the chair.

"Aileen, darlin,' spake to me," exclaimed Gerald. She shuddered as though the sound awakened the slumbering echoes of memory.

"Lave me, Gerald," she cried, "lave me."

"Lave ye?" said Gerald in a tone that no words can describe. "Ah, 'tis as I feared, Aileen," and the broad impress of despair was upon his brow, legibly, indelibly written.

"I am here," he continued, "to claim your hand."

"My hand, Gerald, belongs to another."

"Another? Who is it ye mane, Aileen?"

"My husband!" Though anticipating the reply, the words went like an arrow to his heart. We will not describe the separation. With unusual speed he descended the path toward the village He rushed past the cleft with averted looks, fearful that he might be tempted to leap the gulf. He entered the tavern, but so changed in manner and appearance that his companions, fearful that his senses were disordered, earnestly besought him to take some rest and refreshment. In the end he was persuaded to retire to bed. But ere long fever and delirium had seized him, and in the morning he was pronounced by a medical attendant to be in extreme danger, requiring the interposition of rest and skill to effect his cure.

* * * * * * * *

It was in the cold and heavy mist of a December evening that a female was seated upon the tall cliff above the chasm we have described. As the solitary gull was wheeling around her she spoke to it with great eagerness and gesticulation.

"Leave me! leave me?" she cried. "Gerald is gone—gone—O my poor brain. They tell me I am mad, but I'll not believe them—but where is the ring?—the pledge—broken, broken like my poor heart. Yes, yes, I must be mad."

And a scream so wild and pitiful escaped her, it was like the last agony of the spirit when riven from its shrine; her hair, wet with the drizzly atmosphere, hung about her face. She suddenly threw it aside, as if listening.

"That's Gerald! Yes, he's comin' again."

Sunset was near, both sky and ocean were blent in one, the purple beam ran out so along the waves, that every billow might now be seen. Aileen climbed over the rail, she stood on that extreme verge so fearful and abrupt.

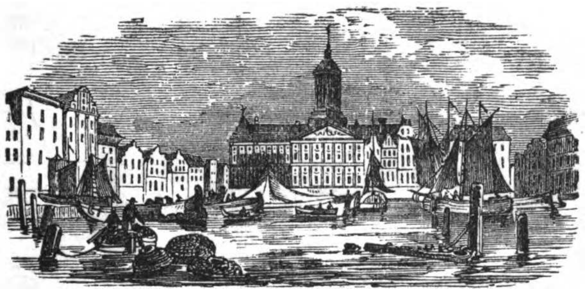
"He's callin' me. Oh, why did he leave me so soon? I must go, his vessel is on the wide Atlantic, an' he'll never come back."

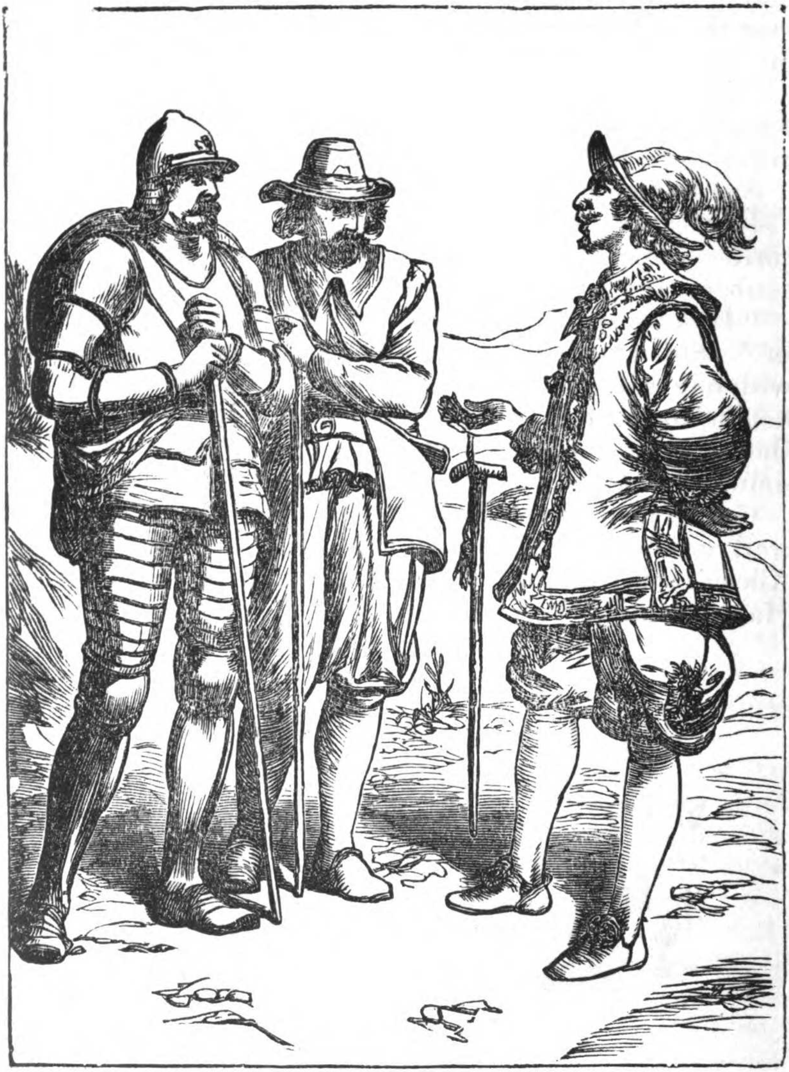
She buried her head in her lap and wept.

Her features were yet beautiful, though wasted by sorrow. As she gazed a smile passed over her like a sunbeam on the dark billows. She waved her hand.

"He's waitin' for me. I'm comin', Gerald, I'm comin'." She wrapped her cloak closer around her, and, with one wild and appalling shriek leaped the dizzy height, by the foot of which her mangled remains were shortly afterward discovered. The ring was found uninjured, save by a crack through the rim.

Gerald recovered, and for years afterward his daily walk was to the cleft, which was said to be visited by Aileen's spirit, and which still continues to be called the Haunted Cliff.





The Rival Giants.

'TIS many a year ago since what I am going to tell ye happened.

'Twas long before the stranger came over with Strongbow to rule us in our own land—would ye believe me? In them days giants used to be as plentiful as potatoes in a prosperous sayson. Why, if a body happened to stand less than six feet high in ancient times he'd be laughed at as a weeny bit of a dwarf. Troth, he'd have the whole counthry flockin' to see him as a sort of a world's wondher.

Well, at the time I'm spakin' of there lived near the Rock o' Cashel, in the county of Tipperary, one Darby Moynahan. He was thought to be the biggest man in Ireland. He stud nine feet in his stockin's, an' for strength, no man could howld a candle to him. He could down a bullock wid wan tap of his little finger.

Only wan thing dampened poor Darby's sperrits—an' that was becase he couldn't find his aquil; the dickens a boxer far or near had the pluck to stand forninst him, not wan in Ireland. At last, a whisper came across the water from Scotland consarning a giant in that counthry who was said to be even superior to Darby Moynahan in size an' strength; more betoken, he, like Darby, was always pining an' praying that he might meet his match. Well, begorra, as soon as my bowld Darby heard the news, he sint a challenge at wanst, invitin' the Scotchman to come over to Ireland an' wrestle him collar-an'-elbow, so that he might shake some o' the pride out of him.

He soon got an answer, tellin' him that the challenge was accepted, an' advising him at the same time to make his pace an' prepare for his funeral, "for," said the Scotch giant, in his note, "I never botch my work."

On the mornin' that the Scotchman landed in Ireland Darby inquired of a friend of his that had seen the furriner arrive, how big he was.

"How big is it? Troth, Darby, between you an' me, he's as big an' a half as yourself; an' from what I'm towld, you'll be as dead as mutton when he's through wid ye, for they say he always kills his man."

Poor Darby, when he heard such a frightful account of his rival, began to grow onasey in his mind; he went at wanst to his cabin to ask the advice of Norah, his wife; but before the poor woman could answer him, his youngest son Dinny kem runnin' into the house, bawlin' for his father an' mother to come to the door and see the great big man comin' through the boreen.

Darby peeped through the window an' turned the color of milk at the sight of the wondherful Scotch giant.

"Norah alanna!" said he, "ye may get my coffin ready, for here comes a man that will soon make food for worms out o' your poor Darby."

"Not while I can save ye, jewel," said Norah. "Sure, you're my own husband, Darby, an' it's my jooty to strain every nerve to purtect the man I vowed to love and obey; only do as I bid ye, an' you'll be saved, and that too without dishonor."

As she spoke she lifted her little daughter Aileen out of the cradle, and after puttin' it on a bed in another room she made Darby take the child's place. An' when she covered him over snugly with a quilt she sat beside him rockin' the cradle, while she sang:

"Hush a bye, baby,
On the hill top,
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock.

Poor Darby had to stuff the quilt into his mouth to prevent him from goin' into kinks; for if he didn't do that he would have died wid the laughin' fit that overtook him.

While Norah kept singing the owld lullaby, who should step into the cabin but the brawny Scotch giant.

In a voice that sounded for all the world like a clap o' thunder he axed if "Darby Moynahan was to be seen?"

Norah covered over Darby's face, an' walked quietly across the room to where the Scotchman stood, wid his head touchin' one o' the rafters, an', in a soft whisper, she towld him that Darby was gone into the woods to get a mouthful o' fresh air before the wrestlin' match kem off.

The giant then informed her that he'd wait where he was till her husband's return; with that he saited himself beside the turf-fire, lit his pipe, an' puffed away like a limekiln.

"What's that ye have there?" says he, fixen his bullet eyes on the cradle.

"It's the child," said Nora, "an' I wouldn't give a peppercorn for your life if ye wake it before Darby comes home."

"I don't care a jack-straw about Darby," says the giant.

"If ye wish to lave this house alive don't disturb the crature's sleep—he didn't get a wink all last night, he's cutting his eye-teeth, poor thing."

The Scotchman looked mighty puzzled.

"If that's the child," said he, "how big is the father?"

"You'll soon be able to judge for yourself," said Norah; "but I can tell ye this much, sir; whenever my husband is vexed that poor child in the cradle sometimes runs an' hides himself in one of his father's brogues."

"Mammy," roared Darby from the cradle, "bring in de big fat cow from de barn. I want to ait it before daddy comes home."

"I will, agra," said Norah. "Oh, sir, you've woke the child! A king's ransom wouldn't save ye now if Darby meets ye."

"Meelia murdher!" screeched the giant; "d'ye call that gormandizer a child? If he can devour a fat cow at a single male, what sort of a cannibal must the father be? Tell Darby," says he, rising to his feet and bumping his big head against an iron hook in the rafters, "I'll call again. Good mornin', ma'am."

With that he shot out o' Darby's cabin like a sky-rocket, an' was niver seen or heard of in Ireland from that blessed day to this.

Murder Will Out.

[Adapted from an old Irish Legend.]

> "I have heard that guilty creatures sitting at the play
>   Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
> Been struck so to the soul that presently
>   They have proclaimed their malefactions;
> For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
>   With most miraculous organ." —*Shakespeare.*

IT is the custom in many parts of Ireland, where any individual's death is supposed to have been caused by foul play, that the inhabitants of the murdered person's district assemble together and undergo a kind of ordeal by touching the corpse, each in his turn. This ceremony is considered a most decisive test in cases of suspicion of murder. It is an ordeal, indeed, to which few murderers wish to submit themselves, for in many instances, where the perpetrator of the horrid deed possessed strength of mind or callousness of heart sufficient to subdue all appearance of emotion in the moment of trial, some miraculous change in the corpse itself has been known to indicate the evil-doer.

But to my story. Phil Melledy was an industrious young tenant farmer; his prospects were bright; in short, he was the most contented boy of his age, which was twenty-six, in the whole County of Limerick. He was in love, too, and as he himself said, "loved the very ground fair Aileen walked on." Aileen loved him in return, but was giddy-headed enough to let him know that she could have more admirers than Phil to dance with at a fair if she wished. This piece of girlish vanity was Aileen's only fault, but one day she carried it too far by dancing with Ulick Dhu, or Black Ulick, just for the sole purpose of tormenting Phil Melledy, her faithful lover.

Ulick was a dashing, good-looking fellow, but with a reputation anything but respectable. His ostensible pursuit was smuggling, but crimes of the darkest nature were freely whispered about him, and yet, in spite of all this, his rollicking nature and indomitable impudence enabled him to show himself in places where, although his evil reputation was well known, he was tolerated, either from supineness or more likely from the fear of his enmity.

It is not surprising, then, that, as Phil Melledy stood by and saw this ruffian whispering soft words in Aileen's ear, his very heart should quake from apprehension. He had often experienced sensations of annoyance before, but never to this extent, for he knew Ulick Dhu to be the very worst description of a reckless scoundrel. The festivities now over, Phil supposed that she would give up her partner and join him. But no; the foolish Aileen seemed proud of her conquest, and to take a sort of mad delight in wounding Phil's feelings to the uttermost. At last, her better nature all predominating, she quitted Ulick and rushed over to the place where Phil had been standing; but he was gone.

It was now her turn to be miserable. Not all the soft speeches that were poured into her ear had power to console her, but her annoyance was at its height when Ulick Dhu, presuming upon the encouragement which she had given him, seated himself beside her, and in ardent language declared himself her passionate lover. Poor, unthinking Aileen—she had evoked a spirit which she had no power to quell. . . . . . It was more than a week after before Phil could bring himself to venture near Aileen, but finding that each succeeding day only made him more wretched, he determined to know his fate at once; so, with a heavy heart, he neared her abode, lifted the latch, and entered.

The first sight that met his eyes was Ulick and Aileen in earnest conversation. The deep blush that crimsoned her to the very throat evinced to Phil the hopelessness of his case. She could not speak, neither could he, but giving her one look, which sank into her very brain, he left the place.

Meanwhile Aileen, apprehensive that he would do something desperate, sadly exclaimed: "Heaven forgive and help me in this trying moment!" for the result of her conduct was beginning to make itself awfully apparent.

Thinking to enlisten some good feeling from Ulick's generosity, she frankly acknowledged to him that her affections were entirely bestowed upon the absent Philip Melledy. She knew not the demon heart in which she had trusted; instead of inclining him to mercy her words only inflamed him into tenfold rage.

"What!" he exclaimed, "D'ye think to make a play-ground o' my heart? Have you been makin' a scoff and an omadhaun o' me? Tell me wanst for all, Aileen, which of us it is you love in earnest?"

"Phil Melledy is the man I truly love," fervently exclaimed Aileen.

"Then you have signed his death warrant and your own," cried Ulick, casting her rudely from him, and with a look of intense hate rushing from the cottage.

His first care was to find Phil. The latter, on seeing him, started as though a serpent stood in his path.

"Phil," said Ulick, with a false smile, "cheer up, man alive, you're to be the happy bridegroom after all."

"What d'ye mane, Ulick Dhu—are you not the destroyer of my hope?"

"Not at all, Phil avick. She was only makin' game o' me the whole time. Come, give me a shake o' your hand and let me wish ye joy!"

"Oh, Ulick, this is too good to be true!"

"It's true enough then. You're the only man Aileen can ever love. She bid me ask ye to call 'round in the morning. Maybe 'tis to name the day she wants ye. Troth, Phil, it is you that's the lucky man so it is—but it's gettin' late—I must lave ye. Good night. Don't forget to see Aileen in the mornin'," he added, as he left Phil's cottage.

Soon afterward Phil missed a clasp knife with which he had been eating his supper, but after a short search thought no more of the matter, his very soul glowing with renewed delight at the thought of seeing his loved one on the morrow. About an hour after, as he was preparing to retire for the night, it suddenly occurred to him that he would like to take a walk toward Aileen's cottage. Perchance he should see her shadow on the curtain. No matter; to gaze upon the home that contained her would at least be something. So off he started in that direction, a happy feeling pervading his every sense. Arrived within sight of her abode he fancied he heard a stifled groan. Inspired with a horribie fear he ran wildly forward; another terrible scream followed—it was the voice of his Aileen; with mad desperation he reached the place just in time to see the figure of a man, whom in the doubtful light he could not recognize, rush from the door and disappear in the darkness.

In breathless horror Phil entered. What a sight met his eyes! His beloved Aileen lay on the blood-dabbled floor, in the last agony of departing nature. She saw and evidently recognized Phil, for, 'mid the desperate throes of ebbing life she clutched his hand in hers, essaying, but in vain, to articulate; and with her gentle head resting on his breast, her spirit passed away.

All this was so sudden and fearfully unexpected to Phil that he scarcely knew 'twas reality, and several of the surrounding neighbors, who had been alarmed by the outcry, came hastily in.

"See," cried one, "'tis as I thought, murder has been committed."

"And here is the knife used by the blood-thirsty monster, whoever he is," said another, as he picked up a gory knife from the floor.

"That knife is mine," said Phil.

"Yours!" they all exclaimed at once "Then you have murdered her—let him be secured."

But Phil needed no securing. Reason, which had been dethroned by this unexpected blow, had scarcely yet returned to its seat. Sullenly he suffered them to pinion his arms, and in the same room with the precious casket, which once contained his heart's treasure, he abided the remainder of the night in a state of mental torture, utterly incapable of being rendered into words.

The morning after the awful occurrence a coroner's jury was summoned, and the identity of the knife having been proved, added to his own admission, and the fact of his having been seen leaving Aileen's cottage the day before being testified to, every circumstance tended to fix the guilt upon him. A verdict was delivered accordingly. And Phil Melledy stood charged with the murder of one for whom he would willingly have shed his last drop of blood.

With a degree of effrontery consonant with his general character, Ulick Dhu made his appearance among the spectators who attended the inquiry, and was the loudest in his denunciation against the supposed criminal.

"Murderer!" cried Phil. "Friends, behold that fiend, who, not content with the life's blood of one victim, now comes to triumph in a double murder."

"What does the villain mean?" exclaimed Ulick.

"Friends," solemnly replied Phil, "as I am a living man, "there stands Aileen's murderer, Ulick Dhu! It is not for myself I care, for I would rather die than bear about this load o' misery. But that he should escape with his hands red with the darlin's blood, it is too much, too much!"

"Then, Philip Melledy," said the coroner, "you deny having committed this crime?"

"I do, on my knees."

"I trust, then, you may cause a jury of your countrymen to believe so, but for me, I have only one duty to perform, and circumstances clearly bear me out in my assumption—I must send you to trial."

At this juncture, one of the jurymen, who thought he could perceive a meaning in Ulick's peculiar, ill-concealed glance of savage delight, begged to be heard. Keeping his eye steadily on Ulick's face, he said with solemnity:

"We have an old tradition here, that if a murderer lays his right hand upon the breast of his victim, declaring that he had no act or part in the deed, speaking truly, no results will follow; but if he swears falsely, the dead itself will testify against him, for the closed wounds will reopen their mouths, and, to the confusion of the guilty one, the stream of life will flow once more for a short space. It seems to me that this is a case in which the ordeal might be applied."

"For my part," said Phil, "I am willing to abide the test."

"And you?" said the juror, with a penetrating glance at Ulick.

"I," said the latter, with an attempt at recklessness; "why should I be subjected to such mummery? Who accuses me?"

"I do," thundered Phil; "and I now insist upon his going through the trial. Myself will point out the way."

So saying, he approached the lifeless body, and, sinking on his knees, laid his right hand reverently on the heart, saying:

"My blessed Aileen, if your spirit lingers near, you know, mavourneen, that this hand would rather let my life-blood flow forth than offer you the shadow of an injury."

They waited an instant—all was quiet. Meantime Ulick, persuading himself that it was but a form, and yet trembling to the very core, advanced. All eyes were upon him.

"Why do all stare at me?" he cried.

At last, with a tremendous effort, he knelt and attempted to stretch forth his hand. It seemed glued to his side. Starting to his feet again, he cried fiercely:

"I will not do it. Why should I?"

"If you're innocent, why should you fear?" said Phil.

"Fear," screamed the other. "I fear no one, neither dead nor living," said he, suddenly placing his hand upon the breast of the dead.

"See! see!" cried Phil; "the blood mounts up, it overflows."

"It's a lie," madly exclaimed Ulick.

But it was no lie. The crimson stream welled upward, and flowed once more adown the breast of fair young Aileen, a murmur of awe and surprise breaking from the assembled group, while the terrors of discovered guilt and despair seized upon Ulick.

"A blight upon you all," he roared. "It's a plot to take my life away, but I'll baffle ye after all," hastily drawing a pistol.

It was instantly wrested from him. Several of the bystanders flung themselves upon him; but the desperate resistance which he made, added to the fearful internal agony which he had just endured, caused him to break a blood vessel; and in raving delirium the hardened sinner's soul went to its last account in the presence of those whom, in his reckless villainy, he had expected to destroy.

Wonder succeeded wonder, and the mystery was soon discovered to be no mystery at all, but the natural instrument in the hands of Providence to confound the guilty.

As, relapsing into his former listlessness, Phil was intently gazing on the body of his beloved, suddenly his heart gave one tremendous throb.

"Hush," he exclaimed, "I thought I heard a sound like—Ha! there it is again, a gasp, a gentle sob. Look! her eyelids tremble. Heaven be praised! She lives!"

And Phil sank upon his knees; a copious flood of tears, the first he had ever shed, relieved his overcharged feelings.

It was true. She did live; from loss of blood only had she fainted, and the excessive weakness had thus far prolonged the insensibility; none of the stabs had reached a vital part, and it was the first effort of nature to resume its suspended faculties which had caused the blood once more to circulate, just at the instant which so signally established the guilt of the intended murderer.

Aileen rapidly recovered from the effects of her wounds, gave Phil Melledy her hand, and, profiting by the terrible lesson which she had received, made an estimable wife, and for many years she continued to be the presiding genius over a numerous and cheerful household near the green banks of the Shannon.

Smuggled Poteen.

AT the time I'm spakin' of I was in the sarvice of Squire Rackett, one of the warmest-hearted gentlemen within the four seas of Ireland. 'Twas he that could make twelve thousand pounds a year fly like dust before a strong wind, and he didn't go abroad to spend it, aither, like some o' the upstarts, but stopped at home, as every Irish gentleman who loves his own green land ought to do.

Now, it happenened that Ned Fogarty, a jovial bucko, that could take a glass with the best man in the barony, was the gauger of the district at the time. Bedad! many's the day he got invited to spread his legs under Squire Rackett's mahogany. The squire always had three hogsheads of poteen at one end of the dining-room, which he never paid a penny jooty on, bekase he knew Ned Fogarty, the jolly gauger, would niver lay an information again him, on account o' the warm welkim he always got at the squire's table.

But Fogarty was too good a gauger to last long, and he soon had to give way to a black-muzzled rogue, one Jerry Cronin, from a different parish. Well, one day the squire had nearly a score of his fox-huntin' friends saited before a beautiful-spread table.

The three hogsheads stood in their owld place at one end o' the dining-room, exposed to every eye, while knives an' forks rattled away, and glasses clinked

Powdher o' war! what should I spy as I looked from the dining-room window but Jerry Cronin, the new gauger, with a file o' the military. "Blue murdher!" whispered I to Squire Rackett, "what'll we do at all, at all? There's the new gauger an' the red-coats not the length of a goat's tail from the hall door. We'll be disgraced forever, for there's the three hogsheads standin' forninst their very eyes, and besides that, Cronin has a nose as sharp as a needle!"

"Gentlemen," says the squire, starting up, "we're in a doldrum. There stands three hogsheads of poteen, and this thieving new gauger has scented it out." The words wasn't out of his mouth when we heard a rap at the hall door, an', sure enough, there was Cronin and his gang.

"Darby Donovan," says the squire to me, "you were always ready-witted an' cute at a scheme. How can you fix these still-hunters?"

"Let them come in an' take pot-luck. Keep them discoorsin' as long as ye can, an' I'll go bail I'll puzzle the gauger," says I.

So in they came by the squire's orders. Now, Jerry Cronin was a snarly little spidher, not much taller than a pint-mug. His legs resembled reapin' hooks; he'd a head like a fox, and an eye like a ferrit.

"I am the new gauger," says he, tryin' to be polite an' soft spoken. "I am here in consequence of information which charges you with having three kegs of illicit whisky in your dining-room, an' these must be the ones," says he, putting his nose over each cask.

"So it seems," says the squire, giving me a knowing wink.

I put the thumb of my right hand to the tip of my nose behind the gauger's back, while I returned the squire's wink an' quietly left the room.

"Gentlemen, don't let this interruption spoil your appetites," said the squire. "Let me introduce you to our new gauger and his body-guard. This is Mr.—, I haven't the pleasure of your name."

"Misther Jeremiah Cronin, Esquire," says the little gauger, as proud as a paycock. When the introduction was over they all sat down, glad to be invited by the squire.

The officer commanding the sogers was a dashing young fellow, that didn't seem to relish the jooty he was on. While they were gorging I popped quietly into the room. Says I, in a whisper, to the squire: "Keep them here till about ten o'clock. Kick up as much uproar an' singin' as you can, and I'll be able to puzzle the gauger."

Before I left the room Cronin rose from the table and wint over to fix his gimlet eye on each hogshead. After satisfying himself that they wor full he sat down again.

"I tell you, gentlemen," says he, "I'm no fool; I have my wits about me. I've never been done yet. Any man that can do me I'll shake hands with him. There's the three casks full o' poteen, and I mean to have them. That's the chat."

"Not if I can prevent it," says I to myself, as I quitted the room.

"I am able to pay the fine; that's one comfort," said the squire. "So we'll stick to our liquor and make a night of it."

Cronin was gettin' purty full of liquor and impidence as the night wore on, for he drank more than any two men at the table.

"You won't disturb us to-night," said the squire, "by removing these casks."

I don't care who's disturbed," says Cronin. "I expect a man with a cart any minit; he has my orders to remove each o' thim hogsheads this blessed night."

At that a few of the fox-hunters riz up and laid howld of him and threatened to take him out an' pitch him into a bog, neck an' crop; the squire had to intercede for him, or they wouldn't have left the rogue a whole rag on his back.

The young officer got his blood up agin the gauger, too. Says he:

"I feel there's nothing more degrading to a soldier than to be compelled to hunt with a still hound like this upon such a cursed expedition."

"I'll report ye for that," says Cronin.

"You be hanged!" says the officer. "You are an ungrateful cur, or you wouldn't behave in such a manner to a gentleman who received you with kindness and hospitality."

"Hospitality," says Cronin, "will never bribe me from my jooty."

The squire had to interfere again, and when peace was restored, he whispered to his friends that it was my wish for them all to kick up as big an uproar as possible. They took the hint and kept at it to their heart's content till ten o'clock, when a knock came to the door. It was the man Cronin expected with the cart to carry off the spirits.

"All right," says Cronin. "Now, officer, the cart's here. Duty is sacred, so ordher a party of your men to remove these casks."

The poor officer looked mighty confused at Squire Rackett, an' the squire looked jist as onaisy at him; neither could spake a word.

At last I broke the silence, rushed into the room, and roared out: Now that the cart is here, gentlemen, we better carry out these empty casks!"

"Empty," cried Cronin, blazin' with liquor and authority. "How empty they are. Come, officer, ordher yoor min to remove the casks one at a time. You'll find them purty heavy."

"Why, they are empty," says the officer, lookin' into the barrels—for there wasn't enough in them to bring a tear to a fly's eye.

"You must be drunk," says Cronin.

"You're a fool," says the officer; "and if you were sober I'd make your bones ache for bringing me on this fool's errand."

"Murther alive!" says Cronin, after squintin' into the casks, "I'm done at last, before my face. What's worse, I'll be dismissed. I could swear the casks wor full when I came into this room."

"Shake hands, Cronin," says I. "For a couple of hours ago I heard you braggin' that you'd shake hands with the man that would 'do' you. You're a keen customer, but you'll never see the day you're able to measure brains with Darby Donovan, an' that's myself. Faix, your mother won't be so proud of you after this night. Here's Cronin's health," says I, takin' up a glass of liquor, "an' may he always be as successful as he is to-night."

When I drank that toast I thought the company would split their sides laughin'.

Cronin and his gang had to leave with their hands as empty as when they came in.

"How did you contrive to empty the casks, Darby?" says Squire Rackett.

"By the aid of a long auger," says I. "I went down to the room below us an' bored a hole through the boords of the ceiling. I then stuffed enough of paste between the casks an' the boords to prevent the whiskey from flowin' about the room. After that I bored another hole in the cask itself, an' the blessed spirits came gushing out like a waterfall into all the big buckets I could find; then I emptied it into a lot of small kegs an' carried it off to a safe place in the bog, where it now lies buried, until you wish me to bring it back to life—an' that's how I puzzled the gauger."

The Four-Leaved Shamrock.

D'YE mane to say you never visited the Lakes 'o Killarney? Then you've missed the beautifullest sight that's ever blessed the eyes of mortal man. Well, to begin my story. Beside them lakes a good king lived long ago, when Ireland enjoyed her ancient glory, and resembled the picture the poet drew of her when he called her

> "First flower of the earth,
> First gem of the sea."

This king and his wife wor not like the royal rapparees that live nowadays, for they loved their subjects as a father and mother loves their own childher.

Indeed, the poor queen was too good for this world, and before drawing her last breath she called her angel daughter to her bedside. Her heart was centered in the young princess, her only child, an' no wonder, for she was as mild as a May-mornin', with wavy, flaxen hair that 'ud remind wan of a shower o' sunbames.

"My darlin' child," says the queen, "in a few minutes my eyes will be closed forever. Come close to me, my beloved treasure; here, jewel, take this keepsake; bind up your golden hair with it, and as long as you wear it you'll think of your poor dead mother, an' say a prayer for her." While spakin' them words she handed her daughter an emerald gem in the shape of a four-leaved shamrock, with a goold pin and a clasp to fasten it.

"Don't lose it, achorra, for your life," she said; "never allow any o' your sex to get possession of it, for it contains a charm, and while ye wear it in your hair no one can ever harm ye; but if it should be ever taken from ye by any womankind, she that would take it could torment and destroy ye, and if she had the face of a witch you'd have to take her appearance an' she'd have power to take yours, while she wore the magical four-leaved shamrock."

When the queen was dead, one lady of the coort, who had a mighty homely-lookin' daughter—troth, if she stared at a body there was about as much expression in her gaze as there is in the face of an eight-day clock; but no matter. Her mother purtinded to be very lovin' to the young princess, an' spoke so tenderly of the king's loss, when lo! and behowld ye! a year had hardly passed before his Majesty made the cunnin' owld dame his wife. At the first dinner they all took together the new queen gave wine to the princess an' wather to her own daughter. At the next dinner she gave them both wine, but the third time the poor princess had to put up with water. An' before long the thievin' owld queen, by schamin' an' lyin', turned the king entirely against his own daughter, an' whenever there was a big party she was forbidden to join in it, for fear the young nobles an' princess would dance oftener with her than with her step-sister.

The poor princess spent a dale of her time in her own room, but when the weather was fine she'd sometimes walk out an' sit under the trees in the park. One day, while she was watchin' some swans sailin' about in the fountain, with her favorite wolf-dog by her side, she heard some one call her by name. She turned in the direction of the voice, and was surprised to see a brave young prince, belongin' to another province, who had often axed her for his bride.

All the blood in her veins rushed to her face when he spoke to her.

To make a long story short, after a short discourse he follied her to the palace, where he paid his respects to her father and asked for her hand in marriage; his presence an' fine language was so plazin' that the king gave his consent.

This action o' the king med the owld step-mother as mad as a hatter. Yis, an' her ugly daughter, too.

The princess was playin' on a harp in the summer-house about three days before the time fixed for her weddin'; her only companion was her step-sister, who purtinded to love the ground the princess walked on, while in her deceitful heart she wished the princess was buried in the waters o' the Poul-a-Dhoul. It happened to be a warm evening, an' the princess went for a refreshing stroll along the shore o' the lakes. Her ugly step-sister was with her to see that no accident should happen.

Well, they hadn't walked much more than a mile before they reached a big round-tower which stood close to the water's edge. Night was comin' purty fast. Ye could ketch a glimpse o' the moon an' round-tower reflected in the lake. Suddenly the ugly step-sister thought it was high time to obey some private instructions her mother gave her. So, what did she do but grab the young princess by the goolden hair an' dhruv her back with all her strength against the tower. She then grated her teeth together an screeched, in a voice more like a sarpint than a Christian:

"Loose that emerald jewel—that four-leaved shamrock from your hair—give it to me this minit, or I'll dash ye from where ye stand on to the rocks in the wather below."

The poor princess begged an' prayed for mercy, forgettin' that when she had the four-leaved shamrock no one could harm her. So, in the height of her alarm, she unclasped the jewel an' fastened it in the hair o her murderin' step-sister. Well, begorra, in the winkin' of an eye the appearance of both wor changed like magic.

The fair princess got the ugly look of her step-sister, while the step-sister got the beautiful face an' goolden hair of the princess.

"Now swear that you'll never tell any human bein', young or owld, what has happened, or I'll make ye food for the fishes in the lakes."

So, to save her life, the princess took the oath. As they returned to the palace the step-sister looked as beautiful as the lily an' the rose, while the face o' the princess was ugly enough to frighten the crows out of a corn-field, but their dispositions niver changed at all, at all.

No livin' crature could see the change in them, barrin' the wolf-dog o' the princess, an' he, poor baste, could never be coaxed to like the false step-sister, no matter how she patted an' soothered him.

On the eve o' the weddin' day the young prince began to look mighty puzzled an' annoyed by the contrary temper and coorse language of his intended wife; an' as the night wore on he seemed to take far more interest in the poor, ugly sister, for her kind smile an' cheerful word, so gentle an' simple, charmed every one. Even the king grew as fond of her as if she was his own daughter.

While walking through the grove that night the king was overtook by a little boy that was employed about the gardens o' the palace.

"I ax yer majesty's pardon," said he, "but I couldn't help tellin' ye what I heerd the sister of the princess say to the wolf-dog last night when she thought every wan was sleep. She went out into the garden, an' I thought it so quare that I crept after her in the shade till she went into the summer-house an' sobbed an' cried as if her tendher heart would break.

" 'Ah, my poor, faithful wolf-dog,' says she. 'Little does my father, or the prince, that should be my husband, know what my wicked step-sister did to me—how she threatened to drown me—till I was forced at last to take the charmed four-leaved shamrock from my hair, and clasp it on her own, and how our appearances were changed from that moment.

" 'Ochone,' she went on. 'The prince little dreams that she he intends to marry is not the princess of his heart, but the wicked daughter of a cruel mother.

" 'I am bound by a solemn oath not to reveal this treachery to any mortal being, but if I didn't speak out, my heart would break entirely, and that is why I'm telling you,' says she to the wolf-dog; 'for you're the truest friend I have.' "

" An' then, your majesty, she cried so bitterly that the tears rowled down her cheeks for all the world like a strame o' wather coorsin' over the white pebbles in the glen below. "

" Troth, I hadn't a dhry eye in my own head, but for fear she should ketch me listenin' I kep' as still as a mouse, an' niver stirred from my hidin' place till I spied her goin' up the gravel walk and into the castle."

" Don't whisper a word o' this to any one, at yonr peril," says the king to the boy, " an' I'll reward ye well for your diskivery."

The king then went in an' requested the intended bridegroom and the princess to come into his own private room, an' there, while all wor' wondering what he had to say, he asked the intended bride if she wore an emerald jewel, shaped like a four-leaved shamrock, in her hair.

Faix, she reddened up to the two eyes; her face was like the sinkin' sun. She didn't attempt to deny it, for she twigged the eye o' the prince fixed on the glistenin' gem.

"Will ye be so kind as to let all the company look at it?" says the king.

Bedad, she was afraid to look crooked when the king spoke. "Oblige me now, ma'am," said he, "by opening the clasp."

"I don't know how," says she.

"Perhaps, madam," said he to his own daughter, "you can open it."

"Oh, ye foresworn, ugly creature," said the false bride, "are ye not afeerd to break your solemn oath?"

"She broke no oath," said the king. "She told her mournful story to her fond and trusty wolf-dog in the summer-house last night, and he that overheard it told it to me."

"Dear daughter," says he to the princess, "open the clasp."

"Not while I have life or strength!" screeched the false bride, darting like a wild baste at the princess.

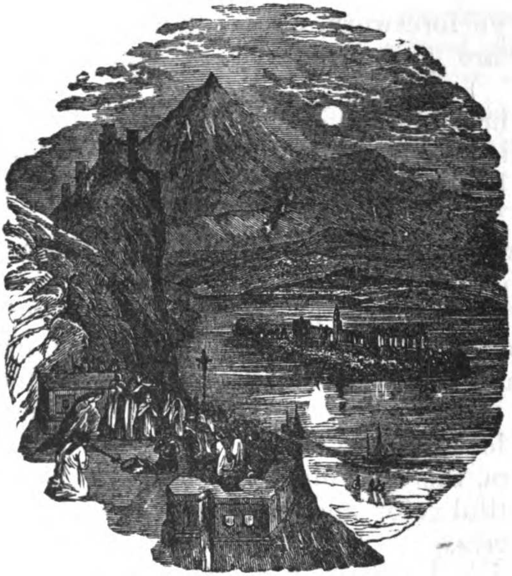
At that the king beckoned for three of the guards, and they found it no asey task to howld her while the princess loosened the clasp.

Begorra, the next minit she was ugly as sin, while the beautiful color and sweet faytures returned to the rale princess.

The wicked girl an' her crafty mother war bound hand an' fut an' banished by the king from Ireland.

The marriage o' the prince and princess was celebrated without delay. An' while they lived they never forgot to bless the day they got back the Four-Leaved Shamrock.

The Priest's Leap.



"On the high cliff from which he sprang, now deemed a
sacred place,
The prints left by the horse's hoofs are plain for all to trace;
And still the stone where he alit, whoever likes may view,
And see the signs and tokens there, that prove the story true."
T. D. Sullivan.

WHY is it called the Priest's Leap? I'll try and make it plain to you, in a very few words, for I'm not over-fond myself of listening to a long-winded story. The prints of the horse's hoofs on the high cliff, and the grooves sunk by his knees in the stone below it, are well-known land marks, that all the waters of the mighty Atlantic can never wash away. Like the ancient round-towers of our beautiful sea-girt island, they will be pointed out to the curious stranger for generations yet to come.

It happened in the penal days, when the life of the Soggarth Aroon wasn't worth a single hour's purchase. The wily foreigners, who for centuries had plundered the land and tried to rule it, thought the simplest way to create a nation of contented slaves would be to strike down the shepherd of the flock, for whenever sickness crossed the threshold of the impoverished, whom had they to look to but the Soggarth? Who brought food to the hungry and comfort to the sore-hearted, if it wasn't the Soggarth? Who lit up the dark road beyond the grave with the sun-ray of hope, but the people's own Soggarth Aroon?

Well, the keen-eyed filibusters, seeing and knowing all this, lost little time in taking advantage of it, and in the language of Davis:

"They bribed the flock, they bribed the son,
To sell the priest and rob the sire;
Their dogs were taught alike to run
Upon the scent of wolf and friar."

If you will but take one glance at a more remote period of our country's history you'll learn that, when the invader first put the print of his iron foot upon our green valleys, the native islanders were famed for learning and valor, and when the choice was offered that they should adopt the religion of the spoiler or have the hatred of a powerful enemy, the offer was rejected with scorn, and this was the answer sent back by the big-hearted Irish prince:

"Tell the Saxon robber he has my castles, my lands, my cattle, and my coffers. Let him at least leave me my faith and my liberty. They are all I am now possessed of; from God I have received them and to God alone will I yield them up."

But to return to my subject, which is of a more recent date—indeed, no longer ago than the last century. At this unhappy period the penal laws were in full swing.

The chapels of the people were closed by government proclamation; convents and monasteries were suppressed; blood-money was offered in large sums for the capture of bishops, priests, and monks, and large rewards were paid to spies and informers. The priest hunters, as they were called at the time, were abroad, both foot and dragoon. The people were disarmed, according to law; domiciliary visits in quest of the Soggarth were made at all hours. Many of the clergy escaped to foreign lands, and many took to the mountains and caverns to elude the blood-hounds of the government. But the people, having found out the places where their beloved clergy were forced to take refuge, flocked from all directions to congregate in the lonesome glen, the gloomy cave, or the mountain top, on Sundays and festivals, to attend Mass and worship their Maker in spite of the proclamation.

One Sunday morning, shortly after the end of devotions in a certain sea-side cave, the faithful flock having separated and returned to their several abodes, it happened that the old priest, who was a man of apostolic piety, had barely time to unrobe and pack his saddle-bags when he was hastily summoned to the bedside of a dying man in a cabin not three miles away from the headland from which he afterward took the wonderful leap. He arrived just in time to administer the last rites of religion to the poor man, who was near the end of his earthly pilgrimage, and was once more in his saddle when he found himself suddenly surrounded by about a dozen of his anxious flock with pale faces and sorrowful voices beseeching him with tears in their eyes to save himself.

"You've not a minit to spare, Father, jewel," cried one. "The priest hunters are on the scint. They got wind o' your presence this morning in the cave below, and they're scourin' the country in search o' ye. This blessed minit they're gallopin' like mad up the mountain pass. Some murdherin' informer has sowld the pass on you and put them on your track. They have swords and guns, and are pantin' like bloodhounds for your life. Hark! d'ye hear that? 'Tis the sound o' their horses' hoofs. Fly, Father, for your life, an' may the blessin' of Heaven attend and guard you, our own Soggarth Aroon!"

Now, what was the priest to do? He had either to turn back and meet the bloodthirsty dragoons, or face the cliffs and be dashed to pieces. It was certain death, whichever way he rode.

His mind was made up in an instant, and turning to his beloved flock with upraised hands he invoked Heaven to bless them, then, putting spurs into his horse's flanks, he prepared to start for the cliffs, when suddenly he changed his mind, as it seemed, checked the horse, aud turning in his saddle, addressed a few words to his devoted followers:

"God bless you all, my dear friends; in my haste I had almost departed without a word to express my gratitude for the undying love you have always shown me."

"Be not alarmed on my account. I would have stood by you to the last, but Heaven ordains it otherwise. Farewell, my loving friends, and if I should happen to lose my life, let it console you when you remember it was in a good cause, and it will be to your credit and glory when you reflect, to know that the old faith burns as pure and bright to-day in our persecuted land as it did when St. Patrick first lighted the torch of Christianity on the Hill of Tara."

"God bless and spare our own Soggarth, aroon," shouted his little flock; but before the echo of their voices had ceased, the quick eye of their white-haired pastor caught sight, for the first time, of the troop of priest-hunters riding pell-mell from behind a small plantation that skirted the road, about half a mile from where he stood.

"Ochone, wirrasthrue, 'tis too late, too late; our darling Soggarth is doomed," cried the little band.

"Look to your own safety, my loving friends," said the noble-hearted priest. "Remember that if you are known to have warned me of their approach, you will be compelled to seal your fidelity to me with your lives. You have wives and children to protect. I am alone; leave me to meet my fate. Your unselfish devotion inspires me with hope. So, once more, my dear friends, farewell! Return to your homes, and at your devotions offer up a heartfelt prayer for your pastor and the success of the glorious old cause of faith and fatherland."

In a moment after the grand old Soggarth was riding toward the cliff; it was death before him and death behind. Yet he heeded not, but rode straight on. Volley after volley from the guns of the priest-hunters was fired after him. Whiz, whiz, went the bullets like hailstones, whistling around his venerable head. He was still unharmed, and still rode onward. Before reaching the cliff he turned, and saw his blood-thirsty pursuers not fifty yards behind him.

"Ha, ha," laughed the leader of the troop, "the priestly rebel is in the toils at last. We'll have him now, dead or alive."

The old priest saw at a glance he had no mercy to expect from his foes. So he took from the inside pocket of his coat the pyx with its sacred contents, which he had carried from the cavern that morning before attending the sick call.

On reaching the cliff he held aloft the blessed shrine, and, as he stood on the brink of eternity, offered up a fervent prayer. Still the bullets were dropping 'round him as thick as snow flakes; his hunters yelled with delight, but their exultation was very soon cut short by a miracle which baffles all description. The horse, with its saintly rider, after bounding over the cliff, was seen by his pursuers suspended in the air.

On nearing the cliff, the wonder-stricken blood-hunters, on their prancing steeds, were spell-bound. As they beheld what they supposed to be the spectral forms of the horse and its rider in the air, far above the level of the cliff, for a moment the troops stood as motionless as statues. On recovering their senses, the vision of the white-haired priest was no longer to be seen.

The dragoons were obliged to return from the hunt with empty hands However, it is a fact that the good priest was seen shortly after by many of his flock, for, through the interposition of Divine Providence, he miraculously survived the fall, and rode away safe and sound from the snares of his enemies. And the stranger who wishes to prove the truth of the story can satisfy himself by going to the seashore, where he may see the stone and examine the marks.

May feel and count each notch and line, may measure, if he please,
The dint made by the horse's head, the grooves sunk by his knees,
And place his fingers in the holes—for there they are to-day—
Made by the fingers of the priest who leaped across the bay.

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